

THE Academy

OF
COMPLEMENTS
WITH
Many New Additions

OF
Songs and Catches *À-la-mode*.
STORED
With Variety of Complemental and
Elegant Expressions, of LOVE and
COURTSHIP.
Also Witty and Ingenious Dialogues
and Discourses,

Amorous and Jovial.

With Significant LETTERS upon
Several Occasions.
Composed for the use of Ladies and
Gentlemen.

By the most refined Wits of this Age.

London: Printed for J. Parker at the
Leg and Star in Cornhill, 1694.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST
IN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES
WITH THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES



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ALCOHOL

COMPLEMENTS

WITH

THE NEW YORK

OF

STORY AND CHRONICLE

STORY

With Variety of Complementary

Illustrations of I. O. V. E.

COMPLIMENT

TO THE NEW YORK

OLD FASHION

ALCOHOL AND COMPLEMENTS

With Signatures of the NEW YORK

OLD FASHION

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Gen. Res. 31 inch 43 Hill 7684

COMPLEMENTAL EXPRESSIONS:

O R,

Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever, as really as at this hour, remain your creature.

I do repute my self happy, to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seem a heavenly creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasure, Mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good Sir, give me leave to fear lest some sinister storms of fortune, stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your Youth, are unfit for the testy cogitations of my age.

Give me leave, Sir, to grieve that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus excessive in your actions, and the whole world would take notice of you as the mirror of an immoderate life.

But not so inconstant in your affection, lest in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the

Sunshine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me, Sir, whilst I learn to dispise such Gnatsto's, and beat off such fluttering Curs with the whip of my defiance.

Theseus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilous labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruel beauty.

Fortune and Fate place thee in Places of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplished, that it was hard to know, whether virtue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, being inflamed by your singular commendations, I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeness, fair creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are dastards.

Madam, You are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your beauty, *Mistress*, I may name you *Venus*, for your comeliness, *Pallas*, for your Port and honour, *Juno*.

If I want an Apology, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are ryed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polish'd with more than terrene perfections.

Fear not, Sir, love and fortune favour those that are bold,

Sir, to grant you this one Position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistress

Mistress, deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a Cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly upon the flag of affections; yet, except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistress, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, fairest of Women, or dare entertain base thoughts, when he views so glorious an object?

Sir, I am desirous to be suspicious of those felicities, I fear I shall no longer enjoy.

I am out of love with my self, that I may admire your virtues.

The charms of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence.

I cannot look upon your face, but I am perswaded to resign my self up to you, as a wreath of Victory.

That which blacks the *Azor*, and burns *Lybia*, hath not so powerful a lustre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightness to desire, and raises flames of love, pure and chaste.

Half the court is engaged to your expressions; and those whom you besiege with your Language, must needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yield up the Fort.

Mistress, your breath is as sweet as if you fed only on Pinks and Perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate so far from mine own

The Academy of Complements,

piness, as to forget you, to whose desire alone the event of all things are futable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of those advantages are bestowed upon you above the rest of men, which intide you to that you so much seem to honour.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be esteemed of, it must be your wisdom only which can set a value upon my defects.

Sir, your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building shall magnifie the founders bounty.

Sir, It is your presence can only dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholy.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities, I shall have need of you to make me happy; for without you, I shall ever esteem my self absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure; than refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backwards in the expression of your merits, since they do so exact an acknowledgment of all.

Sir, you shall never be able to accuse this Tenet as erroneous, since I have never falsified my self to you; but have ever thought my self perfectly happy to be repaid yours.

Be careful, Sir, one, lest being led Captive by security, your mind float in the surging seas of idle conceits, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasures, or the stifling storms of unbridled fancy, with raging blasts make shipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies with an unwearied constancy in the ways of virtue.

Sir

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pain with a Princely liberty.

Sir, the Trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us who are but subjects of your generous liberality with all humility to entertain such noble and heroick favours cast upon us, poor creatures, most unworthy of the least of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can so allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus* like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowered the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisite perfection of your virtues are characted in my breast.

Madam, were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of your affection might be put to the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happiness insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what misery pursued not the virtues of *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that dwell with *Venus*, or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abused, turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature, that before was plunged into perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistress, Pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly, your musing meditations.

Fair one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection; and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, whosoever readeth the records of the faithless protestations

protestations of men, their perjured promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your virtue and beauty by a stronger power than that of Fate or Fortune, is deeply shined in my heart.

Be pleased at last, fair beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant; and to admit me into your favour, and that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desire merit no more from you, then I have no other choice but to die desperately, or live miserably.

Madam, There is a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your virtuous qualities.

Mistress, I feel such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my mind; that it is impossible for me to become any other, than a servile slave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into parley with *Cupid's* fairest creatures, since there is such hopes left of victory, by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles, at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven, be more proud of their fortunes than my self, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world, that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reserve to speak of virtue till your great works come to light.

Sir,

Sir, That which others call virtue, is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, then I assure you I am more than any man living, your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forget to confess my self yours, I may justly suppose I suffer a perpetual silence, since whilst I have a tongue, I protest my self to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but only the glory of humility and obedience.

I should shew my self insensible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, your Heroical qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comeliness of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Cryстал of his clearness.

Sir, the virtues of our fore-fathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reprobable, in this laudable, since they force me to confess my self yours.

Sir, you are never so excellent a Poet, as when you speak of me, since you have art to invent new fables.

Sir, those fine words, and quaint discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted, issue from their mouths, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, you go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble resolutions: neither can there be any thing above your spirit, since all things stoop to do you honour.

Who can distill sleep in the eyes of Lovers, whose cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, art thou but a vain name, and no essential thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant, when he hath most need of thy reviving presence? what is Musick to me, but a doleful voice, accompanied with the various discords of my sighs?

O Love, wilt thou now at last offer me Physick, which art my only poison? wilt thou do me service which long since hast brought me into eternal slavery.

How long shall my languishing sickness wait upon triumphs of my passions!

Most certain it is, fair creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free serene mind. But alas, wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will veil it self at so black an act: Not in my ruines, for that will pursue thee with some direful revenge. Blush then, thou fair one, since to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel, is to alter the property of what thou art, beautiful.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot express the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthiness of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodness, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such virtue which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others: reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your virtues.

Fair

Fair one, what unremovable suiter eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant.

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer bleſs me with happiness; or silence my long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more than to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, the eyes of a ravishing lover, cannot but have virtue's aid so ready in himself, as alwayes to bewail the loss of a virtuous constancy in others, since such a loss by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is virtuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Mars's* heart in a *Cupid's* body, since the eyes of all spectators judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of Wars?

In him, It seems nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruellest of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of Death?

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you and none but you, which I am bound to love; and therefore, though I am presented with the likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another cannot make the same essence of your person: much less can dissolve your commandments of my service.

The very Image of your Countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are suitable to the virtuous resolutions of your mind.

Fairest, grant me this happiness, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of Love leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happy.

Sir, though I were to pass through all the splendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of mediocrity; by the distribution of which rare perfections, she hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarch.

Sir, your Imagination, which you speak in such high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, how happy should I count my self were the Characters of your virtues imprinted in my brest, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, no imaginary jealousies shall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodness, to which I have always had an extraordinary propension, by your royal example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity so far, that I will not complain of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, you know your self too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Virtue and eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

The contemplation of your virtues amazed me.

Sir, I find in you whatsoever may give reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, you are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable unto you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience than your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beams of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness than to do you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, for your sake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, there is no happiness on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, your goodness doth bereave me of a voice to express your virtues.

You cannot blame me, though I have ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgments.

Sir, if you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to your spirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, of all men I dare free you from this crime of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour to the memory of our fore-past acquaintance, to displease you.

Sir, for your sake, at the same time, I both enjoy pleasure, and endure pain.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter, to have a great care of my modesty, since you enforce me either to lose it, or not to believe you.

Sir, the whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am so far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my self: Neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with those abilities whereof I am utterly destitute.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to express I am yours.

Sir, you have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning your commendation for your worthy favours.

Sir, instead of requital of these vows you offer me, I am put to a stand what to answer you.

Mistress, I desire to pass my life in the pleasing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courteous voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of those who slight the benefits are showered upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inspirations.

I have no servile dependency, but upon your conceptions; I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, whereto unknown to any.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made fast, as I shall ever, to acknowledg my self your most humble servant.

Sir,

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere thus to dote on your Beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more than a Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no means shall make me silent.

Fairest, there is no part in the world, so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, the moral of my affection is to instruct you, to make use of your youth: and to gather Nosesays before the Roses wither: For, be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face, and you shall only be left to bewail the ruines of your Beauty.

Sir, suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, you must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, all the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, you have no more beauty than will serve to excuse you from being extream ugly.

Sir, if you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soverigh fortune than the estate of Kings.

Sir, it were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you; as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company daily repairing to visit you.

Mistress, in my most solitary walks, it shall be my Ambition to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, in you alone I must commend the accomplishments of all virtue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my Language is so poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the hight of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful Servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain, as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledge my choler to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murders which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your virtues.

I will dilate my self no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in humane wisdom, which hath not presented it self to your view.

Sir, the consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is, the liberty I enjoy to profess my self your.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir, I do profess my self yours, with all those protestations which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at your feet, and shall

shall despair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, since you have an interest both in me and them.

I never gave you visit which cured me not of some passions.

How often with your golden eloquence have you taken me out of my self?

You alone conduct me to the highest pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent virtues have discovered to me mine own imperfections.

Instead of all those high expressions you have bestowed upon me, I must only answer you,

That I am your humble servant.

Sir, There's no acknowledgment I can make, can be answerable to the obligations you have laid upon me,

Sir, should I forfeit such occasions, my friendship would never appear, but remain as a Recluse.

Sir, the world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no such men to maintain her honours.

Continue to express your self what you are, that your virtue may be its own recorder.

Fairest, my thoughts are not so often here, as where you are.

Time, which prescribes limits to all things, preserve your beauty to the worlds end.

Madam, put on those raiés of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roses.

I confess I was never more astonished than to find such an equipage of sorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all excellent qualities that Art and Nature can bestow for the commanding of Men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not master.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single hair, since I am all yours.

Madam, you draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as fair a prospect, adorned with all pleasures to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet in which nature hath lock'd all her rarities.

Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world which avarice it self hath not yet found out, rather than lose your society.

Sir, it is impossible for me to conceal my sensibilities.

Sir, what violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, you do so heap your favours on me, that you will not so much as suffer me to see me miserable.

Sir, your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, you do not so much express your wit as your tyranny, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, be not confident, lest he whom you have so often injured, do at last grow weary of his sufferings.

You are the man with whom alone I desire to pass the most pleasant hours of my life.

Sir, if you pretend excuses for so poor a trifle; know, I am no longer your affectionate servant.

Sir, I shall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfumings of a Curtezian, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

You usurp a more absolute authority over wits, than is lawful or reasonable.

You smell too much of your Musk and Amber, to ex-
press,

press your self serious in the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they transcend the subject on which they bestow them.

Fairest let me ravish a kiss from your hand.

Sir, my affections spring not from the disease and distempers of my soul; since my inclinations to serve you have their original from immortal reason.

Mistress, you have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

Sir, you must give me leave to admire your judgement, which appears to be far more excellent than your Fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seem to incur a crime, since I am forced to extol your generous liberality.

Sir, you vary your shape, and change your per-fumes according to the iversity of the seasons.

Let it please you out of your nobleness, to afford me to be your Graces most obedient and faithful servant.

Sir, you have all those excellent qualities that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes, I am forced to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men but your self.

Sir, your goodness is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestows on her most glorious Creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously with my best sense: you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes, or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest

Fairest, cast one glance of pity on me, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes, which are to me the Ambassadors of life or death.

Sir, you are the emblem of terror, & your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

Lift me not so high with your favours, lest you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in it's royal Majesty, draw forth the Sword of disdain to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affections, free me from all the miseries that oppress me.

You hit mine inclinations, since to recompence such Virtues were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, your refusal to the title of Eloquence, proves your Modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the list with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in my language, I appear more barbarous in my expressions.

All your Rhetorical arguments, are but like blew flowers among the corn; which though they may seem pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholsom to the body.

Sir, I shall always acknowledg the artificial language to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst she her self wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the powers of the Planets, or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude I can then repel these actions.

I am yours, Sir, and I will be yours in despite of Fate and Fortunes.

Madam, your excellent qualities, and exquisite virtues, have so assaulted the Fort of my Fancy, that I must of necessity resign my self up to you, as a trophie of your victories.

Mistress, since Cupid doth so fitly favour the cause of his Clients, let us not slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, if the wishes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I question not but Heaven with felicities will crown your royal deserts.

Madam, though I have not hitherto by dutiful services made manifest the loyalty of my heart, yet since I first framed in my fancy, as in a mirror, the shape of your surpassing beauty, with all humilitie, I have cast my self and Fortunes at your Royal feet.

Fairest, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your person and virtues, than I do.

Sir, I have learn'd to know that it is the religion of Lovers to swear and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of the Summer makes the cool shades more pleasant; and the frowns of Lovers make their smiles more delightful and chearful.

Mistress, I must never hope so entirely to love, as with my affections to require your loyalty.

Sir, she which builds her fancie upon fading subjects, ties her honour to the unconstant wheel of Fortune.

Fairest, as a pledge of my protestations, you shall have both my heart and hand to be yours in dust and ashes.

Sir, you have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive

Strive not, Sir, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, lest those that shall succeed me hereafter read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, the beams of your Sun-like beauty, with their lively lustre, and sparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, in the shady darkness of this Arbour, you seem like a Heaven enamelled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having disposed so many affections to do you service, fear it not, fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Fair one, whilst mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplendent eyes shall as the day light serve them for the dispatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the web of your destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and use not to entertain my friends with dreams and illusions.

Sir, this your inhumane usage of your creature, shall never seem strange to me, since the most fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

Sir, we equally share with one anothers discontents, and dissolve our heart together, as one would melt one piece of wax into another.

Fairest, those eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowrie, hath bestowed upon you, like flowers, spread themselves forth by the raies of your bright beauty, causing those courtships, services, and admiration which so sweetly adorn you.

Mistress, Ladies of honour, to express the sincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceased Lovers.

Madam,

Madam, if I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exercise not the extremity of your rigour upon him that suffers such miseries, under the false title and quality of an offender.

Know, fair creature, that such a bright day may last enlighten my innocence, when revengful lovers shall search into my ashes, to find out truth here buried.

Sir, these glorious progressions of your virtues will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, lest they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, it is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour, signed with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, there are those will deplore my ashes, and strew some filthy flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Fair one, when my soul shall be separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit, as the shadow of it.

Madam, if you should please to condemn me to darkness, by the eclipsing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I despair not; but that at last from the sphere of your splendors due to my merits, you will touchsafe the rays of your clemency, to enlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and fortunes.

Fair one, though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our souls.

Madam, seated thus on your pavilion, you appear like splendent day, in the attires of a Majesty absolute royal

Madam

Madam, your goodly nature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person, all these speak you to be a real branch, sprung from some royal stem.

Fair one, your hair negligently dishevel'd, and careless attire, grace forth your beauty, which shines in the midst of so many obstacles, as the Sun in a winters day.

Fairest creature, cast not those eyes down, neither colour your face with those modest blushes, since it would appear most admirable, that your virtues should find fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I desire to end my days on the Theater of Kings, in their glorious services.

Fair one, dissimulation and contradiction cannot approach the sincerity of our loves.

Fairest, let me embrace you with the openness of my heart, and the profusion of my love, that our souls may evaporate themselves into one another.

Sir, your favours create me again, and give a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to any honour in the world but only to obey your commands.

Mistress, the grace of speech dwelleth on your fair lips.

Sir, hereafter ages shall take Palms and Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honour'd ashes.

Fairest, these eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, spread not that Cypress vail o're your face, lest you benight your beauty, and darken the bright rays of that which makes our day.

Madam, your beauty is a divinity left on earth, to be known and beloved of Mortals.

Description of Beauty.

Beauty is Nature's Ivy-bush.

It is her beauty only creates her Queen ; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every syllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature ; seeing she hath made thee man, make not thy self a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a short reign, you cannot call it your own ; for you can neither give it, nor preserve it long.

Beauty is the conqueress of man, never to be satisfied with the raies of her Chrystal-painted eyes.

A feature that excels all mortal sense.

Such a one, that when she lay naked, his eyes did carve him out of a feast of love.

Her body doth present those fields of Peace that Poets sing of in *Elixirum*.

She lay like eclipsed *Cynthia*, sweetly canopied with darkness till he drew the curtains of love.

Had *Paris* seen her naked, he had slighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Triming her beauty forth with blushing bravery, with the wonders of her beauty, mortal eyes are never to be satisfied, as if she was made only for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Skie.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

Choice Flowers of Rhetorick, selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Language with variety of expressions, upon several occasions.

Upon his Absence.

I Shall no longer esteem my self absent from you, whilst I hold any room in your heart and memory.

Let those dull clods of earth, not yet informed with Promethean fire, measure afflictions by their Miles of Acres; We, whose souls are cast in a more pure mould by a most subtile penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure freedom in one anothers wishes; and in the greatest distance, are cherished with a virtual contiguity.

It is the brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted: the more extracted flames of our affections shall, like more glorious Pyramides, burn bright and clear, and light our souls, though thus seemingly dis-joynted, to our daily mutual imbracements.

Let not my remoteness change your purposes more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live yours.

Protestations of Love.

IT is impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So I am ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would prove difficult to resolve for death: and know for a certain, that I shall still be rather content and disposed to consent to the hatred of my self, than to the love of any other object but you.

Yours

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from speaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart; and not to love and serve you; it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine also: for I am to you as an accident, so inseparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in so much duty had I not directed it to so fair a mark; but the favour of your affections, is that to which I sacrifice my best endeavours.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yielded up the arms of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death it self, the fair image of your divine beauty.

Death it self shall here stand vassal, and homage pay to your more powerful darts; when every quickning glance from you, shall add new life, as he destroys the old.

In admiration of her goodness.

IT is your goodness that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have dared to promise me the favours you can afford me.

The goodness of your soul is so clear and bright, that sin dares not approach too near, for fear of discovering its own deformity.

You need not seek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your virtue intitles you to Heaven.

I wonder not to see so many bankrupts in goodness, when I find the stock of virtue rests alone in you.

These noble favours may quicken my endeavour, but never create a desert in me; they are so much beyond my All.

On her leaving him.

Lovers in despite of absence, loose not the remembrance of their Lovers: they are as the flowers, which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some tears, which like the morning dew, or as *April* showers, shall make the spring-tide of our love (though by this winter covered) grow fresh and green again.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me is no sign of true friendship, which parts not at dearth it self, since love remains for ever.

Take pity on all those bloody sorrows, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feel.

To accuse in a letter.

IT is better to love with severity, than to deceive with sweetness.

I expected a cordial, but I received a corrosive; your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your pills, though sugared over, I found an unwellcome operation; I received thy letter, but I must chide thee (sweet) another close from thy fair hand will make me surfeit; you frown'd when last we parted and by that cloud you bid me expect a storm; it is a double bliss thus sweetly to be deceived, you frown indeed, but a thousand *Cupids* lodge themselves in every wrinkle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you doth force, and by it's autority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth.

Mistress, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpness of my circumstances.

We

We must not praise our selves for being better than the worst; but rather blame our selves for being worse than the best; since then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.

A Farewel.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu, fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this present, but be always assured, that my mind and desires shall never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewel, nor to finish this discourse: which once ended, our disconsolate departure follows.

Woe's me, must I needs wander away from all my felicitieis at once, loosing with the happiness of your sight, the most perfect object of beauty and grace!

Farewel, Madam, be always fortunate, whilst I shall languish, unhappy, though most constant.

Expressions of Affections.

YOU can never do so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have reposed in you, will prove far greater.

Mistress, you are the first, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered, and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the possession of it.

Do but let me once discover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual silence, if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be moved from your fair eyes, I may not be so far from your favours.

The Lovers expressions of Constancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stability and stedfastness, that my loyalty and my love shall inseparably wait on you.

My constancy may easily shew you, that I have as good an heart to die for you, as I have a mind and desire to live and love you.

I shall make it appear to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake have made my self an invincible Rock of stedfastness: for I shall still hug my constancy, and never let it stir from me, till my last gasp.

Upon her Affability and Courtesie.

I T is your Courtesie that sends me the favour which Heaven and nature have denied me.

Your Courtesie will force the most rigid Cato to turn your Profelyte, and make the Cynick leave his Tub, enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part about you shines with a peculiar grace, but in your mild behaviour they all concentrate.

Upon your brow, Beauty and Honour sit enthron'd whence in your stately carriage they dispence their powerful Laws.

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is out of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers fear.

L Overs live always in more fear than hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrows, their credit, their joys.

Lady, I have just cause to fear, least by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much distant, my sense may be deceived; you far transcend my deserts, but my desires lie captivate at your feet: one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and a new vigour to me your languishing prostrate.

The fear I have, lest my slender merit should take away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joys imperfect, which my sweetest thoughts made me judge so full and entire.

On her desires.

F*A*irest, be but as desirous of my content, as I am of your service.

My desires make me as careful to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldness of desire, had likewise graced me with desert.

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you with the same heart wherewith I vowed you my service.

Your bounty have furnished me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this small present gleaned from your plenteous Harvest which shall ever testify to the ungrateful world, how much I glory to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder.

I shall be ignorant and ungrateful too, should I presume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your esteem.

The mass of all my wealth made up together, disclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the strong Indentures of loyalty, I bind my self your prentice.

I had rather present you with some small thing and so be repured ignorant than ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and so accept it, not as a thing of desert, but as a testimony of my good will.

On the effects of her love.

YOU shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The constancy of my affection hath been such, that it hath overcome the worst of difficulties; and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger easie.

When amidst the waves of your disdain, my half ship-wrack'd vessel began to sink; each sigh I fetch'd (I see at length) found a curteous gale, to bring me home to you, my blessed harbour.

One day you will come to know the conclusion of the irreproachable testimonies of my true and faithful promises.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOUR Eloquence is able to steal the soul out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not go.

O speak again! 'twill make the spheres lay by their warbling Lutes, and listen to your tongue.

Each articulated syllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my soul, and captivates my senses.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, than with good actions.

The eloquence of your most sweet words closes my lips, and binds them to a perpetual silence.

Excuses.

IN excusing your unjust fear, you seem to accuse my boldness.

It is a favour that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuse.

I presume upon your pardon for my former suspicious fears; and the rather, because the goodness of your nature stiles them, the individual concomitants of Love.

I pray you hear my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my justification.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late transgression, you cannot find a fitter subject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover and of a Friend.

I Have so much experience of your good will, that it only remains that you make trial of my desire of acknowledgment.

I have had such a trial of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each messenger affords fresh Characters of your friendship, and every day I see the spring of your love breaking through new Channels.

Upon her Face.

The wonders of your face made me their captive as soon as I saw them, and that rare grace of yours which makes you excel all others, retained me your prisoner.

As she appears, so day breaks, and with her beams disperses all my Clouds and Mists of discontent.

The Epitome of nature is comprised in her Face, where she hath freely given a tast of all her pride and glory.

Upon her Favours.

If you judge or deem me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie for the favours I have received of you: if you please to increase my knowledge, in telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly oblig'd.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proof of your condition and honesty.

Upon his Fortunes.

Fortune strives now, to make me pay the interest of those pleasures she formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you just like an empty vessel that wants his Lading, with full blown sails of Love: indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my compass fail me not, my Genius tells me, I shall soon arrive.

Oh! Withdraw not those two Stars, by their blest light I steer my crazy Bark, and hope to enjoy the wished for shore of happiness.

Upon her Hatred.

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwell on your forehead, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her Inconstancy.

You use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In Praise of her.

I Could not, without making my self guilty of irreverence, speak otherwise to you, than in a way of praise.

I value love in all, but, *Madam*, most in you, when I find it richly sitting on the neck of honour.

Such is the galled condition of this age, that should my feeble Encomiums presume to touch a little

little at what your beauty in the largest manner merits, the fairest title I should gain for my true meaning would be a *Parasite*.

Madam, let others daub and flatter, I'll not give over to draw true lines; but maugre all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, *Vertuous and Fair*.

Madam, to live with you, is to live with all the Graces; For Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her Memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love; to let him slide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity desires to be inshrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the most sensible parts of my Soul.

Of his Merits.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me employ my endeavours to serve you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The Necessity of his Affections.

THe necessity of love is most mighty in the world, for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that necessity, that forceth us to embrace such a desired blessing as your self!

I was all frozen until the Sun-shine of your favour thawed my benumbed spirits; but when you darted your quickning beams, the spring of my affections budded forth in the most pleasant blooms of love.

The Magnetick stone starts not with such natural activity to the North Stars summons, as I, when you command.

Protestations of Obedience.

I Shall not all the daies of my life have a will which shall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am so much yours, as you can wish me.

To offer, and present Service.

A L L the honour and ambition I aspire at, is to see my self imployed in your service.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not sufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine is no less yours, than are your thoughts and words.

The most favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendship, a Jewel I prefer before all other treasures.

Wishes,

H Eaven, which hears the vows of the faithful, bless and content your desires.

I need not wish you more, but a continuance of these graces you most eminently possess already.

May you meet with such a Paramour, as may equal (for sure out-go he cannot) your holier flames, may the same shall, with an undivided haste pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the same date. And when we have made our selves unworthy of enjoying any longer such a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have seen a second Generation, may death gently transport you to that place of bliss, where he himself can never come.

God make you the happiest woman that lives; even as he hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished.

Heaven grant that you may be faithful as you are dear to me,

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do so bewail our separation, that nothing can ever touch my soul like the grief I endure by it.

The greatest grief I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to see how I am for ever deprived of your fair presence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable service, think it was but the shadow of what I desire to shew you by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement, or the air of some presently contradicted news, would be to imitate the *What lack you?* To give you good words, and to make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you be but small, yet, the desires I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majesty to serve for baits or allurements of a dissembling Lover.

Do not deceive him that will out-brave Death itself to insure your life, and withstand the frowns of Fortune to protect your honour.

On his life.

MY life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, so it be well acted: Sweetest! if the last scene be tragick, your cruelty must be the *Nemesis*.

Our life without some pleasantness, is like a long journey without an Inn; or like a bed of Roses, where flowers are mixed with prickles.

Lady, if you please, from your hospitable bounty, to refresh my over wearied and solitary progress, I shall conclude my time richly spent, having attained the end which allways I aim'd, but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant sweet, and amidst the sternest briars of discontent, have left me miserably intangled.

Of the lustre of her eyes.

Your eyes flash so much lightning, that like the Sun they dazle the sight of all such as dare behold them.

Your souls bright lustre sparkles in your eyes; and like the Persian, that only Sun I dore.

You have so established your sovereignty over my soul, that the least twinkle of your eyes, dispossess me of the state of my life.

Amorous Expressions.

This kiss and thy white hand.

Her spring of beauty raised in him noble desires, which soon broke forth in liberal streams.

Let me rule, Lady, like a Planet, in the Orb of your favour.

You have a most imperious beauty; I must obey it.

Delight shall stream into our bosom.

A faint Lovers wishes cannot recall the hours.

I will embrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though she were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon those lips.

She is a sparkling delightful piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddess of Beauty.

She is the Mine of pleasing joys and sweetness!

The great commanders of all hearts.

I cannot speak to thee, go thy ways.

Wee'll strive to make the example of Love an easie

As white as truth, as innocent as virtue.

Take all your vow, again, you are as free as the Air.

The *Cyprian* Queen compared to thee, was but a *Negro*.

Whose love is the Exchequer of Wealth.

A spring of love issues from thy soul.

I must awake in the dark, and benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flie, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of so composed a man.

Crown your servant, Mistress, with this favour.

Similitudes, Comparisons, and Examples, Selected for the Readers more discreet Application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer Weed, girt with a Crimson Robe of brightest Dye.

The rivelets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her tresses are like the coloured Hyacinth of *Arcadia*.

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lie on the Hills.

Her eyes are like the glistening of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alabaster neck is like the purer whiteness of the flocks, and her face like the border of Lillies, interwoven with Rosts.

Her blushing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora*, in the morning gay, deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love.

Like

Like *Ibetis* in a calm day, when, as her brightness
Neptune's fancy moves.

Like herbs in *Syria*, that flourish in the morning
 and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the
 Moon.

She sits like *Juno*, when she first watch'd the fair
 Heifer on the *Lincean* downs.

Like *Narcissus*, wrap not your face in a cloud of
 disdain.

As the finest Gold hath it dross, purest Wine in
 lees, the finest rose its prickles, each sweet its sorrow.

He that will hear such *Syrens* sing, must with *U-*
lysses tye himself to the Mast of the Ship.

Who means to be a Suitor to *Circes*, must take a
 preservative, unless he mean to be enchanted.

Like the moistened *Torpedo's*, that do not only
 charm the hand, but the heart.

As the sweetest Musk is sower to be tasted, guild-
 ed Pills, most bitter to be chewed.

As the finest flower seldom hath the best smell; as
 the glittering stone hath oftentimes the least ver-
 tue.

As the Marigold, which, as long as the Sun shines,
 opens its leaves, but with the least Cloud begins to
 close.

Like certain Trees in the Deserts of *Africa*, that
 flourish but whilst the South-wind blows.

As the *Elephant* delights at the sight of a Rose.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth with beholding the *Chry-*
solite.

Tarquin and all his posterity, were robbed of their
 regal dignity for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the *Scorpion* seeks a salve from
 him that gave him the sore.

As it is impossible for Iron to resist the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the sucking Year.

As a Hound, which at the first default giveth off the Chase, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Erasta* to his *Perfida*.

As it is madness to hop against a hill, or strive against a Stream.

Like the greedy *Kite*, that leaveth the sweet Flesh, to prey upon the stinking Carrion.

As it is impossible for a man to sleep by the *Viper*, and not be daunted; to gaze on the *Cockatrice*, and not be infected; to view *Medusa's* head and not to be transformed.

As the *Basilisk* loseth his sense at the sight of a naked man.

As the *Porcupine* staring against the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whilst the *Leopard* looking on the *Panther's* painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

He that is stricken by a *Scorpion*, if his wounds take wind, can never be healed.

To stop the stream is to make the flood flow more fiercely; to repress the fire, to make it flame the more furiously.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the feast of the Gods, no less than *Juno* will serve his turn.

The love of a Woman is like the oyl of a flint, which being once congealed, will never be dissolved again.

Will the silly *Dove* lay her Eggs in the *Falcon's* Nest? or the *Mouſe* march under the Ensign of the *Cat*?

As it is impossible to hatch a *Swan* in an *Eagle's* nest

nest, or temper Oyl pitch together in one vessel, to mix the blood of a *Lion*, and of a *Wolf* together in one bowl.

The *Dutchess* of *Malsy*, chose for her husband her servant, but you are so addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unless you turn *Jupiter* into your Lap, with a golden shower, he shall have the repulse.

As the *Bull* by browsing on the back of a *Juniper* Tree, falls asleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the Tree, and possess the fruit.

The *Eagle* is so careful of her young, that if by her fault any of them perish, she woundeth her self with her beak.

The *Lion* so loveth her whelps, that she never tasteth of her Prey, till they are fully satisfied.

Like the Appels of *Arabia*, which begin to rot, before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the Body, by often rubbing, are sometimes made incurable.

As the favour of the *Panther* seemeth sweet to none but brute Beasts.

As a Ship in the Sea without guide, leaning now on one side, then on another, is often in great danger.

As there is no shelter where there is no Sun.

As the Sun and the Moon being of one substance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous Images, such as none could ever make but himself.

As continual drops of water hollow the hard Stone.

As those men that live by the River *Nilus*, are made deaf by the continual noise of the waters.

As the disease of a *Canker*, always infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof cast up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the dross is separated from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakness in the sight, which causeth a party to think he sees straws; whereas he sees men.

As a Thunderbolt cast out of the Clouds, spareth the matter that submitteth it self to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatsoever resisteth.

As the morning dew soon after the rising of the Sun languishing away.

As the Medicinal plaister cannot heal a wound if there be any Iron sticking in it.

As the Rose the most pleasant of all flowers, is gathered upon rough briars.

Like the Ape, which with embracings, doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath so much the less light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the first step to health, is to know the disease.

As by great shows and storms of rain, the air cleansed.

As in a Garland, the beauty of the flowers, except they be orderly composed, are not half so glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipsed, nor loseth her light till she is at the full.

As they that dwell in low vallies are seldom hurt with lightning.

As the pure Coral will not alter the colour.

As a little spark many times setteth a whole house on fire.

As Owls and Night-Crows see better in the night than in the day.

Like

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a strong Corrosive laid to a sore, eats out all the dead flesh.

As fire is never sufficed with wood, nor earth with water.

As they that are sick of the Dropsie, increase their thirst by drinking.

As Children are like to their natural Parents in favour, speech, and laughter.

As the Lamb is more nimble and lively for shearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth the young ones dead, being stung or killed by Serpents, she picketh out her heart blood to revive them.

Like the undistinct sound of Musick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-mown grass freshly to spring again, and comforts the Earth, that it yeilds forth fruit.

As the *Esfridge* hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As sweet scents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in the winter, when it is farthest off from the Pole, is nearest the Earth.

As Lightning blasts all it meets with, but the *Lawrel Tree*.

As the Chymargion cuts and searces, before he heals the wound.

As in Musick, if the harmony of strings be not consonant, the sound is not sweet, nor acceptable to the tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unless it be covered with a little Cloud.

As the head gives sense and motion to the members.

As from the Stock sap is derived to the Graft, that it may live and grow.

As a whore hath no more to do with her Husband, nor any thing of his, because of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the shadow have their sight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air they appear in their proper forms and Colours, as they are; but if they be look'd upon through a green glass, they all appear green.

As the light of the Sun yeilds him no pleasure that is in a dark Dungeon.

As a Woman brings forth Children in sorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to Regions and Countries, against which it lieth.

As the superfluous humours in the veins, are no part of the body.

As the Moon is not always visible, being in her change.

As the hand, cut from the body, dyeth, and wanteth life.

As the Vine or Garden decayeth with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof, it be watered with showers.

As men discern the wether by the wind.

As *Apelles* the painter much lamented, if he mist one day without some line or picture.

As Vines, without lopping, grow wild and fruitless.

As a Tree bringeth forth first leaves, then blossoms, then fruits.

As Water moderateth Wine.

As fire is an instrument of Medicinal Arts.

As the body without the soul enjoyeth not life.

As *Roses* and *Lillies* grow among thorns.

As a *Physitian* cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and searching the flesh.

As the fire is known two waies, by the heat and the flame.

As the *Soul* of Man united to the body, mounteth upwards because it is a Spirit.

As the *Sun* and the *Light* are conjoynd together that they cannot be dis-joynd.

As the *Clock* must still run, so long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As the *Plant* thrives best in the soyl where it first grew.

As the little *Bee* gathers honey out of the most bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in silk, not rags, and *Cupid* treadeth on disdain, when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious *Diamonds* are cut with the *File*, when despised *Pebbles* lie safe in the sand.

Cedars are crushed with tempests, whereas low shrubs are not touched with the wind.

Will *Eagles* catch at *Flies*, or *Cedars* bow to *Brambles*?

As *Nilus* flowing more then twelve Cubits, procur-eth a dearth.

Cupid is a Child, and *Venus* though old, is painted with fresh colours.

Stars are to be look'd at with to the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the *Eagle*, the nearer he soareth to the *Sun*, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the *Salamander* is most warm, when he lyeth farthest from the fire.

So *Birds* sing early when there hath been sweet dew, and their morning *Anthem*s shew their nights content.

So the strongest Oak hath his sap, and his worms,
and Ravens will breed in the fairest Ash.

As the *Adamant* is made soft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of *Lap-wings*, furthest from their thoughts.

Rhodope seemed coy to *Phenicias*, else had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno ever frowned when *Jupiter* made his escape in a Cloud; private pleasure have never any penances enjoyed them.

Like *Janus* bearing two faces under one hood; wearing a Lawrel in her hand as desirous of peace and a Sword in her heart, as wishing revenge.

As Poets used to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a Book in her hand, and drew her spears alwaies wreathed with Lawrel, signifying by that Emblem, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wild Bore not chased, thou mayst chasten him with a wand, but being once endamaged by Dogs he is dismal.

As the *Phoenix* never spreads her wings, but when the Sun beams shine on her nest.

As he that plays with a Bee may sooner feel her sting than taste of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceste* die? *Portia* eat hot burning coals for love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, wheresoever it be planted, will prove pestilent.

As the *Serpent* with the brightest scales, throwds the most fatal venome.

As the Ruby, whatsoever soyl it hath, it will shew red.

Less is the *Margarite* accounted of in the Western world, than the seed Pearl in a strange Countrey.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their foot-stool; so that it cannot be but *Venus* must play the wonton in their Palaces.

Like the sugar'd Honey-comb, which whilst a man touches he is stung with a Bee.

To fancie one foe, is with the *Cockatrice* to kick against the steel.

Not so fond, as with *Xerxes* to bind the Ocean with with Fetters.

Resembling *Timanthus* the Painter, who shrowded the worst Pictures with the best Colours.

Andromache would never trust the fair promises of *Pyrrhus*; and *Dido* laugh'd when she saw *Hiarbus* smile.

'Tis as if *Venus* should wear the Target, and *Mars* the Distaff; that *Omphale* should handle the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovel; that *Alexander* should couch, and *Compesme* be coy.

As the Load-stone, what winde soever doth blow, driveth always to the North.

As the *Panther* having first astonished one with his fair sight, then seeks to devour.

Like *Aristotles* Quadratus, which, howsoever turned, always stands stedfast.

As the purest Diamond is to be cut before it be worn, and Frankincense to be burnt before it be smelt.

Thy eyes are like *Salamanders* stones, that fire at every flame.

So the *Eagle* sores not so high in the air, but that he can espie a *Fish* in the Sea.

As the Fire is hot in the coldest part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern parallel.

Women set out their Faces, as Fowlers do their Daring-Glasses, that the *Larks* that soe highest, may be caught soonest.

Some

Some have as many Lovers, as ther hearts have entrances; for love, like a Pumice-stone, is light and full of holes.

No sooner hatcht with the *Lapwing*, but they run away with the shell on their heads.

Soon pricks the Tree that will prove a Thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds so pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair but unfruitful.

Like the Shrubs of *India*, parched with every storm.

As the most glorious shells have not the purest Margarite; the purest flowers have not the perfectest flavours.

Having their hearts like Salt-peter, that fireth at the first, yet proveth but a flash.

As when the *Tyger* hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can present them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, some measure the flames of youth by their own dead cinders.

As basie as *Bees*, and as true as *Turtles*.

As *Chrysolite* is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvil.

He started up as when Love-sick, *Mars* saw *Venus* enter his pavilion in triumph.

As the brightest blossoms are pestred with most Caterpillars.

Her face like silver *Luna* in her shine.

As the crooked *Cyon* may prove a strait Tree.

Resembling *Calisto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana's* veil.

Like swallows that think every Sun-shine a Summers day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which

which once set on fire, burn till they consume themselves.

Tenders of Services to ones Sovereign.

SIR, **I**T may appear great boldness in me although together unknown unto your Majesty, to hope that any beam of favour should reflect on my unworthiness, to cherish my chearful willingness, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal service; yet encouraged by your royal goodness, that can let fall unequal, yet sufficient blessings on all, I beseech you to permit me out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the sacred hill of your Highnesses Majesty, and at the foot thereof kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service, which if you graciously design to accept, as I do humbly prostrate them, I shall account your favor the supremest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world; And I bless the hour that gave me the opportunity to present my self and service to your employments; than which ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THAT which hath been imagined of a golden age as an *Idea* of all perfect happiness, was but a prophetic of your gracious reign; showing down felicity in such a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; which I shall account it the chiefest honour that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in exposing my life to any danger in your service.

Another.

SIR, **I**F vertue and loyalty were not to be found in some of an ordinary quality, I should blush and tremble at my own forward desires to do

do you service; But since it is a sign of some eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but such as may be high as Heaven, whereunto the soul is allied, which dedicates its service only to God and the King; I therefore ever accounted it a nobleness of Mind, to raise and advance my thoughts, to desire that I might shew my willingness to do you service in some employment, whereby I might expresse and approve my self, your faithful, humble servant.

A tender of service to the Queen.

MAdam, the same service and obedience which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great strength of passion and affection, tender unto your Majesty: and as I am his loyal subject, so to be your faithful servant, shall be the height of my glory.

Another.

Madam, my allegiance and service is so divided between the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteem it my highest contentment, and chiefest advancement, to be counted your humble servant, a Title, which will satisfie all my desires, and reinforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, there are no words significant enough to expresse how much I honour your royal perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the World; while I make it the chief employment of my life, to attend upon your commands, which to obey, is perfect happiness.

An humble address to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of those many Favours which your Honour hath heaped on me, I am bound not only to acknowledge my happiness herein, but also to desire, that you would always
D reckon

reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.

Otherwise.

My Lord, As it is a great happiness for me to come into your presence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart; So it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service.

Otherwise.

My Lord, it will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent Virtues: amongst which, your noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefest; whereof as others have had experience, so I doubt not but that you will favourably accept the oblation and presentment of my humble service.

Another to some great Lord.

Most noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour in admitting me to kiss your Honour's Hand, so shall I esteem my self most happy for ever, in that your honour will be pleased to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with great and singular ornaments of Virtues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little that is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in obsequious humility.

To tender ones service.

Cleodas.

Sir, I Must intreat you to pardon my boldness, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the same and report of your noble Virtues, which have

have made me so ambitious of your acquaintance and earnestly desirous, that you would impose on me some command whereby I may express my self, your humble servant.

Beaumont.

Sir, You have much honoured me by your coming; and by your words, as through a prospective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desires or your deserts.

Cleodas

Sir, The occasion of my coming, was for no other respects but those due unto your merits; and by an humble address of service; to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour and am ready to serve.

Beaumont.

Sir, You owe me no service; but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visit, which is a favour far above my desert; but let not your affections break off for want of any mutual respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all ties of love your most constant friend.

Cleodas.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service; for to gain your amity, is to me the chiefest felicitie, not only in regard of your natural worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet companie and conversation with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beaumont.

Sir, I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me; your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any ways pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready

to wait upon you ; and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted himself wholly to your employment ; for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a friend for a Courtesie.

Cleodus.

Sir, I cannot give you thanks sufficient for your great love, express'd in that kindness you did me lately, but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at last I shall snatch an opportunitie to make requital, and shew you how much I abhor the Vice of Ingratitude ; especially to you unto whom I am so much obliged.

Beaumont.

Sir, What I did was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your Merit, engaging me to shew my uttermost power, and most chearful willingness, to undergo any service that might concern you.

Cleodus.

Sir, It is your Worthiness, that you will not acknowledge your noble and virtuous actions.

Beaumont.

Sir, Those words would better become me, in acknowledgment of your worth ; wherein you far exceed me : yet in respect of Amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a constant affection towards you.

Cleodus.

Sir, I will alwaies retain in memorie your good deserts in my behalf, and you shall know, that you have not sowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yield you nothing ; for your love shall alwaies reap the first fruits of my service.

Beaumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge the number of your benefits, to bind me to serve

serve you but I never did you any kindness deserving your acceptance, much less meriting to be remembered by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermost; to shew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodus.

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affections; my care is only, how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beaumont.

It is I that am troubled to imagine how I may acquit my self for your former courtesies: for if you still proceed to be your self in such noble Actions towards me, I must acknowledg my self overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done do require that I should yield my self to be your more humble servant.

To woo a coy scornful Maid.

Aym. **L** Et not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfections; pray at last be merciful, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerful language; but I am none of those young ones, you are deceived if you think that Musk-words can sweeten me up to betray my self; and for my beauty I would not have you dote on that; it suffices me without commendation.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.

Maid. Sir, Wise men admire nothing: for if I were beautiful, what is beautie but a fading flower blasted often with too much breathing on, and cannot

grow safely upon the stalk of Virginity, because every
 he will be reaching forth to gather it; Pray excuse
 me, if I prevent such a danger; for love and I are quite
 fallen out.

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of
 a chaste Love; there is no greater happiness than
 the sacred union of hearts, especially, when long
 and humble suits conquer disdain; and so I hope,
 perseverance will at last crown me with your
 love, and bring you to entertain my desire with a
 mutual affection.

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your
 breath, you may spend it to better purpose; for you may
 intimate your desires and make tedious discourses;
 But in a word, I shall never love you.

Aym. O say not so; you know not how much
 misery those few words would bring upon me;
 for hope, grounded upon your gentle disposition, hath
 hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a
 faint shadow, whilst in my chamber I am like a
 mourner with a taper by me, watching my own
 funeral and I will dwell there in a mist of sighs
 and all this for your sake.

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your
 death, pray shake off this love, and I will then ac-
 knowledge your kindness, in ceasing to trouble me with
 complaints. Learn Wisdom, that will cure all dis-
 tempers.

Aym. Yet while I live, I will attend upon you,
 and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream,
 and tell you, you were cruel. To conclude, let one
 parting kiss seal my transport to *Elizium*, and I
 am gone.

Maid. Sir, since you are so resolute, I will strive to
 give you a better answer at your next return.

Aym. In confidence of that happiness I will pre-
 sume

sume to visit you again, and live to be your servant.

A jesting discourse with a Maid.

Aym. **C**ome, why will you be an enemy to your self, and let modesty keep you still in the state of Virginity? I come to offer my service, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. You are very kind; but I like my present estate. Maids are happy.

Aym. Alas! poor ignorance! dost thou talk of happiness? I tell thee, untill thou be married thou art but a cypher of no account.

Maid. O Sir, you are deceived: Our hearts free from the passion of Love, retain a world of happiness, being exempted from any wanton knowledge: For Maids, dying in this present condition, do all go to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell: and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. What offer?

Aym. Lest it should raise a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it in your ear——you understand.

Maid. Take heed Sir, lest while you counterfeit flame, you kindle a real fire, I hear too much, & y Inse-
ous words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.

Aym. Why I did but tell you a truth; I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Maid. May farewell.

Aym. Pardon me all I have spoken was but to try your temper; and having found you both wise and witty, I will desire you in a fair manner to grant me your love, which I only desire, and though I did appear rash and wanton, you shall find me worthy of your affections.

To contract privately ones self, and tie the knot of Marriage.

Aym. **N**OW our love hath arrived to an happy conclusion, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of Heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away my self wholly to be at your disposing, till the ceremonies of the Church confirm my promise.

Maid. *With as true an affection I do give my self over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you; It is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.*

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee bare witness to our private agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow, let me not embrace you with the arms of affection, and thus with a soft kiss seal the obligation of our loves.

To salute a friend newly arrived from a journey.

Alex. **S**IR, when first the news of your return arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevented others of your friends by the first tenders of my service; that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs in perfect sincerity; so it Might in place obtain Priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your Favour.

My. Sir, you still continue your former Nobleness, making it your chief Aim, to exceed others in Perfection of Mind, otherwise I had an intention to vi-

visit you, but it is your desire and happiness to overcome others in kindness, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.

Alex. Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption; but it is held, that friends have but one soul in two bodies; and therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my self, besides after long absence, your company must needs be more precious, so that I had both love and reason on my side, to persuade me to come and visit you.

Aym. Sir, I want words to express my mind or to argue a case in love; but in my opinion I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you. But to proceed no further in Ceremony; let us discourse of some other affairs; I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?

Alex. Sir, some of them have undergone change of fortune, and therein declar'd an invincible strength of mind, but Heaven be thanked all that honour and respect you, are living and in health.

Aym. Sir, I am wonderful glad to hear of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintance, I hope I am not altogether lost to their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. Sir, travel hath not wrought much change in you; but I detain you too long, I fear, from your rest.

Aym. Sir, were I tired with travel, as I am not. yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex. Sir I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troublesome unto you, but to morrow I will wait on you again.

To entreat a friend who is come to visit one.

Alex. **S**IR, I am most glad to see you though I have no other entertainment for you but a kind welcome.

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Aym.

Aym. Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a visit and to be happy in your society: For in the general I do find none that can suit my disposition so well as your self.

Alex. Sir, say you what you please of me, I am vowed to your service; and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kindneses.

Aym. Sir, all that I acknowledge, is a will to do you service; but I have been slow in producing the effects, hereafter will I study to deserve.

Alex. Sir, it is your ingenuous goodness to decline the acknowledgment of your own virtue and deserts, far surpassing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your servant.

Aym. Sir, it is I that am obliged to you by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot dis-engage me; But I have trespassed against manners. Pray take the chair.

Alex. Sir will you please to sit first; for it is an honour for me to wait your pleasure.

Aym. Sir, I am provided; but if it may not appear too much boldness, What was the Adamant that drew you, or occasion that made you so kind to visit my lodging?

Alex. Sir, I shall tell you, I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but only to keep our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by a visit and some conference.

Aym. Sir, you have chosen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends, besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

Alex. Sir, I will choose some other time to wait upon you.

Aym. Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place and hour where to meet you.

Alex.

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. Pardon me, Sir, I am obliged to you.

Alex. Sir, I am your servant.

Aym. Sir, I am the servant of your servants; pray remember my respects to all my friends.

Alex. Sir I will be yours in that, and in all other services.

When one meeteth a friend in the street.

Alex. **G**Od save you, Sir, you are most happily met; How fare you?

Clor. Sir, I am the better to see you well and lusty; why will you not do me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?

Alex. Sir, I must confess, I have often broken promise therein, but my business would not permit me otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. I shall rather account my self obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours especially for the last courtesie you did me in matters which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindness to present my respects to a Gentlewoman?

Alex. Sir, if she be honest I am ready to go on your errand; I hope you will not put me upon any disgraceful peice of service.

Clor. I hope you have no such bad suspicion of me, for she is both fair and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: But I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.

Alex. Sir, it is you whom Mercury hath adorned with a gentle amourous speech: But I will speak in your behalf, in as effectual terms as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, you shall do me a most perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will

will come to fetch in hope she shall give it me back, and will then keep it warm in her own bosom; But what need I instruct you, who are all love and courtship?

Alex. Sir, I will perform your command, though not in such words as you would desire, yet so as my sudden Genius shall prompt me.

Clor. Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I do entrust with this business, I am assured of your fidelitie, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerful manner, especially to a Gentlewoman.

Alex. Sir, it must be my love to you that will inspire me; for I promise you I will strive to speak my best.

Clor. Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Mistress, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of service, and rest, yours obliged.

Alex. Sir, it is but my dutie; I am happy to be employed in any service that concerns you, suppose this one.

To Court a Gentlewoman.

Eugenius. **M**istress I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bold; but I beseech you, by your divine beautie which glistereth in your fair eyes, to excuse my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldned me to come and present unto you, my most humble, and most affectionate service.

Calia. Sir, I am very sorry that I have not had the honour to know you; and I marvel that you will offer service to me that of all am most unworthy.

Eugen. Mistress it is the sweetness of your natural goodness, that causeth you to speak so humbly of your self.

Calia. Pardon me, Sir, I speak nothing but what I know to be most clear truth.

Eugen. Lady the singular modesty which I have heard

heard you express in your language, gives me a hope that you will entertain my intentions, not as harsh and dissonant, but agreeable and consonant, and that in time I shall obtain your grace and favour.

Celia. Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with such expressions you honour your self.

Eugen. Mistress, you are pleased thus to oblige me to a greater estimation of you, which makes you more amiable and me more affectionate towards you; I therefore beseech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwise than chaste and virtuous, and that I had never any other end than honestie. Did you think me to have framed some design prejudicial to your Honour? I had rather lose my being, than entertain any such thought; so firm is my resolution, for ever to continue your faithful and most obedient servant, as the effects shall make evident, whensoever your commands shall call upon me.

Celia. I humbly thank you Sir, with my best affection, as also for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

Eugen. Lady, it is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am disabled to quit my self of the obligation; and therefore (most fair Mistress) I beseech you and conjure you, to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you; And in the mean time, after a million of recommendation, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an hostage and pledg of fidelity and constancy.

Celia. Farewel, Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.

Eugen.

Eugen. I hope to see you again and very speedily, whereas for the present I must leave you.

Celia. Sir, so far as your intention shall continue good, and your suits lawful, you shall find always the doors open, and also to Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard you shall not oftner come than be welcome.

Eugen. Lady, I do assure you that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of melancholly darkness; for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the hours daies, and the daies will be ages; unless it be so, that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arm me with a resolute patience.

Celia. You speak strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell, Sir, till our next meeting.

Eugen. Lady you do wrong to your beauty, and to my love, which is faithful and loyal; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes hath darted into my soul. And so Lady adieu, till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. **S**IR, I have always had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you; and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small testimony of my love, desiring you, not to value

value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, this is an addition to your other many favours, you are mindful of me above my merit; how shall I make you requital?

A. Sir, your acceptance is the cheif aim of my desires, but be pleased to conceive that true love uses not by dumb signs and tokens to express it self.

A. Sir, beleive me, so rich a gift as this is, hath a more powerful language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have been above my merit; I must rest beholden to you, till I have opportunity to declare my self further.

A. Sir. It is your worthiness that makes it appear so worthy; but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare, in what ties of observance I am bound unto you; your acceptance gives it more lustre and richness, than the gift doth deserve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beseech you do not extenuate your own goodness, nor this benefit.

A. This is but the emblem of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. Sir, it is easie to perswade to the receipt of a thing of such value; but I will embrace it as the oblation of your love.

A. For that high esteem of yours, I must remain eternally your constant faithful friend.

A. Sir, I am yours in all respectful service, to be commanded.

A. Sir, you oblige me too much both in words and deeds. I am all yours.

To entreat a courtesie of a friend.

A. SIR, as necessity hath no law, so it hath no shame; for contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate suitor unto you.

A. Sir, name it, it must be something more than I know of which I can deny you, who are alwaies modest in your requests.

A. Sir, I fear I shall give you occasion to report the contrary; I will desire you to lend me your Horse to carry away a little treasure by Moon-shine.

A. I do not well understand you, pray interpret your self and do not disguise your meaning.

A. Sir I would desire you to dispence with me in a matter that concerns me near: I am to bear away the Userers Daughter and carry her where she shall remain private still storms be blown over; Pardon me that I have no sooner made you acquainted with my purpose.

A. I will be ready to assist you; And since your fortune may receive addition from any service of mine, my horse were he the Muses *Pegasus*, he should be your servant; it is but to carry away a peice of five Venison that's a Mans trespass, *Cupid* hath enough in his Park.

A. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant and do so apprehend my intents. I was afraid, lest my purpose, being known, which was manifest in me to deliver I should have suffered a repulse, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A. Sir, I shall pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happiness, as much as in my own: Therefore my best wishes shall be for your happie success.

A. Sir, you have exprest your self a noble friend; and when this business is past, all the study

of my life shall be, to shew my Thankfulness to you.

A. Sir, I wish nothing but that you may obtain your desires.

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my chiefest glory and ambition, is to thrive in your favour.

Upon his Absence.

Eugenius, I protest to you, My fairest, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been so miserable; for I dare swear to thee by those fair Eyes, the Stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatience and sorrows till I saw you.

C. It is impossible, Sir, I cannot believe it.

Eugenius. I beseech you to believe it; for I assure you that I could no longer endure, nor support the violence and troublesome Tedioufness, which I endured in the time of your long absence.

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you seem very passionate in your expressions.

Eugen. I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the World, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare form and most excellent beauty.

C. It pleaseth you to term it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in her self.

Eugen. Wherein my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I do assure you with the better part of my soul, that I should be miserable, did I not really speak what my affections suggest as truth. Know Lady, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live, but for you, and to do you service; But that which troubleth me most, is, That of necessity, I must absent my self from you, upon a very urgent occasion; but I beseech you to believe

lieve and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I go, I shall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live, but by the *Idea* of your beauty, with perfect resolution of obeying you; and therefore, my sweetest, adieu for a while, and for the present have me excused, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your desired company, but must take my leave abruptly.

C. Sir. I infinitely thank you, and bid you also farewell, wishing you a safe return.

An interchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very sorry that my affairs do compel to take my leave of you from whom I have received so many benefits, which have bound me in many ties ever to serve you; neither have I any way left to satisfy myself, in requiting your former kindnesses, but to acknowledg them far above my requital, and to desire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble service, and command me in something whereby I might express how much I honour your desert.

Sir. I cannot chuse but grieve, that you must now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet since he loves himself better than his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good, I am content in that respect to lose your company a while, wishing you a prosperous journey, and that in your absence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daily prayers, solicit Heaven for your safe return, desiring to be excused for your poor-entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, pardon me, the entertainment I have found was far above my desert; for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but

but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, I entreat you make not so great haste to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company; but the wind stands fair for France therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we must dispence with your departure, do us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your safe arrival in France.

Sir. Be assured, I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other Friends, to whom I entreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir. I am glad you will do me that favour to give me any employment in your absence; I will perform your desire.

Sir, I can but thank you for your love in bringing me to my Ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I am happy to serve you in any thing. God send you a prosperous voyage.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety, trouble your self no farther, since I cannot remain with you to requite your kindness.

Sir, Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you farewell, with all the affections of a constant mind.

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. **P**Ray let me prevail so far with you as to intreat your company to Dinner.

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thank you for your courtesie, but my business will not permit me; therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. Nay, good Sir, let me not be denyed; I must confess indeed, your chear will not be worthy of your stay, but you shall be heartily welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I would willingly obey your desire, but I fear to be too bold.

Alex.

Alex. Sir, you shall be most welcome, you shall command in my house, as in your own.

Glor. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in ceremonie, but you will draw upon your self many inconveniencies.

Alex. Sir, you shall find but course fare; but such as it is, pray esteem your self most heartily welcome to, in a real manner without Complement.

Glor. Sir, here is much plenty, and you wrong your self to excuse your cheer, whereof there is so great abundance, that unless you would have provided all the varieties that were in Noahs Ark I know not how it would be exceeded.

Alex. It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it, If I had been certain of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.

Glor. Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldness, in putting you to so much trouble; you may perceive that I think my self welcome by my liberal feeding; I am no minceing Bride whose thoughts of eating are taken away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant; and to encrease your mirth, I will drink to you a health in Wine, and in hopes you will pledge me.

Glor. Sir they say there is truth in wine; and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never so deep.

Alex. I thank you for doing me this piece of Justice, I I pray see if you can make up a dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.

Glor. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that

that I must ever acknowledg your exceeding bounty and courtesie.

Ceremonies at the sitting down at the Table.

Alex. **G**entlemen, Pray take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash.

Gent. Be pleased to begin for it is fit that we should follow you.

Alex. In this matter, ceremonies are needless: but you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

Gent. Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.

Alex. I beseech you Gentlemen to saye me a labour and take your places.

Gent. Sir, we expect your sitting down and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.

Alex. Come, Master Getting, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gent. By no means, That is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.

Alex. Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule you so far.

Gent. Sir. I should be loth to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.

Alex. Sir, you are too full of excuse, you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gent. Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your faults if I transgress the bounds of manners in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony, for the appetite loves good Dainties better than Complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in

helping us; we know that manners will allow us to make dinner; we come to trespass on you.

The Feasters Excuse after Dinner.

Alex. **S**IR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare, and slender entertainment, whereunto I have presumed much to invite you; but I hope our antient acquaintance, and your own good nature, will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society; for your good discourse is to me a feast far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will steal an opportunity to express my gratitude.

Alex. You have honoured me enough in your acceptance of my good will; But it is not wholesome to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's discourse: You are conversant abroad, What News do you hear?

Friend. Pardon me, Sir, the World runs round about me, whilst I stand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties; you may be you hear more.

Alex. Indeed Sir, I have so many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us some good Intelligence.

Friend. Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it fruitless employment; but to satisfy your request, If I knew any fresh News, that were not yet in Print, I should be very bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.

Alex. I will not importune you any further, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the

the office of an intelligencer ; excuse my intent therein, since what I desired, was to pass away the time while we sit, but now, if you please, we will rise.

Friend. Sir, Then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.

To offer service to a young Maid.

Aym. Seeing you are alone ; I would willingly attend on you, if you please to accept of my service.

Maid. It is more than I desire or deserve ; and it would appear boldness in me, to accept of a strangers company. For it is not for me to entertain all shews and offers of kindness ; I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far distant from my own home.

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in some Discourse: Resolve me one Question : Were you never in Love ?

Maid. Though it be no Manners to answer one Question, with demanding another ; yet I will presume to ask, If you were never in Love ?

Aym. Fair one, from thence springs my unhappiness, I am too froward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection ; and I must acknowledg, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. Pray speak in plain terms, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Aym. I desire you then to know and believe, that I am in love with you ; and I hope you will not scorn my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my Love with your Favour.

Maid. Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer that may procure your content, but I desire you

you to importune me no farther; but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither if you please to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you: however you shall be welcome.

Aym. But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefeft happiness, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bare away my heart with you, and I shall only languish in sorrow, till I visit you again.

Maid. Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that doth watch an occasion to expose me to censures, for maintaining with you such unusual familiarity; let me entreat you as you tender my credit to leave me.

Aym. I must obey you: honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the substance of my life.

To excuse some offence done to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. **L**'Ady, I must acknowleg, I was somewhat too bold to enforce a kiss from you in the presence of other friends; but pray excuse my passion, and let your mercy be shewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. Sir, it was so great a trespass, and so directly aimed against my reputation, that no repentance can satisfy for a crime of that nature.

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness; or, if your wrath must not be otherwise satisfied, enjoin me some penance, as great as your anger, whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appear, how sorry I am for so rash an offence.

Penelope. Nay you may enjoy that kiss violently took from me, before so many witnesses, but never more.

Aym.

Aym. I must confess, it was my rashness; but if you will, that I repay it back again, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Pen. Well since you are so willing to repent; and to show such unfeigned sorrow, I must needs accept that for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more careful of my Credit, and never again to make so bold an offer.

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a Law, which I dare not transgress; for I am in all things your obsequious servant.

The Lovers Farewel.

Leonara. **A** Las Sir! is this the hour that the severe rigor of your absence must eclipse my days of their bright beams? O how this sad news doth fire my spirits! And not without reason, since you (to whom I had wholly consecrated my self) will not vouchsafe a merciful eye on my sufferings for your absence.

Florestan. Mistress, fear not, but rest assured, that so long as life shall give leave to enjoy the Suns brightness, never shall any other have power over me; do me only this favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity you would be pleased to render me some real promises of yours; Besides, I protest to you, Lady, I will never acknowledg other light than yours, no more than the Earth doth any other than the Sun.

Leon. Sir they are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances drawn from my heart, by the force of my passionate love to you; Heaven it self be my witness.

Florest. Lady, if you love me thus, be you confident of an equal truth from me; and should you doubt of my affections, I will give you my Soul for a pledg, and my

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heart for a sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleased therefore to accept this small gift, not as a thing worthis of your merits, but only as a sufficient testimony of my good will, fideliey and faithful love towards you, it being a thing so small and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withal do beseech you to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me; which is of a smaller value; be but pleased to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth shall not live, but through your sole remembrance.

Flor. Thanks to you, Sweetest, the gift truly is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonara. But Sir, is there no means to stay you for a litle time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me instead of light and life; therefore your absence will envelope me with darkness, and bring upon me a thousand grievous deaths.

Flor. Madame I hope not so; for I am constrained through necessity of my business to depart hence.

Leon. Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts is vanished; to give present rest to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighs and tears; for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have, to see my self about to be forsaken by him by whom only I breath.

Flor. Mistress, I swear to you, my Heart is alike touched with such strokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for grief of it, and do already see I have lost my self, in the loss of the sight of your starlike beantie: for I am sure, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each pleasure will be to me a subject of grief and sorrow. However since it will not be otherwise I shall

I shall so part with you, as that my life shall ever be at your service; and so farewell, Dear Mistress, live still happy and content, whilst I languish unfortunate, though constant: Let not then my remoteness, alter your mind, more than it shall shake the resolution I have long since made, to live and die yours: as for mine own part, I shall not think my self absent from you, so long as I am lodged in your Heart and Memory.

Leon. Farewel, Sir, you possess my soul; and I do even leave it in your power, conserve it for a more happy season than this of parting; now let me beseech and conjure you (by the sweetness of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you) in respect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of our absence: for in reading of your letters, I shall perswade my self that I am not wholly deprived of you, or lost to your memory.

Florestan. I vow to you Madam, I will give so many letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear to you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I beseech Heaven to make you the happiest alive, even as the divine Creator hath made you the fairest and most accomplished; that he also make you so pitiful to retain me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continually to witness how violent my affections are toward you.

Lady. Heaven grant, you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to entreat you to pity my martyrdom; and that where-soever you are, you be mindful of me. And so once more I intreat the Deities, to grant you such prosperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfection.

Flor. Rest assured, sweet Mistress, to be beloved of me, though not Equal to your merit; to which height, it is impossible my affection should raise it self.

A new School of Love with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is Love?*

A. It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. *How comes it to pass that many times we love those we never saw?*

A. Rare persons are like Tapstries, that seem fairer far off, than near hand, and it is the reputation of what is absent, and concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do Lovers fall out?*

A. To agree the better, since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. *Who is most constant in love a Man or a Woman?*

A. Experience Confirms, that we see more Women deceived by Men, than men by women; they know their own unworthiness, and are therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do Women love those so entirely that they deliver up Virgin purity to?*

A. In acknowledgment of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more Women in the World than Men?*

A. Women are exempted from the War: and in nature the worst things are most plentiful.

If Women are little as they're good,

A Peacock would make them a gown and hood.

Q. *What is the greatest recompence a Woman can make a Man?*

A. To reveal to him her secrets and make him Lord of her body.

Q. *How must a man behave himself amongst Ladies?*

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Q. *Is love painted blind?*

A. Because the actions of lovers cannot be hid or dissembled.

Q. *Why be the secrets of love so easily kept?*

A. For the sweetness of that modesty that Men find in them.

Q. *Why do some mens Hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their heat; females want Beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do some lisp?*

A. Their sinews are putrified with flegm, or their brains are more moist, but their lips according to the Proverb, have a Golden Mean.

Q. *Why doth a Lover often keep in the Expression of his Tongue?*

A. By reason of his passions.

Q. *Why hath a Woman a shriller voice than a Man?*

A. There is a difference in the composition of the veins and moist arteries; and the passage where their voice is framed is narrower.

Q. *Who are most secret in the sports of Love?*

A. Women; since it so nearly concerns them.

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighs and Tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their grief.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion, and heats of mind.

Q. *Why is Cupid pictured with wings?*

A. The desires of Lovers, for the most part tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistresses?*

A. Poetry is the Friend of Love.

Q. *Why hath Love alwaies been esteemed God?*

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A. Because he makes a Coward Valiant, the Illiterate Eloquent, the Melancholy Merry; his Cheerful Divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford Love so much Pleasure?*

A. For the Preservation of Mankind.

Q. *Why do Lovers so observe the looks and glance of their Ladies?*

A. Because there is no part of the Body that doth so declare and manifest the Interiour passions of the mind, as the eye.

Q. *Why are Lovers the better friends for their falling out.*

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that many times Love is conceived upon an instant towards the Object?*

A. Since the Eye, the informer of the Intellectual part, no sooner presents the Object, than at the same instant it discovers to the Heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. *Who are more inclined to Pleasure Men or Women?*

A. Women; for men being of a better temper, are dryer and stronger.

Q. *Why are Women more craftily revengeful than Men.*

A. By reason of the weakness of their natures; what they cannot do by force, they maintain by subtlety.

Q. *Why is it not good to lie on the Back?*

A. It causes diseases, disturbs the fore part of the brain, and procures the night-mare.

Q. *Why have Women thicker Blood than Men?*

A. By reason of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. *Why is Venerie bad for Melancholy and Lean Men?*

Ans

Ans. Because it dries them too much, which are too drie of themselves.

Q. Where are Women of best use :

A. In *Thalamo*, In *Tumulo* ; in the Bed, and in the Tomb, as one of *Mercian's* Scholars answered.

Q. Why do Young Men Naturally decline widows ?

A. They would not drink in those waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. What waters of all other are most deceitful ?

A. A Woman's tears.

Q. Wherefore are amorous Women more ticklish than others ?

A. Because their skins are more loose, soft and delicate.

Q. How cometh it to pass that women newly married, the first night, are so loth to go to bed, yet rise the next day so Lusty and Joyful ?

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the Man, which having acquired to themselves, they then know they are Women indeed.

Q. Why should we not place our selves on those that are too young.

A. Because they are so inconstant, and ever more curious of new servants.

Q. How comes it that he that is so soon taken with Love doth as soon forget it ?

A. He is like one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. Why do men say that love is a perfect Musician ?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanness of them.

Q. Why do some Women love the White, some the black Complexion.

A. Some delight in black, as hot, and more agreeable to their constitutions; some in White as their natures are moore cool.

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Q. What quality hath the Sanguine?

A. He is fair, smooth haired, he is secret, shame-fac'd, spirited, Musically given, a Lover of Learning, liberal and courteous.

Q. What properties have the Phlegmatick complexioned Men?

A. They are sleepy, moist, fearful, covetous, weak in Venery.

Q. What are the qualities of the Cholerick Man?

A. He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little sleeper, a lover of the Society of women.

Q. What is the Melancholly Mans qualities?

A. His complexion is brown, his veins small; he eateth little hath a bad digestion, his dreams are confus'd, he is timorous and Incontinent.

Q. Wherefore is it that we tickle not our selves?

A. Because our own touch is natural and familiar unto us.

Q. Wherefore is it that amongst all kind of Animals, the Females are more subtil and cunning than Males?

A. It is for the most part, that they being more, weak than the males, Nature to repair the defect hath given them a more wiley craft, for the conservation of their lives.

Q. What is the reason that Women in the winter go thinner clothed and endure more cold than Men?

A. Every like is less affected with his like; and Women because they are cooler by Nature feel the less cold.

Q. Why do Learned men often beget sottish Children?

A. Because their Contemplations are higher raised than to such bestial pleasures.

Q. If Beauty fails doth love decrease?

A. Too often; for Love is no other thing than a desire of beauty.

Qu. *Why have men diversity of Opinions in their censures of Beauty?*

A. Because all fair and beautiful things (according to the Greek Proverb) are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Qu. *Who is most constant in Love, the Man or the Woman?*

A. The man, being both in body and spirit more firm and more constant in his persuasions of love affairs.

Qu. *What is the truest assurance we can give of our Love?*

A. Perseverance.

Qu. *Why are Lovers so unconstant?*

A. Because youth aboundeth with heat, and is subject to divers and many thoughts, and so cannot stay it self.

Qu. *Can Charms make love?*

A. Your Magicians, and those that write of nature, conclude so.

Qu. *Why do Women love fine cloaths better than Men?*

A. Because too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they study the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more sensible of.

Qu. *Why do we love our sight above our other senses?*

A. Because the divine force of love is placed there.

Q. *What is the greatest pleasure that a true Lover can feel?*

A. To think that he is beloved again of his Mistress.

Qu. *Why are all things disposed more to love in the Spring time than in other seasons?*

A. Because then the humors do more themselves, and the Blood doth wax hot.

Q. *Wherefore are the angers of Lovers of so little continuance.*

A. Because they fall out for triffl'es.

Q. *Wherefore do the Ancients Picture Love with flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other?*

A. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Q. *Wherefore are all joys of Lovers uncertain?*

A. Because in love are divers casualties, jealousy, suspicion, anger, peace, disdain.

Q. *Why is it that secret love is more burning than that which is discovered?*

A. Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q. *Wherefore is it that Women and Children weep often, and with more facility then men?*

A. Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture with tears.

Q. *Why did Nature rather make the Brain cool than hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve instead of a Fan to cool it.

Q. *Wherefore is it said, What is a Woman but her tongue?*

A. Because anciently they had no other defence or weapon but that; but now they have better fortified themselves with tongue, tooth, and nails.

Q. *What kind of people are these that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint and put on other faces.

Q. *What is the reason, that if a man committed a great crime he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance.*

Ans.

An. Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glass wherein the mind doth shine; nature itself, as it were, being a second conscience.

Q. Why do those look pale that are much grieved?

A. Because nature flieth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. Wherefore hath lovers feeble voices?

A. Out of the fear they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. Wherefore is it that a Man being touch'd with love, cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?

A. Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to a thing he desires, and with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of love.

Q. Wherefore are lovers for the most part ready to Weep?

A. Because by nature they are fearful, suspicious, jealous, and always troubled.

Q. What do Lovers chiefly delight in?

A. Tranquility and Abundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, Plays, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreams.

Q. What, think you, do the Eyes most betray, that a man would keep secret?

A. Love and Drunkenness.

Q. From whence is derived the power of feeling?

A. As the root of life it spreads it self through every part of the body, by sinews which descend from the head to foot, like a net cast over the body.

Q. What are the three first Members formed in the Womb after the Conception?

A. The Heart, the Brain, the Liver.

Q. When a man dies, which is the last part of him that first, which of a woman?

A. The last part of a man is his heart; of a woman her tongue.

82. *The Academy of Complements,*

Q. What is death very fitly resembled unto?

A. To a woman, or a shaddow; for seek it, and it flies you: And so a woman, according to the old Poet.

Follow a shaddow and it flies you;
Seem to flee, it will pursue you;
So court a Woman, she'll deny you;
Let her alone, she will court you.

Q. What was the Philosopher so thankful for?

A. For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of Socrates. 2. That he was a Grecian, and not a Barbarian. 3. That he was a Man and not a Beast. 4. That he was a Man and not a Woman.

Q. What Birds are shortest liv'd?

A. Sparrows which for their salacity and wantonness eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. Why is Love compared to a Labyrinth?

A. Because first the entrance into it is easie; but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. Why did the Poet call Love a Tragedy?

A. Because 'tis always accompanied with heaviness, complaint and many interchangeable mysteries and events.

Q. Why is Beauty compared to a flower?

A. Because it soon fades away.

Q. Wherefore is it, that Maids having past the age of ripeness, and loosing the time of Marriage, become pale coloured and yellow?

A. By reason of the retention of superfluous humours, which are evacuated by the consummation of Matrimony; and those corrupted within them viciate the Blood, and bring them into great and dan.

dangerous diseases, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. Wherefore is it that Celestial Influences are necessary, concurring to the generation of Man?

A. Because, as Philosophers hold, Man and Sun beget Man; Astra regunt homines, sed regit Astra Deus.

Q. Which be the Noblest Hearts?

A. Those which love disdains not to Warm with his sacred heat.

Q. Why is Love painted naked?

A. Because the actions of Love are such as should not be dissembled.

Q. Wherefore did Appelles paint Cupid with these words writ on his forehead: Spring time and Summer?

A. To shew that in Love are prosperities and adversities.

Q. Why did Painters draw on the borders of Cupid's robe, life and death?

A. To shew that Love remains both in life and after death.

Q. Why was Cupid drawn by Zeuxis, in a Green robe?

A. Green signifies hope, to expresse that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Q. Wherefore do Lovers delight to wear their Mistresses Favours?

A. The better to expresse how conformable they are to their desires and will.

Q. Why do Lovers seek the dark?

A. Because they go about that which they suppose not to be very handsome.

Q. Why doth an earnest view or bebolding of beauty, make a Woman amorous?

A. Because the Eyes are Cupid's Messengers when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themselves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Q. The Eyes of the Lady, have they such force on their Lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the Earth?

A. Questionless they raise a spring of affection if Love darts them.

Q. What are Ordinances of Love?

A. That affections be equal, that between a Lover and his Mistress nothing be reveal'd.

Q. Do Courtizans love, or do they seem to do so?

A. There have been many mad for love, some that have died for it.

Q. Is Love the cause of good or evil.

A. Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. Is it sufferable to falsifie Faith in Love?

A. Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with hood and reason.

Q. Who is the most jealous, the Man or the Woman? or which of them hath the most cause?

A. The Woman is the most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason. I will for this time keep to my self.

Encomiums on the Beauty of his Mistress.

B Righter than inside Barks of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter than flames of fire persum'd with
(Myrrhe,
And comlier than the silver cloud's that dance,
On Zephyrus wings, before the Queen o'th' Spring;
Tis she doth reach those torches to burn bright;
It seems she hangs upon the cheeks of night,
As a rich Jewel in the Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use; for love more dear:
So doth a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistress, o're her fellow shows,
Since her whole bodiles frame hath pow'r to have
The chaste Hippolitus for to have loved. (moved

In fume, her parts are white as milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as silk,
O! who can her perfection tell,
In whom alone all grates dwell!

On Her Hair.

Her hairs reflect with read streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes,
Whilst that those golden threads play with her
(breath,
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

On Her Locks.

Her locks being pleated like a piece of Woul,
Are full of sweet, as Sweet of sweets is full.

On Her Forehead.

Her flatly front was figur'd from above.
Majestick, Fair, well polish'd, high and pale,
Pure White, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On Her Face.

Her Face like *Cimbria's*, when in the Full she shin-
(eth,
And blushing to her love-mates power declin-
(eth;

Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun-shine in a shady place.

On the Colour of Her Face.

Such colour hath her Face, as when the Sun,
In summer his first rising hath begun.

On Her eye-brow and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hang like *Iris* in the Skies,
On either Cheek, a Rose and Lilly lies.

On Her Eye-lids.

Her arches be two heavenly Lids
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On Her Eyes.

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chaffly hides
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides.

Piercing

Piercing the hearts of others, yet they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her Smiles.

Her Smiles so sweet and nice ;
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her Cheeks.

Her Cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora like, new out of bed.

On her Nose and Breath.

Her nose is strait, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweath perfume, a holy flame.

On her Chin.

Per Chrystal Chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves pavillion, and the boys delight.

On her Eyes.

On those Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her Lips.

Her lips like Roses over-wash'd with dew,
Do by their breath their beauties still renew.

On her Lips and Neck.

Her lips more red than Coral-stone,
Her neck's more white than aged swans that moan:
O ! who those ruddy lips can miss,
Which, blessed still, themselves do kiss !

On he Mouth.

Sweet mouth, that send'st a musick-rosie breath,
Whose very words dart me a living death.

On her Mouth and Teeth.

Within the compass of this hollow sweet,
Those orient ranks of silver pearls do meet.

On her Breath.

She breaths forth flowers, she makes the Spring,
Perfumes the air, and spirits every thing.

On her Tongue and Words.

Her words do fall like Summers dewes on me.
Her tongue strikes musick's sweetest harmony.

On her Teeth.

Her lips ne'er part, but that they show.
Of precious pearl a double row.

On her Speech.

In all her words such virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philosophy.

On her Voice.

A voice which doth the Thrushes shrillness strain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her Neck.

Her Neck's an Ivory shining tower,
Or like delight that doth it self devour.

On her Shoulders.

These parching squares with silver skin,
Do pass the hair spot Ermaline.

On her Arms.

Her twin-like arms, that stainless pair,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her Hands.

Her azur'd veins do use to stray.
With pretty Cupids every way:
Moyst Pearl, warm Snow, smooth Ivory,
Within these strange compacts do lie.

On her fingers.

Long, small, and fit for Orpheus Lute
Which made the savage Tygers mute.

On her Breasts.

Her breasts those Ivory Globes, circled with blew,
Save of their Lord, no baring yoke they knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two fair apples in their prime,
From those blest sweets love suck his summer time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindful breasts perfumes with Franckincense,
And sweetest odors, every fainting sense.

On her Waste, and Ribs.

Fitly so named since it doth Waste
Mens lives, until it be embrac'd :
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious symetry.

On her Skin and Flesh.

Her lovely Skin is white, like curds new prest.
And snowy flesh as soft as wool new drest.

On her Navel.

Her love delights the wandring thought,
Whilst that mine eyes astray are brought :
Since nature here would fain unite
In curious circles busie fight.

On her Belly.

Most beauteous seal of Virgins wax,
Pity 'tis the impression lacks :
This place with sense my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis entitled Cupid's bill.

On her Thighs.

These are the objects that do fit
The genius of an Ovid's wit ;
Who'e branches smooth as in the glass
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteness pass.

On her Knees.

These knots of joy, and gems of love,
With motion make all Graces move.

On the Calves of her Legs.

Mark well how fair the flesh doth rise,
In her brave Calves like Chrystal Skies.

On the small of her Leg.

View but her Atlas smallest small,
More white than whitest bone of all.

On her Feet.

Her Feet so short, and slender, little, round,
On Earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taste of his Mistresses perfections.

She hath *Venus's* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chastity.

In those parts I have revealed,
Venus's beauty is exprest;

Yet there are some parts concealed,
Which my fancy judgeth best.

The Conclusion.

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

*Witty Epigrams, Complimental and
Amorous Poems.*

May is not loves month; May is full of Flowers
But dropping April, Love is full of showers.

Definition of Love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a Heaven, and Hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden Fire it self discovers;
And Love that is conceal'd betrays poor Lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief it is to part,
When 'twixt too bodies liveth but one heart;
And Lovers say, the heart hath double wrong,
And it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Lovers

Lovers Lottery.

The World's a Lottery, a Lovers prize
Is such a Girl that's fair, that's chaste and wise.

The quality of Love.

Love is a spirit, that's all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

What Love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of Dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Love delights to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their Lovers, if needs they must have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unblind us,
And Vows made ignorantly, can never bind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two Maiden-lovers meet.

Impossibility of conceal'd, Love,

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd, betrays poor Lovers.

On one sick with Love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are Love-sick.

The Errors of Lovers.

All men do err, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What Love is.

Love is a subtle influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspense.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments disputing still
For sense, 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

what love is.

Love is a blinded lad, an angry boy,
A slave to Beauties will, a witless toy,

A raven.

A raving bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell. a very Sea of Lust.

Another definition of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugar'd grief,
A breach of Reasons Law, a secret thies,
A living death, an ever dying life,
A Sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain,
Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The Effects of Love.

This is the least effect of *Cupid's* dart,
To change the mind, by moulding of the heart.

Cruelty of Love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of Lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boys from their Books:
But love for love, toward School with heavy looks.

A Maxime of Love.

Tis folly; by our wisest worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Lovers wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then since we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The Constancy of Lovers.

Once learn to love, the lesson is most plain,
And being learn'd is never lost again.

The force of love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and pricks them all at last.

Of Musick and Love.

As without breath no pipe doth move;
No Musick's kindly without Love.

A loving Conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now shine fair,
I and my Love in Love united are.

Offers of Love not to be refused.

Occasion's wing'd, and ever flyeth fast,
Coming she smiles, and frowns, once being past.

Sorrows of Lovers.

Sighs are the ease Calamity affords,
Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth
Patience of Lovers. (words

One may endure; for when the pain is past,
Reward, though long it stay, yet comes at last.

On the Tears of Lovers.

In sighs the Lover speaks his secret pains.
Tears are his Oratory words to make him tremble;
Yet Womens tears fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks, as desperate of his suit:

Of True and false Love.

True lov's a Saint, so shall you true love know;
False love's a *Soybian*, yet a Saint in show,
Love breaks all silence.

What fish so dumb, what beast so dull of heart,
That hears love sing, and will not bear a part;

No business like that of Love.

The fair, the false love can
Admit all but the busie man:
He that hath business, and makes love, does do
Such wrong as if a married man should woo.

The

The Preservance of a Lover.

Desire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear sinking Where such treasure lies?

The beginning of Love.

Fair beauty is the spark of hot desire,
And sparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the Lovers adversity.

As the Sars in darkeſt night,
So love by ſuffering ſhines more bright,
For like unto a hidden flame,
It will at laſt break forth again.

On Luſt.

Luſt makes oblivion, beateth reaſon back,
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack.

On Virginitie.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is loſt too early kept.

A cruel Miſtreſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth Love.

Another.

Fair words and power-attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and deſpair attend a Lover ſtill:
Hope for to ſave, deſpair for to kill.

On Jealouſie.

Where Jealouſie in baſeſt minds doth dwell,
Tis metal Vulcan's Cyclops ſent from Hell.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd veil, which innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another

Another on the same.

Penelope in spending chaste her days,
As worthy as *Ulysses* was of praise.

A Chast Vow.

To thee as constant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light, night hurries me away.

Protestations of Service.

I have Vow'd both love and duty,
To your Virtue, and your Beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* Sons resort;
Where shines their Father but in *Jove's* great Court?

On her delaying Marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps it not t'enjoy:
Delay breeds doubt, no cunning to be coy.

On his desires.

What can be said, that lovers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in one day.

On hand and Heart.

Heaven seals that faith that firmly stands,
And joyns our hands with hearts, our hearts with
(hands.

On misfortunes.

The man that still amidst misfortunes stands,
Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands.

On Fate.

They fall, which trust to fortunes fickle Wheel,
But staid by Virtue, men shall never reel.

On Disdain.

In high disdain love is a base desire,
And *Cupid's* flames are but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Ex-
positions.

To the red man read thy read;
With a brown man break thy bread;
The one is wise, the other trusty,

At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife,
The one is peevish the other lusty.

On the power of tears.

Tears tye the tongue of an excusers grudge,
And softs the rigor of the sternest Judge.

On Musick.

Musick can hardly solace humane ears,
When strings are broke, and eyes are fill'd with

On continued griefs.

(tears

Drops pierce the flints, not by their force or strength
But by oft falling wears it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives states, than when Wives they

On pleasures and griefs.

(are

Pleasures like posting guests make but small stay,
When griefs bide long and leave a score to pay.

On Youth.

Youth learns to change the course that he hath run,
when he perceives and knows what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the self-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirril pent-house with his tail;
Even such is my Mistresses face in a vail:
Or like a Carp that is lost in mudding;
Nay more like to a black pudding;
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Mistresses beauty in taffety gin.

On a fair one.

Beauty is a begger, fye, it is to had,
When in it self sufficiency it had;
It was not made to please the wandring eye,
But an attire to adorn sweet modesty;
If modesty and Women once do sever,
Farewel our name, farewel our same for ever.

On his will.

It lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by Fate.

On the loss of Virginity.

Jewels being lost we find again, this never,
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

On Women.

Let Wolves and Beasts be cruel in their kinds,
But Women meek and have relenting minds.

On coy Dames.

Hate and disdain is pictured in their eyes,
Deceit and Treason in their bosome lies.

Another.

Suppose thy Mistress fled from thee,

As *Daphne* from *Apollo*;

Yet she at last changed will be,

If thou the chase do follow.

On the unconstancy of Women.

They melt with words as Wax against the Sun,
So weak are many womens modesties:

That what sometimes the most would seem to
(shield,

Another time, poor souls unask'd would yield.

Another on the same.

Women have tongues of craft and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not; Hell is in their smile.

On Lust.

Lust never takes a joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden strings fair women are,
Which lying long untouch'd, will harshly jar.

Another.

Virginity's a Rose, which from the stem,
All fair would gather, gathered they condemn.

On the Modesty of Women.

Though men can cover crimes with their stern
(looks,
Poor Womens faces are their own fault-books.

On Womens tears.

A Womans tears are falling stars at night,
No sooner seen but quickly out of sight.

A Constant Woman.

Constant in love who tries a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

On the Passions of a Woman.

A womans passion doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A Lovers grief.

As if my self my own sad mourner were.
Down from my eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of Beauty.

Fair flow'rs that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of Beauty.

The Lybian Lyons lose their fiercest might,
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule that Women never
Love beauty in that Sex but envy't ever.

On a beauty cloistered up.

Things much retain'd do make us most desire
(them
And beauties seldom seem make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed that features should content,
And that true beauty needs no ornaments.

On beauty not enjoyed.

Never were cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vain our friends do us from this dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

On the Excellency and Power of Beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man that else would be a beast.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do moved the hardest heart.

To his Mistress.

I love, because it comes to me by kind;
And much, because it much delights my mind:
And thee, because thou art within my heart:
And thee alone because of thy desert.

A Clownish Courtship.

Excellent Mistress, brighter than the Moon,
Than scowred pewter or the silver spoon;
Fairer than *Phœbus*, or the morning Star,
Dainty fine Mistress in troth you are:
Thine eyes like Diamonds shine most clearly,
As I am an honest man I love thee dearly.

Lovers Prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong;
With thinking still you are to young;
The Rosie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flourish and doth ripening seek;
Those flaming beams shot from your eye
Do show loves Mid-summer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, soft and sweet
Proclaim those joys Lovers do meet.
Then lose no time for Love hath wings,
And flies a way from aged things.

How to Woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat must shun the shade;

When

When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time*.
There where the sun doth shine, birds sing,
Let them two kifs and fling.

Till summers fairest carpet spread,
Yields them a green and pleasant bed
If lovers there would strive together,
Chastity would not weigh one feather.

On an Incomparable kifs.

Give me a kifs from those sweet lips of thine;
And make it double by enjoying mine;
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the first kifs be the seconds brother;
Give me a thousand kisses and yet more,
And then repeat those that have gone before.
Let us begin whilst day-light springs in Heaven,
And kifs till the Meridian's mask'd with Even;
And when the modest, Secretary, night,
Discovers all, but by thy flaming bright;
We will begin revels of hidden love,
In that sweet Orb where silent pleasures move.
In high new strains of unspeakable delight,
Wee'l spend the dull hours of the drowlie night,
Residing twixt two breasts that are so white,
Where I shall know an innocent delight;
Embracing still for time runs on before,
And being spent we shall embrace no more.

To his Mistresse.

When first I saw thee thou didst sweetly play
The gentle thief, and stol'st my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee since I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will sweare thou art
A sweet faced creature vvith a double heart.

On the paucity of the fair.

Number the days, the cloudy and the clear,
 And thou shalt find more fair than foul i'th' year;
 But womens beauties if thou so compare,
 The greatest number are more foul than fair.
 But he that takes a foul slut to his wife,
 Doth penance daily yet sins all his life.

To his Mistress on the frailty of Beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
 Your wiser thoughts forsake,
 For that lovely face will fail;
 Beauty's sweet but beauty's frail:
 It sooner fades, 'tis sooner gone
 Than Summers rain or Winters Sun;
 Most fleeting, whilst it is most clear,
 'Tis gone whilst you but say it's here.
 That time will come, when cheek, chin, nose,
 Shall be deflowr'd o'th Lilly or the Rose;
 And what will then become of all
 Those which you now your servants call?
 Like Swallows when the Summer's done,
 They'll fly unto some warmer Sun:
 Then seek amongst the multitude
 Of Lovers that dare to intrude
 Into your favours, One that may
 Love for an age, and not a day;
 One that will quench your youthful fire,
 And feed in age your hot desire.

Disdain for Disdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chase,
 But now at other game doth fly;
 Green sickness ne're shall spoil my face,
 Nor puning height has wet mine eye.

To his Mistress.

Ask me no more whether do stray
 The golden Atoms of the day;

For in pure love the heavens prepare,
 Such powders to enrich your hair.
 Ask me no more whether doth haste
 The Nightingal when May is past:
 For in thy sweet dividing throat,
 She winters and keeps warm her note.
 Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past the fading Rose:
 For in the beauties orient deep
 All flowers as in their cases sleep,
 Ask me no more, where those stars light
 That downward shoot in dead of night:
 For in thy eyes they set and there
 Fixed become as in the Sphere.
 Ask me no more, whether East or West,
 The Phoenix builds her spicie Nest.
 For unto thee at last she flies,
 And in thy fragrant bosome dyes.

On his Mistresses kind Expressions.

Thy words so chear up this faint heart of mine,
 'Tis brisker now, then when 'tis glad with Wine.

On his Mistresses walking in the Snow.

I saw Clarendon walk about,
 When feathered rain came softly down;
 Then Jove descended from his tower,
 To court her in a silver showre;
 The wanton Snow flew to her breast,
 Like little birds into their nest,
 But overcome with whiteness there,
 For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
 Then falling down her garments hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.

A description of true love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes,
 One tongue, one heart where love ne'r dyes.

A Reprieve for a Love sick mind.

Thought do not vex me whilst I sleep,
 Grief do not move me,
 Smile not false hope, whilst I weep;
 She cannot love me,
 Had I been as cold and nice,
 And as often turning,
 Then as she, had I been Ice,
 And she as I now burning.
 Tears flow no more from my swoln eyes,
 Sighs do not so oppress me;
 Stop not your ears at my sad cries,
 Oh! but release me,
 Were you as sad as I,
 And as full of mourning,
 Very grief would make you die
 At least leave off your scorning.

A Resolve.

Shall I be slave unto a womans will?
 Or fear her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
 Shall I pour out my thoughts to such a one,
 that cannot rest till she hath made them known?
 Oh no, He hate your Sex, yet hate Ile smother,
 Because I know a Woman was my Mother.

A Whimsie to his Mistress.

Venus naked in her chamber,
 Wounds more deep than Mars in armour.

Her Rply.

If such an enemy you fear,
 Look to it see you come not there.

The Lover Ghost.

Go restless Ghost, tell that proud fair,
 She was my cause of dying,
 An if she will prove coy to hear,
 Importune her with crying.

If angry looks do threaten War,
 Oh then tell beauties Jewvel,
 Though Angels are less fair by far,
 Yet Tigers are less cruel.
 Tell her those eyes that vvrought my ill
 Never gave them power to kill
 The heart that so adores them;
 Tell her it comes to beg of her
 What cannot be prevented,
 Upon my grave to drop one tear,
 And I shall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
 Hand, heart, and all thou hast is mine.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love are all thy Arrovvs gone,
 That shot chaste fire,
 Or is my poor fate alone,
 To feel desire.

Those ends do fright us to begin,
 And make it though of love a sin;
 Break heart: What strong affection

Will it prove?

This is not lust yet none
 Dares call it love.

He gaze no more on her
 Bewitching face

Since ruine harbours there
 In every place:

For my enchanted soul alack, she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns,
 He love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 That pleas'd or angry still are murderers;
 For if she dart like lightning through the air,
 Her beams of Wrath,

She kills me vvith despair

If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy and dye.

On the Complexions and Constitutions.

The fair to folly are easie to be led,
The long are lazy, both at board and bed;
The little for the most part they are curst;
The black are proud so from the cradle nurs't;
The fat are frolick unto nirth inclin'd;
The lean with sadness are like famine pin'd;
The red are subtil and their brows are sure,
Both to their friend, and to their wedlock pure:
The fearful and the peevish, pale and wan,
The black a Woman loves more than a Man;
In fine my friend for thy more quiet life,
Too far trust no Complexion with thy Wife.

Upon Clarinda's begging a lock of hair.

Divine Clarinda, she whom truth calls fair,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock, I would, the heart I would not give,
For that least theiving love should flie away,
Discretion hath lockt up and kept the key:
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,
My head lay on her knee I pray'd her chuse:
Taking her Scissars by a cutting art,
First pickt the lock and then she stole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce bulls, when Venus stings incite,
Loud bellowing for their Heifers fight;
The jealous heart not then inclin'd
To fear, dares combat for his kine.
If beasts these bold attempts dare do,
What is't I will not venture too?
He climb up rocks my Love to please,
And do much more to gain her ease.

On ugly Women.

Kate doth not hide her privy parts;
 But breast and neck where coyest maids go bare,
 Yet there is one soul unbeseeming place
 Uncover'd lest, what call you that her face.

*Upon the withered Rose of his Quondam
 Mistresses Cheeks.*

DOst see how unregarded now
 That peice of beauty passes?
 There was a time when I did vow
 To that alone,
 But mark the fate of faces;
 That red and white works now no more of me,
 Than if it could not charm nor I not see;
 And yet the face continues good,
 And I have still desires.
 And still the self same flesh and blood
 As apt no melt,
 And sulter from such fires.
 Oh, some kind power, riddle it lies,
 Whether my heart be faulty or her eyes,
 She every day her man doth kill,
 And I as often dye;
 Neither her power then, or my will,
 What is the mystery?
 Sure beauties empire, like to greater states,
 Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

A Ladies prayer to Cupid.

Since I must needs into thy School return.
 Be pittiful, O Love, and do not burn
 Me with desired of cold and frozen age,
 Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page,
 But gentle *Cupid*, give me if you can,
 One to my love whom I may call a man,
 Of person comely and of face as sweet,
 Let him be sober, secret, and discreet,

Well

Well practis'd in Loves School, let him vvithin
Wear all his beard and not upon his chin,

To his Mistress.

A constant heart, within a womans breast
Is Ophir Gold within an Ivory chest.

Her Answer.

Of such a treasure then thou art possiest,
For thou hast such a heart in such a breast.

A wooing fit in verse.

HE. Much ado I have, I wor,
I would love, but thou will not,

SHE. Reason, Sir, men are not true.

HE. Why was any false to you?

Sweetest I have lov'd thee long.

SHE. Yet, Sir, love shall do no wrong.

HE. Prethee sweet, come kiss me then.

SHE. No, Sir, Maids must kiss no men.

HE. I the Heavens for witness crave.

SHE. They will shine clear though you'r a knave.

HE. Never lov'd a truer youth.

SHE. Men do not always speak the truth.

HE. By all those vows that Lovers use.

SHE. Thus they do protest, yet do abuse:

And full oft Maids are deluded,

When with kisses love's concluded.

Love Queries.

BEL. When will Love be void of fears?

TEL. When jealousy hath neither eyes nor
(ears.

BEL. When is love most male content?

TEL. When Lovers range, and bear their brows un-
(bent.

BEL. Tell me when love is best fed?

TEL. When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath
(bred.

Bel.

Bel. When is loves time ill spent ?

Tel. When Love doth farm and take no rent ?

Bel. When is time well spent in love ?

Tel. When deeds ensue, and words works prove.

Bel. What call'st thou Love ? I pray thee tell.

Tel. It is a fountain, and that Well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is a work on idle day ;

It is *December* matcht with *May*.

Bel. I prethee fair one do not feign.

Tel. It is a Sun-shine mixt with rain;

It is a tooth-ach or like game,

It is a yea it is a nay,

A pretty kind of sporting fray,

Bel. Come, come, Ile have no more away.

*A Parley betwixt a Fryer somewhat lascivious,
and a fair Nun.*

(move

FR. Since both our age, our Sex, and all do
Why doth not respect requite my love ?

N. Thy habit pleaseth not, others love black,
The white that's in my eye best fits a Lovers back.

F. Under this robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou dost exclude, let whiteness in,

N. To Chastity Frier thou know'st thou art wed-
(ded now,

And that black Robe is witness to thy vow.

F. My vail Ile cast aside, if that hath bred
Any dislike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.

N. Thy vail though thou forsake, thou art the
(same

Or is my sin the less, or less thy shame ?

F. A fault I do confess it, but a small,
And if a sin sure 'tis but venial.

N. To violate chastity, is the greatest of crimes
But as a votress more a thousand times.

F. Sure

F. Sure I can shrift thee for thy greatest sin,
If thou wilt not consent, let's both walk in.

Another short wooing fit.

I. Sweet soul, to whom I vow'd I am a slave,
Let me th' enjoyments of my wishes have,

M. Sweet Sir let not a wretch that is so poor,
Expect to hoord up treasure for his store.

I. Yet still take heed lest thou thy self submit,

M. To one that hath his wealth but wants his wit.

I. Prethee be silent beauty takes in rent;

M. But folly bought is worse than Money spent.

I. Well for this once Ile take thee as thou art,

M. For richer, for poorer, agreed with my own
(Sweet heart.

The fears and resolutions of two Lovers

D. **V**hat wouldst thou wish? tell me dear
(lover

S. How I may thy thoughts discover.

D. If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me with sighs wouldst thou be dying?

S. Those words in jest to hear the speaking
For very grief this heart is breaking.

D. Yet wouldst thou change I pray thee tell me.
In seeing one that doth excell me?

S. O no, for how can I aspire
To more than to my own desire;
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,
Though I do swear't you'll not beleive me.

D. Imagine that thou dost not love me;
But some beauty that's above me,

S. To such a thing sweet do not will me,
The naming of the same will kill me.

D. Forgive me fair one, Love hath tears.
I do forgive, witness these tears.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

- R. **T**He cause my sweet, thou dost deny.
 M. Because thou dost not please my eye.
 R. Thy reason why to me impart.
 M. Thou dost offend and greive my heart.
 R. There is no heart so fierce and hard.
 M. Nor person of so small regard.
 R. Thy reason doth thy love controul.
 M. Thou dost torment my very soul.
 R. O remedy my loving smart!
 M. Ile keep such dangers from my heart.
 R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keep?
 M. It will destroy it Sir, to weep.
 R. My passions dost thou mock at too?
 M. Farewel, Sir, without more to do.

The Lover and his Mistress.

- HE. I say I love and if thou ask how well?
 My tongue replies to thee no tongue can tell.
 SHE. You say you love be sure you do.
 For lying will not honour you.
 HE. Madam I love and love to do,
 And will not lye unless with you.

A contention between a Wife, Widow, and a Maid.

- W**ife, If to be born a Maid be such a grace,
 So was I born, and grac'd by nature
 But seeking more perfection to embrace,
 I did become a Wife as others do.
W. And if the Maid and Wife such honour have,
 I have been both and hold a third degree.
 Most Maids are wards and every Wife a slave;
 I have my livery sued and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have Maidens been
 And were not constant to continue so.
 The fall of Angels did increase their sin,
 In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

Wife

- W.* Why marriage is an honourable estate :
W. And Widdow-hood is a reverent degree ;
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
 Like Majesty it self must sacred be.
Wife. The Wife is Mistress of her Family,
W. Much more the Widdow for she rules alone :
M. But Mistress of my own desires am I,
 When you rule others wills not your own.
W. Only the Wife enjoys the Vertues pleasure ;
W. The Widdow can abstain from pleasures known :
M. But the uncorrupted Maid prefers such measure,
 As being by pleasure woo'd, she cares for none.
W. the Wife is as a Diamond richly set,
M. The Maid unset, doth yet more rich appear,
W. The Widdow a Jewel in a Cabinet,
 Which though not worn yet still esteem'd as dear.
W. The Wife doth love, and is belov'd again,
W. The Widdow is awak'd out of that dream.
M. The Maids white mind hath never such a stain ?
 No passions trouble her clear vertuous stream.
W. Then what's a Vergin but a fruitless Bay ;
M. And what's a Widdow but a roseless brier ;
 And what are Wives but wood-binds which decay ;
 Yea, stately Oaks which by themselves aspire.
W. Wives are as birds in golden cages kept ;
 Yet in those cages chearfully they sing.
W. Widdows are birds out of those cages leapt.
 Whose joyful notes makes all the Forrest ring.
M. But Maids are birds amidst the Woods secure,
 Which never hand could touch, nor yet could take,
 Nor whistle could deceive nor bait allure,
 But free unto themselves do musick make.
W. The Wife is as a Turtle with her Mate,
W. The Widdow as the widdow-dove alone,
 Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state.
M. The Maid a Phœnix ; and is still,
W. The

- W. The Wife's a soul unto her body tyed.
 W. The Widdow a soul departed into blifs.
 M. The Maid an Angel which is stellified,
 And now unto fair Heaven ascended is.
 W. Wives are fair houses kept and furnisht well.
 W. Widdows old castles void but full of state.
 M. But Maids are temples where the Gods do
 (dwell.
 W. An Office well supply'd is like a Wife.
 W. The Widdow like a gainful Office void.
 M. But Maids are like contentment in this life,
 Which all the world hath sought, but none enjoy'd.
 M. Go Wife to Dunmow and demand thy hire.
 W. Go gentle maid and lead thy apes in Hell.
 W. Go Widdovv make some younger brother rich;
 And then take thought and dye and all is vwell.
 W. Alas poor Maid thou hast no help nor stay.
 W. Alas, poor Wife that nothing doth possesse.
 M. Alas poor Widdovv Charity doth say,
 Pity the VViddovv and the Fatherless.
 W. VVe VVives have Children, vvhat a joy is this?
 W. VViddovvs have Children too, but Maids have
 (none.
 M. No more have Angels, yet they have more blifs,
 Thaa ever yet to mortal Earth vvvas known.
 W. The VVife is like a fair manured field.
 W. The VViddovv once vvvas such, but novv doth rest.
 M. The maid like Paradise, undrest, until'd,
 Bears crops of native Vertue in her brest.
 W. VVho vvould not dye a vvife as *Lucrese* did?
 W. Or like a vviddovv as *Penelope*?
 M. Or be a Maid and so be stellified,
 As all the Vertues and the Graces be.
 W. VVives are like apples serv'd in golden dishes.
 W. VViddovvs good VVine, which time makes bet-
 (ter much.
 M. But

M. But maids are grapes, desired by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch.

W. I have a Daughter equals you my Girl.

M. The Daughter dorh excell the Mother then;
As pearls be better than the Mother of Pearl.
Maids loose their value when they match with
A Maids the perfects of created things, (men
The purest Gold that suffers no allay, (springs,
The sweetest flower that on earths bosom
The pearl unbor'd, whose price no price can (pay

The Chrissal Glass that will no venom hold,
The Mirror where the *Graces* love to look,
Dianas bathing Fountain clear and cold,
Beauties fresh Rose and Virtues living book.

Wif. Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell
What comforts and what joys in marriage be.

M. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in Heaven do
Them do the souls in purgatory see. (dwell

Wife. There never was a Wife that liked her lot.

W. nor Widdow that was clad in Mourning weeds.

M. Do what you will, marry or marry not,
Both this estate and that repentance bree'ls.

A Lover and his Mistress.

L. Whilst thou didst love me, and that neck of
(thine

More white and soft than roses silvered down,
Did were a neck-lace of no arms but mine,
I envied not the King of Spain his Crown.

M. Whilst of thy Heart I was sole sovereign,
And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise,
Which now poor Maid thou dost so much dis-
(dain,

I envied not the Queen of *England's* fame.

L. What though I sue to thee for grace,
And sing thy praises sweter than before,

If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me again and love me more?

M. Thou shalt be then again my morning star,
Though lighter than the floating Cork thou be;
And than the Irish Sea more angry far,
With thee Ile wish to live, and dye with thee.

A Lovers discourse with his Heart.

She's cold though hot, how can we then agree?
Not Nature now but love doth govern me.

L. What if her heart be hard, she stops her ears?

H. Ile sigh aloud, and make it soft with tears.

L. Why then despair, go, pack thee hence away.

H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A discourse between a Lover, Death, and Cupid.

L. Come gentle death. D. Who calls? L. One.

D. What is thy will? L. That thou abridge my

By cutting off my Life. D. Cease thy request.

I cannot kill thee yet. L. Alas why so? (away)

D. Thou wast thy heart. L. Who stole that same

D. Love whom thou servest. Entreat him if thou

L. Come Cupid, come. C. Who calleth me to oft?

L. Thy Vassal true, whom thou shouldst know by

C. What makes thy cry so faint? L. My voice is

Quite broke and spent with crying day and night.

C. What then, what is thy request? L. That thou

To me my heart and steal the same no more.

And thou O death, when I possess my heart,

Dispatch me then at once. D. Alas, why so?

L. By promise thou art bound to end my smart

D. But if thy heart return, then what's thy woe?

L.

L. That brought from frost it never will desire
To rest with me that am more hot than fire.

Posies for Rings, and other pleasant things.

Rings and true friends, Are without ends
The Ring is grac'd, That is so plac'd.
The love that's chaste, Doth never waste.
It was not sent, In complement.
Think on me, Thoughts are free.
Let us share, In joy and care.
In thy brest, My heart doth rest.
Good wives and health, Are mens best wealth.
Love is here, In the true Sphere.
This wreath of gold, Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move, A fixed love.
Despise not me, I joy in thee.
Reading this, With me a kiss.
I vow to kiss, Her that reads this.
Absence ne're parts, Two loving hearts.
This and the giver, Are thine for ever.
Absence will prove, The truest love.
Ah, be not coy, My dearest joy.
The love I owe, I needs must show.
Of all the rest, I love thee best.
Rather never, Than once and not for ever.
No Turtle Dove, Shall shew more love.
As I affect thee, So respect me.
Well directed, If accepted.
The love I owe, I fain would show.
This give I you, Love to renew.
O that I might, Enjoy my delight.
If you to harbour me deny,
I perish in the waves and dye,
When this you see, Think well of me.

Virtue and love
 Like to a circle round
 More near to me
 This and I
 Had I not spoke
 Your consent
 'Tis love alone
 You and I
 Though friends cross love
 Sweetest thou art
 I languishing dye
 Faithful love
 Desire like fire
 All born to live
 We'lingred long,
 I seek to be
 In thee each part
 I love none
 In bodies two,
 My heart, ah me,
 As I to thee,
 When *Cupid* fails
 True love appears
 Be thou mine
 Ile rather dye
 My love for this
 Till death doth call
 My fancy is
 My joy will die
 Some comfort give.
 Hit or miss
 What I call mine
 My faith once past
 My constant love
 Love's delight
 Thy true affection

Are from above.
 No end in love is found.
 Than life can be.
 Untill I dye.
 My heart had broke.
 Is my content.
 Makes two but one.
 Will lovers dye.
 We'l meet above.
 My dearest heart.
 If you deny.
 Can ne're remove. X
 Doth still aspire.
 And live to love.
 Yet lik'd at last.
 Not thine but thee.
 Doth catch a heart.
 But you alone.
 In heart but you,
 Is fled to thee.
 So wish to me.
 The eye prevails. X
 In midst of tears.
 As I am thine.
 Than my promise deny.
 Deserves a kiss.
 My heart and all.
 Endless as this.
 If you deny.
 By this I live.
 Have at thee *Sis*.
 Shall all be thine.
 Shall ever last.
 Shall ne're remove.
 Is to unite.
 My perfection.

So decreed,
 Each day I dye,
 We must be one,
 No change whatsoever,
 Till death us part,
 Be firm to me,
 God above
 My heart liveth
 Nothing for thee
 I joyn in one
 My love by this
 More I cannot
 Heart and hand
 Though far apart
 The love I owe
 Where this I give
 By this token
 No recompence
 My hearts love
 Once respected,
 I wish to have,
 Your blest sight
 In thy breast
 Let friend or foe
 My Love to thee
 Your friend am I
 Take this in part
 Best election
 I fancy none
 For a kiss
 In very grief
 It's in thy will
 Where hearts agree
 As true to thee
 I joy to find
 Loves knot once ty'd

And so agreed.
 If you deny.
 Or I shall be none,
 Shall part us ever.
 Thou hast my heart.
 As I to thee,
 Encrease our love.
 Where it loveth.
 Too dear can be.
 But enjoy none.
 Presented is.
 Less I will not.
 At your command.
 Yet near in heart.
 I cannot show.
 I wish to live.
 You are belpoken.
 But a remembrance.
 Shall endless prove.
 Now neglected.
 But blush to crave.
 Is my delight.
 My heart doth rest.
 This secret know.
 Like this shall be.
 And so will dye.
 Of my true heart.
 Is constant affection.
 But thee alone.
 Take you this.
 Love yields relief.
 To save or kill.
 No strife can be.
 As death to me.
 A constant mind.
 Who can divide?

Inconstancy	I live and dye.
I am yours	Whilst life endures.
Love never dies	Where vertue lies.
Is all perfection from above? Then surely, love.	

Fear God and love thou me,
 That is all I crave of thee.
 Thee did I find, thee did I choose,
 Thee do I Bind till death doth loose.
 My fancy first hath chosen thee,
 By faith I well requited thee;
 I love thy Beauty, but thy Virtue most;
 Virtue is found when beauty's lost.
 As I expect, so let me find,
 A faithful heart, a constant mind.
 Past, present, and in future time.
 I was, I am, and ever shall be thine.
 Be it my fortune or my fault,
 Love makes me Venture this assault.
 Be not too rash, deny not flat,
 For you deny you know not what.
 My eyes did find my heart made choise
 Of her that makes me now rejoyce.
 The sacred purpose and decree,
 Is manifest in choosing thee.
 God hath kept my heart for thee,
 Grant that our Love may faithful be.
 My faith is given this pledge doth show,
 A Work from Heaven perform'd below.
 Where Virtue is the cause of love,
 Nothing but death can it remove.
 God hath thee chosen a mate for me,
 He honour him in loving thee.
 The eye findeth, the heart chooseth,
 The hand bindeth and death looseth.
 Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, all do well,
 But constant Love doth far excel.

Such

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death shall change my mind.
Innumerable are the Stars I see,
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A short Riddling entertainment.

Quest. MY flesh and my Skin is red,
But white is all my heart,
Where round about the wall is set,
Beaten with every dart?

Sol. It is a Cherry and a Cherry stone.

Quest. What is that is as white as Snow;
And yet as black as any Crow,
And more pliant than a wand,
Tied in a silken band;
And every day a Princes peer,
Looks on it with a mirth that is clear?

Sol. It is a book tied with a silken lace,
whose paper is as white as Snow,
lik as black as any Crow,
And leaves more pliant than any wand.

Quest. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no
I have lived among books, yet am never the bet

I have eaten up the Muses, yet know not a verse,
What student is this I pray you rehearse?

Sol. A Worm bred in a book.

Quest. One evening as cold as cold might be
With frost and Snow and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay close all in a pound together.
Yet one after another they took a heat,
and died that night all in a sweat?

Sol. *A pound of Candles.*

Quest. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand and you shall see?

Sol. *It is the little finger, that was not, nor is not,
nor never will be so great as the other fingers.*

Q. Sweet Lady, such a boon I crave,

As being got, again you have,

Nay, if you surfeit of my request,

Your gift returns with interest.

'Tis not so wanton as't may show,

A *Venus* blush, a *Cupids* bow;

Such as your beauty sympathies,

When *Cupids* quivering in your eyes;

That bliss which answers my desire,

May parrallel *Diana's* fire.

'Tis such as in a moments play,

is given, and is gone away :

Yet if you grant a bliss,

Sweet Lady tell me what it is?

Sol. *A Kiss.*

Q. My coat is green, and I can prate

Of divers things within my grate.

In such a prison I am set,

That hath more trap-holes than a Net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a Cage of Wyre.*

Quest. In open field I cannot lye,

Within a box of Ivory

My Lady rests me quietly.

Sol. *A Fan of Feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Quest. What part of a man may that be,

That is an implement of three,

And yet a thing of so much stead,

No man would without it wed,

And by which thing, or had or lost,

Each marriage is made or cross?

Sol.

Sol. The heart of man is of a triangular figure,
The beginning of love.

Quest. Round I am, yet cannot rest,
When I am mounted at the best.

Sol. A Tennis Ball.

Quest. Far in the West I know not where,
Are trees men say that Oysters bear;
That Oysters should be bred so high;
Methinks it soundeth like a lye.

That female plants I know it is true
In London streets bear Oysters new;
And Fish, and Flesh, and now and then,
They bear I tell you handsom men?

Sol. Every man and woman is a tree, and by such trees
you know what fruits are born in London.

Quest. Tell my Master in my name, when trees
are turned, and Wells be drie;
And dead for quick then come will I?

Sol. 'Tis mid-night, when a Gentlewoman correcting
her meaning, promising her Lover that she would
come.

Quest. As bitter as Gall, as sweet as Milk,
As high as a wall, and soft as silk?

Sol. A Wall-nut upon a tree,

Quest. I'm called by the name of a man,
Yet am as little as a mouse,
When winter comes I love to be,
With my red target near the house?

Sol. A Robin red breast,

Quest. Ten mens length, and ten mens strength,
And ten men cannot rear it?

Sol. A Cable rope.

Quest. I was not, I am not, and shall not be,
Yet I do walk as you may see?

Sol. It was a man whose name was Not.

Quest. In the last minute of mine age I do wax
young

young again, and have so still continued since the World did first begin?

Sol. *It is the Moon.*

Quest. I do owe most, yet nothing pay,
Evv I am, and the worst I say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Quest. Beyond the Sea there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egg,
And in that Egg there is a Yolk,
Which calls together Christian-Folk?

Sol. *It is the Clapper of a Bell within a Steeple:
for the Church is taken for the Oak, the Steeple for the
Nest, and Bell for the Egg, and Clapper for the
Yolk.*

Quest. 10000 Children beautiful, of this my body
bred,
Both Sons and Daughters finely deckt, alive, and
they are dead:
My Sons were put to extream grief, of such as lov'd
them well;
My Daughters died of extream age, by whom I
cannot tell.

Sol. *The Mother is the Tree, the Sons the Fruit, and
the Daughters the Leaves.*

Achoice Collection of Proverbs & Apophthegms.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Castle, breed
quarrels.

2. An old wise Man's Scabbard, is better than a
young Buzzard's Sword.

3. Virtue never grows old.

4. To a fair day open your window.

5. Old Wine, and an old Friend, are good provi-
sions.

6. Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
7. She spins well that breeds her Children.
8. Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can.
9. Dally not with money, nor women.
10. None is a fool always every one sometimes.
11. I wept when I was born, and every day shews why.
12. He that plays his money ought not to value it.
13. They that know one another, salute afar off.
14. Think of ease, but work on.
15. A woman and a glass are ever in danger.
16. Truth and oyl are ever above.
17. Honey is sweet but the Bee stingeth.
18. He hath great need of a fool that playeth the fool himself.
19. He that stumbles and falls, not, mends his pace.
20. Building and marrying of Children, are great wasters.
21. Play with a fool at home and he will play with you in the Market.
22. The eye and Religion can bear no jesting.
23. An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.
24. On painting and fighting, look aloof off.
25. Marry a Widdow before she leaves mourning.
26. Good words quench more then a bucket of water.
27. By suppers more have been killed, than Galen ever cured.
28. Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.
29. He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.
30. Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31. If you would know secrets, look them in grief or pleasure.
32. Fine words dress ill deeds.
33. Praise a hill, but keep low.
34. If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.
35. Water, Fire, and Souldiers, quickly make room.
36. Fair words make me look to my purse.
37. The offender never pardons.
38. He that is angry at a feast is rude.
39. Before you make a friend eat a bushel of salt with him.
40. He that hath horns in his bosom, let him not put them on his head.
41. In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.
42. The hearts Letter is read in the eyes.
43. He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.
44. Choose a horse made, and a Wife to make.
45. The Court hath no Almanack.
46. The Ignorant hath an Eagles Wings and an Owles Eyes
47. The Cholerick drinks, the Melancholick hates, the Flegmatick sleeps.
48. Conversation makes one what he is.
49. Wine is a turn-coat, first a friend and then an enemy.
50. Many things are lost for want of asking.
51. Love makes one fit for any work.
52. Love makes his kingdom without a Sword.
53. Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54. Love makes faith, and faith firmness
55. Love and business find eloquence.
56. He that Loves the tree, loves the branch.
57. Love and a Cough cannot be conceal'd.

58. Love is not found in the Market.
59. Love is the true price of Love.
60. A House and a Woman suit excellently.
61. Discreet Women have neither ears nor eyes.
62. Things well fitted abide.
63. In choosing of a Wife, and buying of a Sword, we ought not to trust another.
64. Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth.
65. Who lets his Wife go to every Feast, and his Horse drink at every Water, shall never have a good Wife, nor a good Horse.
66. The Tooth-ach is more easie than Love.
67. Willows are weak, yet they bind others.
68. Gaming, Women and Wine, whilst they laugh, make Men pine.
69. In the Husband wisdom; in the Wife gentleness.
70. Beauty draws more than Oxen.
71. If the Mother had never been in the Oven, she had never sought her Daughter there.
72. Three Women make a Market.
73. He that Marries for Wealth, sells his Liberty.
74. A gentle heart is tied with an easie thread.
75. Fair language grates not the tongue.
76. Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.
77. He that Marries late, Marries ill.
78. Words are Women, Deeds are Men.
79. Pleasure long expected is dear enough sold.
80. A Woman conceals what she knows not.
81. He that tells his Wife News is but newly married.
82. All truths are not to be told.
83. A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.
84. What your Glass tells you, you will not be told by Counsel.

85. Mills and Wives ever want.
86. He that hath a Fox for his Mate, had need have a Net at his Girdle.
87. Prettiness dies first.
88. A poor beauty finds more Husbands than Lovers.
89. Who hath a Wolf for his Mate, needs a Dog for his Man.
90. He that is not handsom at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsom, strong, rich, or wise.
91. Harken to reason, or she will be heard.
92. He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.
93. I had rather ride on an Ass that carries me, than an Horse that throws me.
94. While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business,
95. Who doth his own business, fouls not his hands.
96. Disgraces are like Cherries, one draweth another.
97. He plays well that wins.
98. The Royal Crown cureth not the Head-ach.
99. He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.
100. Nothing dries sooner than tears.
101. Long jesting was never good.
102. Sweet Discourse make short Daies and Nights.
103. Night is the Mother of counsel.
104. Soft and fair goes far.
105. A Ship and a Woman are ever repairing.
106. The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107. He thinks not well that thinks not again.
108. Gifts enter every where without a wamble.
109. He

109. He that is at ease seeks vanities.
110. The first and the last frost is the worst.
111. A cool mouth and warm feet, live long.
112. He that will take the bird must not scare it.
113. Ill ware is never cheap.
114. Were there not fools, bad ware would not pass.
115. Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
116. They that are booted are not always ready.
117. Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118. In the World who knows not how to swim, goes to the bottom.
119. Though the sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120. Far shooting never kill'd bird.
121. He that hath the spice may season as he lists.
122. Water afar off queneth not fire.
123. The wearer knows where the shoe wrings.
124. One flower makes no Garland,
125. A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126. To the council of fools a word is best.
127. There are many ways to fame.
128. The shortest answer, is, doing.
129. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
130. Little Dogs start the Hare, the great ones get her.
131. Wisdom hath one foot on the Land and another on the Sea.
132. Wine in bottles doth not quench the thirst.
133. An idle head is a box for the wind.
134. If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.
135. At Court every one is for himself.

136. 'Tis good walking with a horse in ones hand.
137. In an hundred ells of contention there is no one inch of love.
138. You must lose a Flie to catch a Gnat.
139. For a morning rain leave not your journey.
140. The Mill cannot grind with the Water that is past.
141. The fault of the Horse is put on the Saddle.
142. Whose house is of glass, must not throw stones at anothers.
143. Milk says to Wine, Welcome friend.
144. The house shews the owner.
145. Quick beleivers need broad Shoulders.
146. He that sends a fool, means to follow him.
147. Never had ill workmen good tools.
148. When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.
149. He that studies his content, oftentimes wants it.
150. Health without money is half sickness.
151. There is no equity in keeping an unjust promise.
152. It is better to give one shilling away then lend twenty.
153. Before thou marry have thy dwelling place.
154. Handsome women without portions find more Sweet- hearts than Husbands.
155. Happy is he that oweth nothing.

Phrases for the beginning of Letters, for our greater speed in our urgent occasions.

Desiring to refresh the memory of your good will.

I thank you for the courtesie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me so much as to bare my Niece company.

Let me request this courtesie at your hands.

I must intreat you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in me, who have been always tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well considered of your friendship, and the worthy affection you bear to me.

Sir, Let me advise you not to slip any opportunities to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuse me if my haste force me to be familiar with you.

Phrases for the conclusion of Letters in haste.

V Wherefore let me intreat you to advise me, or give me counsel, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore do I again desire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will employ all my power in it.

The best interest, or use, which you shall have for the Money you lent me, is, that I will here confess and subscribe my self, Yours, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reason, or, I will do all that shall be fitting to express my self your servant.

When you shall have need of my Ware, or of any thing my Shop affords, it is at your command and service, as I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you spare me not, since I am always, Yours.

If you think good, I pray you send for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I shall acquit my self therein, as I should do in my own business that most chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You

You shall find me always ready to obey you, to my power, F. G.

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occasion to please you another time, for I am at your dispose.

If you send not the sum you owe me, you will constrain me to take some other course.

I pray you advise him in it, who is yours, L. W.

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the least part of that service he owes you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertise you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldness to salute you, with my most humble recommends.

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, Yours, &c.

Choice Forms of Letters.

An offer of Service. 1.

Sir, **T**Hese strokes of my hand shall serve to entreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you, anew, the purpose I have always had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may dye constant,

Yours, Sir.

Another, upon sending of a Token. 2.

See, Sir,

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I profess, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Lri

A Letter of request to entertain a friend. 3.

SIR, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and especially for this, to honor this friend of mine with your favour; We both shall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble suitor, and I Sir, as

Your most affectionate Servant.

A Letter for answer to requests. 4.

SIR, I honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your command to dislike them; so that by obliging you, I content my self: I have therefore affected your Will, which I account my own, with as much vehemency as shall be requisite for your service, for whilst I am any thing, Sir, I am,

Your Servant.

A Complemental Letter. 5.

SIR, I Have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service, and take more delight in rendring my self yours, than in the waies of the World: I beseech you therefore to honour me with your commands; I acknowledge my self an enemy to Courtship, but I dare protest this, that though you may have a more-powerful, you can never have a more considerable servant; for I am,

Yours most affectionately.

A Letter of silence. 6.

THe only way, Sir, to conserve me in your memory, is to write to me; Silence is a sworn enemy to friendship; If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no more to me send me my Letters back again; You may so change your humour when you please, if you desire not to renew obligations of my service. I honour you so extremely, that I must of necessity address these lines to you; The protestation I have made to live and die yours
have

have raised me in this resolution, not to lose the honour of your remembrance, though you should make little esteem of him who is,

Your most humble servant.

The Answer. 7.

Sir, **A**ccuse me of Importunity rather than of neglect; for so you may find me guilty, a trespass which out of my respect to you, I shall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendship cannot be conserved without Letters, and that there must be reciprocal and continued assurances; if you will but force your self to beleive this I cannot suffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though interests have for a short space restrained my Pen, my hand shall hereafter be for ever upon the Paper, to express how much I am,

Your faithful friend and servant.

A Letter of gratitude. 8.

Sir, **Y**OU have ever so persu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleasure in the world, but to entertain them; insomuch, that should I offer up my being unto you, 'tis impossible for me, but in part to disengage my self; so that of necessity I must want both words and services, to express how unfeignedly I honor you, and am

Yours.

The Answer. 9.

Sir, **T**He excess of your nobleness hath bereft me of all complements: so that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate; and must be familiar: Whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtship, give me leave in plain terms to express, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, than I in executing the office of a friend, being undeservedly,

Yours to command:

A Let.

A Letter of intreaty. 10.

Sir, I Doubt not of your power, and less of your nobleness, and therefore presume to take the freedom to implore your favour in the prosecution of that business you are already acquainted with: I have so much honour to the world (by my engagements) eternally conserving the memory of all your other favours, which so extreamly obligeth me, that though for the present I am one of your most unprofitable servants, I shall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a sorrow with me to my grave.

*Yours, J. P.**The Answer. 11.*

Sir, If I have done all you have desired, I should still intreat you to preserve new commands, I take such pleasure in them: so that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my employment, than you can return me for my service. Whereas you write of preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience: so all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible,

*Yours, J. R.**A Letter to a Lord. 12.*

My Lord, I boldly confess my incapacity to express to your Lordship the resentment which your Obligation causes in me; as also my disability, in meeting with occasions to acquit my self; so that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgment of your generous actions, which can only recompense themselves in publishing your Lordships noble Mind to the whole World, together with the quality,

*My Lord, of your most humble and
most obedient servant.*

A Let-

A Letter entreating pardon for a fault. 13.

SIR, It is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchase the quiet of my mind, that I present these Lines to you in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the suddenness of the occasion that from any free will of mine: I confess my fault, not only in hope of your pardon, but also of a better acceptance, since the acknowledgement proceeds from

Your truly sorrowful friend.

A Letter complaining of a false report.

SIR, I fear you have forgot the esteem which I made of your deserts, and those passions which I ever had to do you service, or else you could not be so forgetful, both of me, and your self, as to undertake so dangerous an employment. I advise you suddenly to restrain those exorbitances of your tongue, or I shall force you to such a long silence, that you shall never be heard to speak again. This is a charitable advice, if you are so careful of your self as to follow it.

Your servant, G. R.

The Answer. 14.

SIR, If as you write you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and quality of a true friend, I could not have met with so violent an encounter from you in a business of such importance, without better information, which, when you take the pains hereafter to be more serious in, you will chastise your self for your rashness, and with an acknowledgment endeavour to renew the interests of

Your friend and servant.

To his friend newly married. 15.

SIR, With the same joy that I formerly embraced your friendship, I entertained the good news

news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given
 on excellent report of the civility and sweetness
 of this your other-half, to whom you now have
 devided part of the power that you had acquired
 over my affections; I rejoyce in your happy electi-
 on, and as your friend must ever love you with the
 same passions, and as extreamly as before profess
 my self.

Yours,

The Answer. 16.

Sir, **I** Am confident that our Contentments are
 never to be divided from you. The lines
 Preceived from you were as so many Characters of
 your good nature and noble mind; for which I am
 extreamly obliged to you: but I can assure you al-
 so, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have
 obtained a new servant, since she partakes already
 in the passions which I have to serve you, being, as
 my Wife, your Friend; Sir, I am

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 17.

Sir, **T**Hough I have made a vow to be your
 most perfect honourer all my life, and
 not to remit one point of the passion I have to
 do you service; yet I shall never content my self,
 except some occasion be offered me suddenly,
 whereby I may appear to you to be more than
 verbal. 'Tis the only good fortune I expect with
 impatience, being not a little greived that I can-
 not express my self, to the extent of my desires,

Your friend and servant.

The Answer. 18.

Sir, **T**He eternity of your love is expressed
 in the frequency of your Letters, which
 are to me above all other pleasures, which though
 they cannot render you more perfect then you are,

yet

yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens you shall find me to be,

Your most
humble and obedient servant.

A letter of excuse. 19.

THough you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfy you. And indeed I had no news to send you, Sir, save only that I am alwaies

Yours.

A Letter to his sweet heart. 20.

YOu bind me, and-unbind: pardon me fairest, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? The offence is not small that you have not written to me but that you promised me; for I am indebted to your promise and not to your love. Remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours, and that I desire not Letters, for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart. Thus I am thine.

Farewell.

A Letter from a Quondam Mistress. 21.

SIR, Since I am constrained by my Fathers commands, I must entreat you to end that love which hertofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can't leave sensib'y to feel the separation of our loves; yet since it is folly to contradict that which must fall out otherwise, I counsel, you to arm your self with strong resolutions, and to forget all that hath past between us, that you may have no memory of me: as I, for duties sake, am constrained to forget you

Being not my own.

His

His Answer. 22.

GO paper more happy than him that sends thee, accompanied with thy blots, instead of tears, kiss her hands, which having kist, since she hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her that day and night I turn my self into streams of tears, to wash away her perjuries and false vows: Tell her, faithful paper, that by unbinding the Bow she can never heal the wound which she hath made in her faith and my love, and that my griefs shall witness to the world, that as she is most fair, she is most unconstant to her Lover, who can find content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

A Letter protesting affection. 23.

IF I have not always loved you, let me never be loved of any, if my affections do ever change, let my present misfortunes never change; If you beleive not the oath I have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you shall find that I am more yours than I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words.

*Farewel.**A Letter in favour of another. 24.*

SIR, If you shall be pleased to employ some part of ~~your~~ credit in the behalf of this Gentleman, without any consideration but my request, I shall account his Obligation as mine own, your desert and condition having made you so considerable and necessary, that I could not but presume to importune you in this particular. I shall hereafter resent what you are pleased to do for him.

*Your servant.**The answer. 25.*

SIR, I only wait for an imployment from you, that I might express my joy to serve you, so that I esteem my self happy in this little occasion.

casion. Your commands are my hounour; think of this business as done.

Your servant.

The Answer. 26.

SIR, I have more descretion than to give credit to a false report, that I know my self to be interested in: and before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integrity. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot much less of your sword; satisfy your self that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 27.

THIS is the protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition is mine; and if you leave not your Bed, I shall suddenly take Physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, than my life, which is endangered till I hear of your recovery.

Your languishing friend.

The Answer. 28.

PRAISED be Heaven, I have so much strength as to hold my pen, to render these thanks to you and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend. I have some hopes of recovery, which, as you express, is the weapon-salve of your health, Use me as kindly in the care of your self.

Your

A Letter of most excessive favours. 29.

SIR, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your enemies, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generosity

nerosity you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledge your favours, they come to fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ungrateful, though I both have, and would profess my self to my last minute.

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a friend upon the death of his brother. 29.

SIR, I am truly what you have ever beleived, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your grief, and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb, or that my passions which serve and honour you, should fall asleep, when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful; yet pardon me Sir, if in my letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Salat from happiness. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up with the love I have vowed to you; Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death into your memory, unless you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say that your passions are mine; that at this time my pen falls out of my hand. and my tears blot out what I am writing. Sir, I am your admirer and faithful servant; be pleased to accept this counsel from me, together with an assurance that I will live and die

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter to demand an answer. 30.

SIR, Your silence nourished a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not you may resolve me when you please by some

short Answer, if you judge me worthy of such a
 Your servant.

The Answer. 33.

SIR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which
 you have given me such absolute proofs of your Love:
 In Answer to them briefly, I must acquaint you thus much,
 that though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till
 I had not the Liberty to indite, nor a convenient Mes-
 senger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write,
 but that I am extremely Sensible of your love, which af-
 fords me so much Power, as to publish my Respects to you,
 in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

Madam, A Letter Complaining of Neglect. 34.

Since I have learned the Lesson of Love, I have
 been sufficiently instructed with sufferings. 'Tis
 true, the slavery wherewith I am tyed, forbids me to
 demand a reason for what you do, yet I dare allow,
 my self so much liberty, as to tell you, that you
 are too rigorous to be so Beautiful, and that except
 you change this severe humour, wherewith you
 Tyrannize over me, you will run the hazzard to
 lose,
 Madam your most humble servant.

Sir, To Congratulate a Friend. 35.

I much rejoice at the Success of your Business;
 and even so, as if it had arrived to me I could
 not more celebrate it in my Soul, so much do I
 tender your Content; but this is but a Duty to the
 Friendship I owe to you, and a necessity to the zeal
 I have to your service, to which I shall ever be
 obliged, Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

Of a new married man to his Brother-in-law. 36.

SIR, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me
 that I shall never think my self more happy,
 than when I shall be capable to deserve it: this
 expression of my duty will Witness to you how
 con-

considerable you are with me. which at once hath given me, with the desire to observe you, the will to serve you; I have no other passion in my soul, nor other ambition in my designs; it is all I hope for, it is every thing I look for, yea, with so much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after a sweet servitude) to live faithful, that I may die constant.

Sir, The most humble of your servants.

To complain for some offence. 38.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pity them both, the one makes you seem wild, and the other rash; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth all is not absolved for being sorry for it; he must do penance withal hereafter. Look to your own affairs that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jest when one pinches me. If you doubt it there's his name who will make good his words.

N. B.

A Letter of a despairing Lover. 39.

Sometimes love, at this time the despair of love, hath put the Pen into my hand, with a purpose, if it return me no redress, to change it into a sword, which promises me a full though a cruel healing. The blank paper which you have lent me for an answer, is a testimony of my innocence, since it is, as you have said, you have found nothing to accuse me of from whence otherwise, could your silence proceed? if you have any remembrance of my faithful service, for pity, I desire of you, either life or death; this is all that I requested at your hands, by your despairing Lover.

Her Answer. 40.

Draw from your evil, the knowledg of your good; if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a sence of any thing; till you are forgiven, you shall not know your offence; in the mean space, hope and live.

A lover's offer of his service to his Mistress. 41.

Fair Mistress, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pity; but for that Love is more vehement in the heart, than in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not I hope for such Justice at your hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to air, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, than to employ me; nor a higher favour than to be

Yours.

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy remedy. 42.

Good Madam, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellency of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of Love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn: Thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss your hand, and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing Lover. 43.

More out of zeal to do you service, than desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self, only kept a live by the light of your beauty, that sitteth crowned in the palace of my heart.

heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the Means of your Cure. If you vouchsafe it, I live; if not, you must see my death; and thus doubtful between both, till I kiss your sweet Answer, I remain unto my last gasp,

Yours,

Her Answer. 43.

I Am not cruel, though with difficulty I consent to Let and for that your Passions are so extreme, I keep your picture in my bosom, but with what thought I blush to write, though pity be my warrant; so that I leave the event of my Loves to your consideration; for know, Sweet Sir, that being overcome to see your passions so great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my self, and all, to your affection and wise government,

Farewel.

A Letter to his Mistress. 44.

Fairest, **S**INCE it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to subdue affection, let it not seem strange, that I am a slave to your beauty; nor wonder, though I sue for grace, since the Lover, like a sick patient is enforc'd to seek comfort of his Mistress: To prove that I love you, needs no other testimony than the witness of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the most severe Anchorite: For the present, I balm my wounds with a hope that I shall kiss your gracious hand, and that your answer will return an acceptance of the service of him,

Whose heart waiteth on your beauty.

Another Letter of service. 45.

SIR, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have seen the submissions of services that you do me, but undeservedly; for that I am more beholden to your courtesies, than

than to any merit of mine. Now to accept of them
were unreasonable, as to refuse them would be
held disdainful. I do therefore receive the proffer,
and leave the effects to your self, that so you may
best serve, Sir, Her that favours you.

A complaint of her absence. 46.

To his Mistress.

M Adam, since you are born into the World for
no other end than to be admired, why do
you eclipse your self from him who should admire
you, and would lose a thousand Lives to serve you,
and give a testimony of your worth, to which long
ago I dedicated my self;

Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.

The Answer. 47.

SIR, You know I am not accustomed to credit
the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do
pass with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to
be very easie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer
assurance of my conceptions of love, than you can
give me of the constancy of any that you profess
you entertaining; yet be your affections what they
will, I will render my self, as far as a chaste liber-
ty will permit, Your humble servant.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance. 48.

SIR, Although my merit be not such as may
I presume to deserve the honour I have to write
to you; yet the desire nevertheless I have to in-
troduce my self into your acquaintance and friend-
ship, hath emboldned me to present these Lines to
you, and to receive the honour of your commands,
and to render to you the offers of my service.

Yours.

A Letter to Cassia. 49.

Mistress, if perfection be not in the World, but
to make you to be admired; if love be not
love

love but to make you be beloved; if sacrifices are not but to make you be adored, who can see you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? And who can love you without adoration? He must be one that hath neither eye, heart nor soul; for if my eyes admire, your perfection will have it so; If my heart love, reason commands it; if my heart adores you, Heaven permits it; so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you, Dear Mistress, under the Title of yours,

Eugenius.

A Letter of acknowledgment. 50.

VVHat worthy acknowledgment can give to your noble favours? when their extremity bereaved me of the hope, my duty remains pensive at the excess of your courtesies for being never able to render to you other than unworthy effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for the body; yet accept it I beseech you, whilst you remember how it proceeds from

Your most humble servant.

For telling of News. 51.

SIR, Desirous of your contentment as of my mine own; I have taken pen in hand to tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you have seen what is new, take the old with it, which is that I am always, Sir,

Your servitor.

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 52.

SHall I conceal such an excessive happiness, as to be beloved by thee, My dearest? Or shall I publish it to make it greater? No, no, my silence may honour it, yet my Words shall make it more glorious, but not more constant by doing so, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfulness; yet I will have my lips continually closed up, against the confession of it, that my

memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my Soul wrapped in the sole object of it's Idea, that so by blessing my birth, for the happiness of yours, that your death may be my Tomb. In the mean space, my whole happiness and glory shall consist in the equality of

Your most humble Servant,

A Letter of absence. 53.

Mistress, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and grief have been inseparable with my life; all kinds of objects are to me defective, nothing pleases me but what dislikes me. And if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my self, and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for my own content. If you desire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your self, Mistress, who are the fairest in the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another, 54.

Mistress, If the sorrow which your absence hath caused in my soul, could give me as many words to express it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I should think my self satisfied: But for too much is during, I must be silent in my torment, but never in my expressions, how I am one of

Your most humble servants.

Sir, 55. Answer. 55.

What kind of trouble can such an indifferent absence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it seems real, as by your own words may be perceived, which speak you unable, being there's no such thing to express it; and therefore your silence will be your greatest advantage, since

H 2

it laies asleep your torments, without saying any thing to them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*. As to me, it doth likewise the endeavour, *Sir*, of deserving the stile and quality of

Your servant.

Upon a point of rigor. 56.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things; your love must needs be feigned, since your rigour is real. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall beleive you love me; for my pain and your cruelty are too opposite to persist together;

Adieu to the fairest though cruellest of all my sex.

To his Lady. 57.

TO despise such as honour you, to disdain such as love you, to make an account of such as faithfully serve you; are these the actions of a fair soul like yours? or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance? Oh it is a little too rigorous! Confess it that you may repent, and give him content who cannot be absent from you,

My Lord, your most humble servant.

To a Kinswoman. 59.

Mistress, Albeit your actions in appearance have witnessed, that I was no otherwise in your esteem, than of an indifferent quality; yet my desire being still secretly zealous for your service, in their natural instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace: so to restore me to my self, and make me the same I profess my self to you, which is,

Mistress, your most affectionate servant, and kinsman.

Sir, Upon the inconstancy of a servant. 59.

Our sex is not alwaies accused of inconstan-

er, and yet I now take that asperſion from you; you, I ſay, whoſe oaths gave ſuch faithful teſtimonies of affection, that I durſt not doubt of it, for fear of offending my ſelf. And yet, hath the Wind carried away your Words, but not your love, for you never had any. So that now when I blame my ſelf for having beleived you, I praiſe my ſelf with all for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I ſhould preceded you as your Miſtreſs,

Sir, though at preſent your ſervant. •

A Letter of a deſpairing Lover. 60.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of Reason, or deprived of ſenſe, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his malady, Man only excepted; who by reaſon of want, may juſtly accuſe the Powers of juſtice: The Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health by ſwallowing the buds of a Date-tree: the Deer being ſtrucken, feeds on the herb *Diſſanum*, and recovers; but man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret virtues he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience; for your divine beauty, and the perfeſſions of your mind, have kindled ſuch a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth and cinders, unleſs by the drops of your pity it be ſpeedily extinguished. Therefore, fair one, now at laſt be merciful, and let not my ſervice and loyal love be recompenſed with ſuch diſloyal refusals. Strive not for my life ſince you have my liberty; ſeek not my death, ſince you are the Saint to which I offer

up my devotions. *Madam* let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore which so painfully afflicteth my careful conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer: which I hope shall be such, as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind.

Farewel.

Her Answer. 61.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure heat in that which is key-cold, or to force the sturdy streams to run against their common course. Know Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like. Make therefore a virtue of your necessity, and assuage the flame your self, which I know not who else will quench by an importunate persisting in your purpose, where no hope is, lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, than a discreet Souldier. Take my *Nay*: therefore for answer; if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewel.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems. 62.

ADmire not though I rail against thy follies, since thy merciless mind hath abused me by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen. For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it; but now making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Perswade thy self therefore, if I were to die presently, and thou were part of that I should leave the World; I would bequeath thee, with thy good face and bad conditions, for a Legacy to my most inveterate enemy, And for my own part, whilst

whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted Sepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices; that the World, by reading thy volume may shun thee, as the only obstacle to felicity, and learn the wayes of virtue by those things that are thy contraries. For the present, admire not, though this paper be stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since Nature her self was deceived, which bestowed her features so rashly and inconsiderately on thee, certainly thou wert ordained to rectifie thy mind, that by thee, I may learn to know, that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarse voice. I protest to thee, I would not buy the distempers of thy soul at so high a rate, as to enjoy thy beauty. Much rather will I endeavour to express my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practise this resolution. *to visit thee. Never to enjoy thee.*

How Answer. 61.

VUnder not, Sir, though you see an answer to your frantick letter. Do you think by brawling like a beggar to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it, neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not though your dogged Letters favour of *Diogene's Doctrine*; you Cynical Dunce, what felicity can you have in biting of those, whom otherwise thou canst not be revenged of? Indeed gentle *Balaam's Ass*, if I had been so light to have loved you for feeding my fancy on thy ill favoured face, I might justly have reap'd such profit, since I then have fill'd my eyes so full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter keep you Letters Patents in your beggars box. Adieu Sir Dunce; the more you mislike me, the more I love my self, while I account it the greatest felicity of S. M.

H 4 to berid of such a fool. A

A Letter from a distressed Lover. 64.

M Adam, as my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my blifs, since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation, to him that pineth away; and is yours only and ever,
Still in hope.

A Letter from an unconstant Lover. 65.

I Write not now to tell you that I love; for you have beleived that but too well; but to assure you I shall love you no more. Perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration; for you have always loved me above my desires. But that which draws me from you, is, I must confess, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever
Farewell.

Her Answer. 66.

SIR, It was your arrogance perswaded you I lov'd you, wherein you are most infinitely mistaken; I swear to thee by all the merits which thou think'st thou hast, but are not in thee, there was never any such matter as love. As for the Letter you sent me, I cannot be unthankful for the pleasure you have done me in it, since it hath taught me to reject hereafter, the importunities of such coxcombs as your self. In the mean time, to be content as I am in being free of such a burthen beleive me, Sir, it is no small happiness.
Farewell.

A Letter to an unconstant Mistress. 67.

IT is not to complain of you Mistress, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes which

which make me so contemned of you, since at other times you were not wont to use me in this sort. I am the same man that have served you in all respective submissions, and you are the same that at first were mine, since you received me for yours. I am become no less, nor you greater; If it be so why do you not judge me worthy of the same entertainment? I have called my Soul to an account for her actions; since it pleaseth you, I will display them all before your eyes; for my part, I cannot accuse any one of them; if you shall judge otherwise when you have heard them, it shall be no small consolation to the poor condemned, to know at least the cause of his punishment.

Adieu cruel one.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress. 68.

IT is you (*fair Creature*) that have gained this advantage upon me, and I forget my self to remember you perpetually. Do not think that unless I see you shortly I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affections of my service to you. So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your absence, and my grief, for not acquitting my self towards you as I desire. Choose now (*fair Soul*) whether you had rather have had me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services upon the Altar of your merits, in quality of

Your most Loyal and most Affectionate servant.

A Letter of difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Mistress. 69.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us when we swore so solemnly; but I perceive already, the change hath better pleased you than the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you or my self; see

possibly, the long time I have been without seeing you, is the cause of it; or else you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what answer you please, no earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather choose a thousand deaths, than to be inconstant in my love; and will fly with the hazzard of my life, the reproach of disloyalty, whether you will or no.

Your servitor inevitably.

A Letter of Love between two Lovers. 70.

YOU have made me feel, fair *Calista*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship, the memory whereof I shall still honour, and esteem my self a great deal the more fortunate, if my happiness may prove more extream, and I continue in its flame, my soul shall then live with a thousand delights and my heart resume new life in its ashes, and that I may be thus condemned to this wished punishment; nor let your fair mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, since constancy shall be ever its faithful companion, and the fire which kindleth it shall never be quenched, though it were combated by the most Icy proceedings or fears you might have of your enviers; what if it were so? yet should they melt as soon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my descretion. You may as well assure your self of these effects of my words, as I do of the consummation of my hopes, which have no other scope, than to serve your merits, and to sit up to your use,

Your faithful Floridon, &c.

A Letter in answer. 71.

YOUR desires are my laws (dear *Floridon*) and your loyalty cannot finish but with mine; they shall both alike shine bright over our lives, and nourish themselves with our flames; wherein I shall

I shall think my self very happy to live with you. That silence which knit up my tongue at your fair discourses, proceeded only out of fear; you might know so much by my exterior sighs, which sufficiently shew'd you how sorely it grieved me for your sweet self. For I would not have you to esteem me to be fearful of the fiery sparks of the envious, since nothing can withstand the faithful love, which from henceforward is contracted by

Your dear Calista, &c.

A Letter in demand of his Mistress's picture. 72.

M Adam, that beautiful substance, whose features and graces you animate with so much sweetness, appears in my sight so admirable in the original, that it would be my greatest happiness but to obtain the shadow: It will (if you please to honour me in this request) be a noble means of my testifying the resentment in quality

Of Yours,

Short and easie directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another as if he were present.

Why Letters are indited?

To inform friends in the time of their absence of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Several kind of Letters, with their use and applications.

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*

2. *Disposition.*

3. *Elocution.*

First, He must invent his matter, which is, as it were, the material of a building.

Secondly

Secondly, he must dispose his matter in a true order, frame and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the middle what in the end. And this is as it were, the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his mind in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase. And this is as it were, the polishing and beautifying of a building.

And these three, viz. *Invention, Disposition, and Elocution*, may exceedingly be furthered, by three other notable helps.

Viz. *Art, Imitation, Exercise.*

Art directeth by precept.

Imitation by example.

Exercise by continual use and practice.

As an Artist, First giveth to his Scholar the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him Writing.

Thirdly, to make tryal by himself. (&c)

By which three conjoynd, he may with great ease attain the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open the particulars of a business.

Letters consiliatory of counsel, are branched into those of perswasion, or of dissuasion: These ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory or petitionary of requests should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary, they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the opinion of a friends good nature, not too much intruching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are moral and civil, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passion, honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautiful descriptions, penn'd with fear when despair prevails; set off with confidence, when the love-sick inditer is encouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of household affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with business, concise, and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that employs, according to his pre-eminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters gratulatorie, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions, and of acknowledgment.

Letters Accusatory, are when we touch the persons or actions of others; they are to be indited with smooth pens, the grounds of jealousy examined, least they appear too censorious, ever concluding with a dislike, and unwillingness of him that writes them, and a profession of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters Excusatory, of clearing or pleading for our selves or others, should be submissive, with reference to better judgments, yet not without extenuations: But such as modestly may gain upon the perusers candor and affection.

Letter Nuncupatory of News, should be impartial; but alwaies (except upon certain knowledge) set off with a kind of diffidence, so it is given out or reported, lest the inditer betrays his credit, and seems to him he writes to, to be a falsifier of truth, the venial sins of the times, as some of our Intelligencers constant practices would make us believe.

This a Letter should be writ.

It

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the persons or his affairs; and so take beginning from the rise of such things, as we are to write of.

How a Letter should be adorned.

It is to be beautified with the flowers of expressions, flourished with similitudes and grave sentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vows, and tenders of service: In a word, it should be most complementally fluent in the nearness and fitness of the ephethites, compactions and circumstances.

How the forms and salutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be such as are most Court-like and in fashion with the Nation, time person and circumstances, as any of them in the method or phrase may admit of variations.

General directions for the Style and superscription of Letters.

Excogitate and consider the person's relation and qualifications, how he is honoured in the Common-wealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable and fit applications, devising of such titles, words and expressions, as are answerable requisite in respect of his preeminency of place or supremacy of authority, either in Civil or Ecclesiastical matters. More particular directions for superscriptions and subscriptions follow in their order.

Styles or Terms used to the King's or Queen

Majesty, either in our speech, or in our Superscriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you present anything.

SIR, may it please your Majesty.

If you write in form of a petition to the King.

SIR, may it please your Majesty, to understand

To the Queen.
Madam, may it please your Majesty.
On the superscription of some business directed both to the King and Queen,

To the most excellent, and most high Caesar Augustus.

To the most excellent, most mighty Lady, the Queen.

A style used by men of Quality when they speak to the King.

Sir, may it please your Majesty.

To the Queen.

Madam may it please your Majesty.

Styles used to the Nobility in our superscriptions, are divers, but the most general are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place,

To the right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the Honourable.

To persons of more inferior degrees.

To the right Worshipful.

Otherwise,

To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions with Subscriptions adjoynd to them, as they are most properly applied.

TO the most sacred, most gracious, most high, most mighty, most puissant and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great Britain, &c.

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient subject.

To the most illustrious Prince.

To the most renowned Duke.

To the right honourable Earl.

To the right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judges.

To

To the most circumspect and prudent States Man.
 To the most grave, most sincere, most religious
 and most learned Clergy - Man.

To professors of Sciences, (if Rhetoricians.)

To the most eloquent most learned.

To the approved Physician.

To Logicians the term of most Subtile or Cunn-
 ing.

To Poets, the stile of the sacred adorers of the
 Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions, of Skilful, Wise,
 Singular and Learned.

Mo the right Honourable.

Your Honours most humbly devoted

To his honourable Lord.

Your honours in all duty and service

To the honourable, and his highly respected Lady.

Your Honours to command,

Your Honours devoted

To the Worthy and Noble.

Ever yours to serve you

To the right Honourable, and his highly esteemed
 Patron.

Your Honours observant.

To those of Consanguinity, thus.

To his most loved, well-beloved right good Father.

Your obedient Son

To his most dear, most loving Mother.

Your dutiful Son.

To his beloved and most affectionate Sister.

Your loving Brother.

To his dearly beloved Wife.

Your most loving Husband.

To his Uncle.

Your most observant Kinsman.

To the Honourable Colonel.

Yours sworn to worthiness.

A short Table of the Fictions of the Heathen Poets, with other useful Collections out of ancient and modern Histories.

Of Gods.

Apollo, the God of Learning and of the Muses.
Disolving.

Eolus, the blustering God of Winds. Various.

Bacchus, the God of Wine and good Fellows. To be drunk.

Cupid, the God of Love, the son of Venus, whom the Poets describe blind, with a Bow in his hand, and two Arrows of different effects; the one tipped with Gold to cause Love; the other with Lead, to force Disdain.

Demogorgon, and Tellus, Gods of the Earth.

Faunus, Gods of the Woods and Forests.

Glaucus, a Fisherman turned into a Sea God.

Harpocrates, the God of Silence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a God. Brightness of the air.

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledge of times and seasons, pictured with two faces and deified.

Hymen, the God of Marriage. From a Membrane.

Jupiter, the Planet, whom the Poets feigned to be the God of Heaven. A Helping Father.

Mars, the God of War. From men.

Momus, the Critical God.

Morpheus, the Sleepy God. From counterfeiting the visages and gestures of men.

Mercury, the God of eloquence, a Messenger to the Gods. The care of Merchandize.

Neptune, the Sea-god. From covering.

Nerus, a God of the Sea, called Grandevin. From swimming.

Pastor, the God of Shepherds and the carer for their flocks.

Penates, the household Gods.

Sapbo, one that taught Birds to cry: *The great God Sapbo*; for which he was deified.

Priapus, the God of Gardens. *Lacivious*.

Saturn and *Pluto*, Gods of Hell. *Tilling*, *Riches*.

Serapis, the Egyptian god, worshiped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the God of the Woods.

Veraninus, the Spring deified.

Vulcan, the lame Blacksmith, husband to *Venus*, the God of fire.

The Goddesses.

A*geria*, the Goddess from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his Laws.

Astræa and *Themis*, the Goddesses of Justice.

amongst the Gods *Dis*, the God of Wealth.

Bellona, the Goddess of War.

Cybele, called *Rhe Beracintia*, the Mother of the Gods.

Diana, the Goddess of Chastity. *Jupiter's Daughter*.

Egeria, the pregnant Goddess of the Womb.

From bearing.

Flora and *Chloris*, Goddesses of flowers.

Forcyta, the Goddess of the Woods.

Phoebe and *Javana*, the Goddesses of youth.

Juno, the Goddess of Riches, *Jupiter's jealous Wife*. *From helping*.

Laverna, the Goddess of Thieves, *From making clean*.

Lutina, the Goddess of birth.

Mnemosyne, the Mother of the Goddesses, called the Muses. *Memory*.

Morvyn, the Goddess of Idleness. *Sluggishness*.

Minerva or *Pallas*, the Goddess of Arts and War. *Nemesis*.

Nemesis, the Goddess of revenge. *Distribute*.

Parca, the Goddess of the Destinies. *Sparing*.

Pomona, the Goddess of fruit. *Apples*.

Proserpina and *Ops*, the Goddesses of Hell; sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina*.

Pytho, the Goddess of Eloquence.

Venus, the delightful Goddess of Love and Beauty.

Voluptia, the Goddess of Riots or Pleasures.

Vesta, the Goddess of Chastity; *The Earth* from cloathing.

The Graces.

A *Glia*, *Thalio*, *Euphrosyne*, the Daughters of *Jupiter*, and *Venus*; they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signify the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of Conversation *Chearfulness*, *flourishing*, joy.

The Furies.

A *Leto*, *Megera*, *Tisiphone*, three snaky-tressed sisters, that punished offenders. 1. *Not idle*. 2. *Envy*. 3. *Revenge of Murder*.

The Destinies, three Sisters.

C *Lotho* puts the wool on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the Thread; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1. *To spin*. 2. *To allot*. 3. *Inexorable; not turned*.

The Judges of Hell.

Aacus, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*. *To beat*.

The Hesperides.

E *Gle*, *Arethusa*, *Hesperetusa*, the three Sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the Apples. 1. *Splendor*. 2. *Virtue*.

The Nine Muses.

C *Lio*, *Melpomene*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe*, *Terpsichore*, *Erato*, *Calliope*, *Urania*, *Polymnia*. 1. *Glory*. 2. *Singing*. 3. *Flourishing*. 4. *Delighting*. 5. *Delighting in Dancing*. 6. *Loving*. 7. *A good voice*. 8. *Beauty*. 9. *President of praise*.

Nymphs.

Academy of Complements,

Nymphs of the Woods.

D *Rhyades and Hamadriades. From Oaks.*

Nymphs of The Meadows.

L *Inonides. Meadows,*

The Nymphs of the Sea.

N *Erle, the Goddess of the Sea, with her Nymphs, Cimothea, Amothea, Dixamine, Cressis, Cymodoche, Zantbo. With many others. Nereus from Swimming.*

The Seven Stars.

A *Mbrofia, Eudor, Pasitboe, Caronis, Plexantia, Pytha, and Tithis.*

Maiedes, Fairies of the Water. From flowing.

Nappa, Fairies of the Woods. From the groves.

Of Beasts.

T *HE Beaver, highly esteemed for his skin. Beucephalus, Alexander's great Horse. An Ox head.*

Beres of Pannonia, the cruellest of all others.

Camelion, a small beast lives by the Air; it is transparent, that it changeth it self into any colour it sets on. A Little Lyon.

The Crocodile, by the River Nilus in Egypt, a Beast of 30 foot in length. A Woman for her feigned tears is compared to this Beast. A Bird of Saffron.

Ermine, a small Beast, whose rich fur is worn of Princes.

Hyena a Beast that hath the voice of a man, which in the Night calls, and if he come to her, kills him from goring.

Lion, a spotted beast, the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a spotted beast like a Wolf, of so perfect sight that it is said to look through a Wall.

Panther

Panther, a cruel beast of a sweet smell, and of a fair spotted skin, with which she allureth other beasts to her; but lest her head should affright, hideth it, that she may the more easily prey upon them. *Of all Beasts most fair.*

Pegasus, the Horse of the Muses. *From a fountain.*

Rhinocere, a beast as big as an Elephant. *A horn in the nose.*

Salamander, a short venomous Beast, which lives in the fire, and at length through extreame cold puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a swift Beast; Those of *Hyrcania* are the most cruel.

Of Birds.

H*Alcyon*, by some called Kings fisher, a Bird that builds her nest in the Sea, when it is a sign of fair weather. *Hatching her Eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four footed cruel Bird.

Harpies, monstrous devouring Birds; *Virgil* sings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocypote*, *Cylene*, *Thiella*. *Stealing.*

Ibis, a strong Bird that devoureth Serpents.

Ostrich, a huge Bird that swalloweth and digesteth Iron; her feathers are our best plumes.

Pelican, a melancholly Bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phoenix, a rare Bird in *Arabia*, who buildeth her Nest in a Cinnamon-tree, with the twigs of Frankinsence, and other Spices; She lives six hundred years; With the labouring with her Wings in the Sun she setteth her nest on fire, and there consumeth in it; out of whose ashes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another *Phoenix*.

Philomela, the ravished, ravishing Nightingale, that sings her sad story secretly. *Queen of Melody.*

Stork, a famous bird for mutual love to its Pa-

The Academy of Compliments,

rents this Bird builds in Countries where there are no Kings.

Turle Dove, a Bird famous for constancy; if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth single.

Of Fishes.

C *Antharis*, an admirable chaste Fish.

Cephalus, a fearful fish, which by hiding of his head thinks he is safe. *From a head.*

Dolphin, the swiftest of fishes and lovingst to man.

Polype, a fish that hath many feet, often changing. The Inconstant are resembled to this fish.

Remora a small fish that stiaies the ship. *From sailing.*

Sargus, an Adulterous fish, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fish which taken with the hook vomits out his bowels, loosneth the hook, and then swalloweth them again.

Sturgeon, a fish whose scales are turned backwards; it swims against the stream.

Torpedo, a Cramp fish, that benummeth the hands of those that touch it.

Of Stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardest and most precious of all stones; which is softened by Goats blood, being warmed, and steeped in it.

Beryl stone of great esteem in physick; *Not yielding.*

Chrysolis, a stone that shineth bright in the morning. *Shining like Gold.*

Jasper, a transparent stone of divers colours; it shewes fairest in silver.

The *Lead-stone*, is coloured like unto rusty Iron; it hath a secret vertue, not only to draw Iron to itself, but also to make Iron, on which it is rubbed,

to draw Iron too, it loseth his vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

Obalisk, it is a great stone large beneath, and rising still higher, smaller, and smaller to the top; *Pyramis-like*.

Sappier, a Stone of a clear sky-colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious stone, which put into boyling water, it presently cooleth.

Of Trees.

The Coral Tree groweth in the bottom of the Sea, there are two sorts red and white, the red is the best, either of them taken into the Air, instantly grows hard. *Ebony*, a black Tree that bears neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a Tree that beareth Apples: the bark of this is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a Tree of *Venus*, 'Tis low and groweth in hot Countreies.

The *Pine-tree*; of these Ships are made; for that this tree is not subject to Worms, nor Rottness: but is green all the year; the shadow of it suffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a shady Tree that bears fruit four times a year. From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulberry.

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the rivers of Hell. From flowing with troubled waters.

Alpheus, the River where *Hercules* cleansed *Augus*, his stable.

Atham, a River in *Thessaly*, whose Water sets Woods on fire.

Ceytus, a River in Hell. Morning.

Helicon, and *Aganippe*, Wells consecrated to the

the Mules. Made by a Horse.

Scylla and Carpodis, two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in respect of contrary Winds.

Stiz, A River of Hell. To make sad.

Tiber, a famous River of Rome.

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into Hell. Killing Birds.

Phlegeton, A River of Hell. Burning.

Danubius, a famous River of Europe; it rises out of the Hill *Arnobe* in Germany, it receives 60 Rivers in it.

Etna, a Hill in Italy, whence ariseth horrible smokes and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

Alps, the high mountains that deuide Italy and France.

Of Serpents.

A *Mybisbena*, a two headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queens death, who applied two of them to her breast, to dye more insensibly.

Basalisk or *Cockatrice*, the King of Serpents, breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing, and frighteth away all other Serpents with its billing; if it be touched with a long pole or spire one a far off, it kills; they breed in the islands of Asia. The only ruine of this Serpent is the Weasel.

Hydra, the monstrous Serpent of the Lake *Lerna* that having one head chop't off by *Heracles* immediately two grew again. From the Water.

Scorpion, a most venemous Serpent, that eats his own young.

Viper, a Serpent that ingenders by putting its head into the females mouth, which she bites.

her young eat their passage thorough her. From bringing forth with the death of the Female.

Of Mermaids.

THE most famous were *Pargbenope*, *Lygia*, and *Leusia*: They are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like Fishes, With their sweet singing they assure Marriners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monsters.

C*erberus*, the Dog of Hell, that hath three heads
A devourer of flesh.

Chimera, which with the Monster *Solinus*, was slain by *Bellirophon*. A Goat.

Gorgon, a fearful Monster with one eye.

Medusa, a Monster whose golden hairs *Minerva* turned into adders. And cause those that beheld her, to be turned into stones.

Minotaur, half a Man, and half a Bull. This Monster was slain by *Theseus*.

Centaures, Monsters supposed to be half-men, half-horses.

Typhus, the keeper of *Io*, that had an hundred eyes he was slain by *Meraon*.

Satyr, Monsters that had the bodies of Men, all hairy: Their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in Woods; the Poets describe them to be lustful and savage. *Libidinous*.

Sphinx, a Monster that slew all that could not dissolve her Riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her self from a high Rock; and brake her neck.

Men famous or infamous.

C*yclops*, the sons of *Vulcan*, that were feigned to make Weapons for *Jupiter*; From having one eye in the middle of their forehead.

Achilles, a most valiant Captain amongst the
I
Greeks,

Greeks, that slew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himself at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polyxena*, by her brother *Paris*, who shot him in the heel, where he was only vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Aeneas, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous *Trojan*. *Praise.*

Curtius, who for his Countries good, cast himself into a gaping cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call his Souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the Nine Worthies that so long preserved *Troy*, was slain by *Achilles*. *From preserving the City.*

Mucius Scaevola, that saved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Sea-Monster, and after married her.

Cesar, the Roman Emperor that vanquish't *Pompey*, whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici*. He was slain in the Senate-house by *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Scipio, that brave Commander who subdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdoms.

Pompey, that chose rather to dye than to crave of *Lucullus*, *Sorzello*, saying, that the gods had made him to give and not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20 years no man ever envied them.

Theseus, that worthy which slew the *Minotaur*.
Scylla, that famous Captain, that was past treaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.
Fabius and *Marcellus*; the one was held to be the Sword, the other to be the Buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*. A Carpet Captain.

Sophrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved *Babylon* from the Fury of King *Darius*.

Augustus, a Wise and Merciful Roman Emperour. Happy.

Tiber, the Roman Emperour, who having overslipped one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying, he had lost that day.

Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, that wore a Laurel to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate Roman Emperor. A miracle of courtesie.

Othavian, a Roman Emperor, when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet, before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of *Mauritania*, who for his skill in Astrology, was feigned to hold up Heaven.

Gyges, that had a Ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the Golden Fleece.

Phillip, King of *Macedon*, that had a Skull ever on his Table, and a Boy every morning to put him in mind that he was but a man.

Pyramus King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdom and Life.

Sardanapalus, a light Prince, that habited himself in Womens Apparel, and carded and spun amongst them. A Buffon.

Zoroastes the *Babylonian*, a famous Magitian, the first inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself, because *Ulysses* got *Achilles's* Armour from him.

Bacchus, a cruel Tyrant, that sacrific'd strangers to *Jupiter*.

Dionysus, a Tyrant that was called the Monster of nature.

Lycaan, Whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a Wolf.

Nero, a cruel Tyrant that thought none chaste; he ript up his Mother to see where he lay, and spurned his own Wife *Poppea*, big with Child, into another World.

Phaleris, a bloody Tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, for grief that he was never unfortunate hanged himself. *Very strong*.

Thersites, a most deformed person, of Cynical and most clogged conditions.

Neslor, that lived 300 years, a most Wise Man.

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence caused rude people to lead a civil life.

Roscius, the Orator famous for his gesture.

Tully, the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demisthene, and incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the People*.

Si non, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed *Troy*.

Gnath, a notorious flatterer.

Sopocles, a learned Athenian Tragicall Poet.

Ixion, whom the Poets seign continually to run a Wheel in Hell.

Sisybus, the emblem of vain labour, whom the Poets seign continually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a Worldly Miser; seigned to thirst in Hell, yet stands up to the chin in a River; and to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flye in the Air.

Flamo,

Flamo, who first invented the Sea-mans Dyal.

Endymion, that found out the course of the Moon; and therefore it is feigned to be the Man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the riddle of *Spinx*. Swollen feet.

Staphylus, who first mingled Wine with Water.

Titius. The first inventer of Retorick.

Ulysses, the first inventer of shooting at Birds; a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his Gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Musick drew after him Wild beasts; Woods and Mountains; and which is more, by it thought to have got his Wife home.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeaxis, that so cunningly painted a Boy carrying grapes That Birds came and pick'd at them. as if they had been very grapes, which *Xeaxis* beholding in an anger said, if he had made the Boy as lively as the grapes, the Birds durst not have come so near them.

Anagoras. the Philosopher that was never seen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philosopher, that affirmed that the Earth runs round and the Heavens stand still.

Crates. the Philosopher, that to better his study, threw his Wealth into the Sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philosopher that gave away his Wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, two Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cyaical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophist. Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian Woods.

Heracitus, the Philosopher, that never had Tutor: he alwaies wept.

Menippus, the Philosopher, that having lost his goods hanged himself.

Pythagoras, the Philosopher that held transmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philosophers, the last took his name from choosing his own death.

Socrates, the most Wise Philosopher, that had the Scold *Xanippe* to his Wife.

Stoicks, a Sect of Philosophers, that held that Wise men were free from all passions. From the Gallery where they used to dispute.

Paracelsus, a Chymical Physician, that did admirable but violent cures.

Galen and *Hypocrates*, two most famous Physicians.

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets that was blind.

Aristophanes, the Greek Poet, whose heart, when he was rip't up, was found to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard a most famous Poet.

Juvenal, a Satyirical Poet.

Pindarus, a Lyrical Poet.

Tyrisias, the Poet who by killing two snakes knew both sexes.

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: He railed against *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous thief slain by *Hercules*.

Prometheus, who for stealing fire from Heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucasus* where the Poets feign a *Vulture* gnaws his heart continually. *Foreseen*.

Icarus, for whom his father *Dedalus* made waxen Wings to fly with, was drowned in a part of the Sea,

Sea near *Crete*, so called by his name.

Phaeton, the son of *Apollo* whom he permitted to ride in his Chariot; he set the World on fire.
From Light.

Antemon, the absolute Coward, that would never go out of doors, without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline, the famous *Roman* Conspirator.

Charon, the Ferry-Man of Hell.

Bellerophon, that brought letters to cut his own throat.

Aristarchus, one that wrote 200 Books.

Orestes, that for slaying his Mother, was haunted with the furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*; three most excellent *Roman* Poets.

Marcus Crassus, a private *Roman*, that died worth eight hundred two and fifty thousand pounds.

Cato Uticensis, who, because he would not see the calamity the Commonwealth was like to fall into, slew himself.

Philoxenus, a Parasite, that wished that his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleasure in sweet Meats and Drinks.

Joseph Scaliger, skilled in thirty Languages.

Lincaus, that could see ships 130 miles off and number them.

Alcan the Hunter, that for seeing *Diana* bathing her self, was turned into a Hart, and torn in pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his Master so well, that he suffered himself to be slain in his Bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whose feet are against ours.

Cannibals, those that eat mans flesh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a year together see not the Sun.

Lacedæ

Lacedemonians, a People that first found out the use of Sword, Spear, and Helmet.

Scythians, People that first invented bows and arrows.

Thracians, that first found out the pleasures of Hawking and Hunting.

Mermidons, a most Warlike industrious Nation, that accompanied *Achilles*, in the *Trojan Wars*.

Pygmies, a little *Indian* people, of a Cubit in length, that War with the cranes.

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slain by a Bore, turned into a flower.

Atis, a sweet Boy, beloved of *Cybile*.

Ganymede, a *Trojan* Boy whom *Jupiter* loved and carried into Heaven with him, and made him his cup-bearer.

Narcissus, a fair Boy, who being in love with himself, was turned into a flower.

Spinna, a boy that every one for his beauty made love to, which was so troublesom and distasteful to him, that he poysoned himself.

Maids and Women famous and infamous.

Echo, a Virgin, rejected of her love; she pined into a voice, which she reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero, the fair, that drowned her self for *Leander* who endured the fare, in attempting to swim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her self for love of a fair boy.

Sylla, that stole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love she bore to *Mino*, who by that means over came him; but he loathing her treachery, forsook her; which caused her to drown her self.

Thybe, that flew her self for the love that she bore

bore to *Pyramus*; both she and her sweet-heart Were turned in to a Mulberry-Tree.

Attalanta, the swift chaste Maiden Huntress, that *Hippomenes* so neatly won in his Arms embraces, by the flight of three golden apples.

Cleopatra, the famous *Egyptian* Queen, that put Asps to her breast, that she might dye for her *Anthony*

Cassandra, the daughter of *Priamus*, King of *Troy* to whom *Apollo*, upon the promise of her Maiden-head, gave the gift of prophesie; but she not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That she should never be beleived, though she predicted Truth.

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother was transformed into a Man.

Salmacis, a Nymph that loved *Hermophroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the Gods, she grew into one body with him.

Nisimene, that for lying with her own Father, was turned into an Owle. *From night.*

Philomela, ravished by *Thereus*, turned into a Nightingale.

Andromeda, the Wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her self before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful Children slain, and was afterwards turned into a stone.

Lucretia, a chaste *Roman* dame, that slew her self, because proud *Tarquin* had ravished her.

Penelope, the chaste Wife of *Ulysses* that had so many Wooers in his absence.

He'ena, that was ravished at nine years of age by *Theseus*; yet afterwards cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whose rape, the *Trojans* sustained a War for ten years.

Missalina,

Missalina, the insatiable Wife of *Claudius* the Emperor.

Leda, with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a swan; she laid him two eggs, the one called *Castor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers afterward turned into Stars.

Rhodopis, a noted *Thracian* Whore.

Omphale, the *Lydian* Queen, whom *Hercules* served at the Distaff to obtain her love.

Tucia, a vestal Virgin, who being accused for fornication, cleared her self, by carrying Water in a Sieve.

Medea, a Sorceress, by whose means *Jason* got the golden Fleece.

Lamia, Witches so called.

Thymele, a Woman that first taught to dance.

Xantippe, the scolding Wife of *Socrates* the most Wise Philosopher.

Cornelia, a chaste noble *Roman* Lady.

Amazons, Warlike women in *Scythia*, that in their infancy cut off one of their breasts, that it might not hinder them in their martial Exploits. *Penthesilea* was their Queen, *Virago* a stout Woman of most manly courage, *Semirama*, the Wife of King *Ninus*; who, after his Death, her son being young took upon her the Government, and performed many admirable things above her sex; but at last falling into all manner of beastly and sensual lust she endeavoured to lye with her Son, for which unnatural attempt he slew her. *Euridice*, the Wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the Rayser *Aristeus*, was stung in the heel by a Serpent, of which she died.

Alceste, that dyed to save her Husbands life.

Pandora, to whom *Pallas* for her Chastity, gave the gift of Prophecie. *Amilia*, who out of the love

She bore to her Husband, fancied his Paramour.

Artimesia, famous for the Royal Sepulchre she built for her Husband. *Evadne* a vertuous Woman, that at the Solemnization of her Husbonds Funeral, out of the love she bore to him, burnt her self, to mingle her ashes with his. *Valeria*, a chaste Matron, who being asked why she married not another Husband? Answered, Her first was still alive with her. *Pompria Paulina* the Wife of *Seneca*, who, when she heard of the Tyrant *Nero's* sentence of death on her Husband, desperately opened her own veins, determining not to survive him whom she loved so dearly.

Paula Romana, after her Husbonds death was so far from being perswaded to a second, that she was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man.

Antonia, a beautiful Woman, who to avoid the temptation of Suiters after the death of her Husband, married her self to the strictness of one Chamber, to which her younger Sister being a vowed Virgin, had confined her self. Thus in the one, the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the solitude of her Widdowhood was wasted.

S O N G.

Ah cruel bloody fate,

What canst thou now do more?

Alas, 'tis all too late,

Philander to restore:

Why should the heavenly powers persuade

Poor mortals to believe,

That they guard us here,

And reward us there,

For all our joys deceive.

2.

Her Ponyard then she took,
 And held it in her hand;
 And with a dying look,
 Cry'd thus I Fate command:
 Philander! ah! my Love I come,
 To meet thy shade below;
 Ah, I come, she cry'd,
 With a wound so wide,
 There needs no second blow.

3.

In purple waves her blood,
 Ran streaming down the floor;
 Unmov'd she saw the flood,
 And blist her dying hour:
 Philander! ah, Philander! still
 The bleeding Phillis cry'd,
 She wept awhile,
 And she forc'd a smile:
 Then closed her eyes and dy'd.

S O N G.

When first my dear Delia my heart did surprise
 By the attraction of beauty, & pow'r of her eyes,
 I trembled and sigh'd and stedfastly gaz'd,
 Untill all my thoughts into raptures were rais'd,
 That Monarch's unworthy, who grudges to part
 With Scepter and Crown to attain such a heart.

NEW

SONGS *A-la-mode,*

BOTH

Amorous and Jovial.

By the WITS of this Age.

SONG I.

- S. **H**OW unhappy a Lover am I,
 Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in Vain;
 All my hopes of Delight, are another mans right,
 That is happy whilst I am in pain.
- H. Since her honour affords no relief,
 As to pity the pains that you bear,
 'Tis the best of your fate, in a helpless estate,
 To give over and betimes to despair.
- S. I have tryed a false med'cine in vain,
 Yet I willt what I hope not to win,
 From without, my desires have no food to their fires
 But they burn and consume me within.
- H. Yet at worst 'tis a comfort to know
 That you are not unhappy alone;
 For the Nymph you adore; is as Wretched, or more,
 And accounts all your sufferings her own.
- S. O you powers, let me suffer for both,
 At the feet of my *Phillis* I'll lie;

He resign up my breath and take pleasure in death
 To be pityed by her when I dye.
 H. What her honour denyed you in life,
 After death she will give to her love :
 Such a flame as is true, after - fate will renew,
 For the souls do meet freely above.

Song 2.

From the fair *Luvinian* shore.
 I your Markets come to store;
 Muse not though so far I dwell,
 And my Wares come here to sell:
 Such is the sacred hunger of Gold,
 Then come to my pack,
 Where I cry,
 What do you lack,
 What do you buy,
 For here it is to be sold.
 You whose birth and breeding base
 Are rank'd into a nobler race ;
 And whose Parents heretofore
 Neither Arms, nor Scutcheons bore :
 First let me have but a touch of your Gold ,
 Then come to me Lad,
 You shall have
 What your Dad
 Never gave,
 For here it is to be sold.
 Madam for your wrinkled face,
 Here's Complexion it to grace,
 Which if your earnest be but small,
 It takes away the vertue all,
 But if your Palms are anointed with Gold,
 Then you shall seem
 Like a Queen
 Of fifteen,
 Though you are threescore years old.

Song 3.

NOW the weather is warm,
There's no catching of harm,
And I am resolv'd to go venture,
I'll go get me a Wife,
She shall lead such a life
She shall never have cause to repent her.
All night in my arms,
I will keep her from harms;
And thus, thus with my charms will I win her.
In the morn ere we're up,
Chocolat a quart cup,
We both will drink off before dinner;
And after noon-tide,
Both I and my Bride,
To the Tavern will ride, and so braye it;
With Fidlers a score,
Twelve dishes and more;
We ne'r shall be poor while we have it.
Before it be dark,
To a Play, or Hide Park,
And home by Spring-garden we'll rattle;
Whilst our Neighbours with Wine
Do tippie like Swine,
And there Wives are as drunk with their prattle.
When our Children are grown,
And their humours are known,
To follow blind Fortune her ranges,
The Boys shall be such,
They shall humble the Dutch,
And our Wenches shall sow on the Changes.

Song 4.

WE'll call for our Barge, and to Lambeth we'll
The Fishes our footmen shall be; (row;
The Swans that now silently swim to and fro,
Shall dye with their singing to thee;

We'll row, and we'll rest; we'll smile and we'll kiss,
 And Neptune himself shall envy our bliss,
 Our drink shall be that which the gods do delight in,
 But Nectar beyond any theirs.

Our servants shall tippie Canary till fighting,
 Who first shall pledge thee and thine heirs:
 See; each hath already his Cup to the brim,
 And all our attendants in liquor shall swim.

Song 5.

BRight *Celia*, know, 'twas not thine eyes
 Alone that did me first surprize;
 The gods use seldom to disperse,
 To your Sex, Beauty and Conscience.
 If then they have made me untrue,
 The fault lyes not in me but you;
 There tis no crime to break a Vow,
 When we were first we know not how.

You press me an unusual way,
 To make my Song my Love betray,
 Yet fear you'll turn it to a jest,
 And use me as y've done the rest,
 Of those sad Captives which complain,
 Yet are enamoured of their flame,
 And though they dye for love of you,
 Dare neither love nor you pursue.

If love be sin, why live you then,
 To make so many guilty men?
 Since 'tis not in the power of Art
 To make a breast-plate for the heart.
 Since 'tis your eyes loves shafts convey
 Into our souls a secret way,
 Where if once fixt, no herb nor charm
 Can cure us of our inward harm.

Song 6.

Beneath a Myrtle-shade,
Which none but love for happy lovers made:
I slept, and strait my love before me brought
Phyllis, the object of my waking thought.
Undrest she came, my flames to meet,
Whilst Love strew'd flowers beneath her feet,
Flowers that so prest, by her, became more sweet.

From the bright Virgins head,
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her White Temples fell her shady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips, did love inspire,
Her every grace my heart did fire,
But most her eyes, that languish with desire.

Ah charming face, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By nature and by love, this lovely shade
Was for revenge and suffering lovers made.
Silence and shades with love agree,
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot b'ush, because I cannot see.
No, let me rather dye, she said,
Than lose the spotless name of Maid;
Faintly methought she spoke, for all the while,
She bid me not believe her, with a smile;
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd,
And is it thus, thus she cry'd.

You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd.
I wak'd, and strait I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true,
Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
I fancy'd love had done what *Phyllis* would not do,
Ah cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
Whilst I can dream, you scorn in vain,
Asleep or waking, I must ease my pain.

Song 5.

MY Love is full of noble pride,
 And never can submit,
 To suffer for discretion ride
 In triumph over wit.
 False friends I have as well as you,
 Which daily counsel me,
 Fame and Ambition to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee.
 When I the least belief bestow
 On what such fools advise;
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

Song 8.

A Lover I am, and a lover I'll be, (free
 And hope from my true Love, I shall never be
 Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater
 Yet never to love is a sign of ill nature,
 But he that loves well, and whose passion is strong,
 Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.
 With hopes and with fears, like a ship in the Ocean,
 Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion
 When our passion is pallid, and our fancy would fail
 A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale,
 And when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealousies gone
 How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

Song 9.

VVhen Daisies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow buds of yellow hue;
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadow with delight,
 The Cuckow then on every tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow a word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten-straws,
 And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer-smocks,
 The Cuckow then on every tree,
 Mocks married men for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

Song 10.

Stay Shepherd, prethee shepherd stay,
 Didst thou not see her run this way?
 Where she may be canst thou not guess?
 Alas I've lost my Sheperdess.

I fear some Satyr hath betraid
 My pretty Lamb into the shade;
 Then woe is me for I'm undone;
 For in the shade she was my fun.

In summer heat was she not seen,
 No solitary vale was green,
 The blooming hills, the downy meads
 Bear not a flower but where she treads.
 Hush! where the senseless trees when she
 Sate but to keep them company;
 The silver streams were swell'd with pride,
 When she sate singing by their side.

The Pink, the Cowslip, and the Rose,
 Strive to salute her where she goes,
 And then contend to kiss her shoo,
 The Pansie and the Daisie too.

But now I wander on the plains,
 Forsake my home and fellow swains,
 And must, for want of her, I see,
 Resolve to dye in misery.

For when I think to find my Love,
 Within the Bosom of a Grove,

It thinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing saies, she is not here:

Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* pranks her self with buds,
Thinking to find her there, but loe,
The Myrtles and the shrubs say no.

Then what shall I unhappy do?

Or whom shall I complain unto?

No, no, here I'm resolv'd to dye,
Welcome sweet death and destiny.

Song 11.

OH fain would I before I dye
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou maist say when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone.

Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as lovers fears;
As many lives as years have hours.
They all and only should be yours.

Dearest before you condescend
To entertain a bosom-friend,
Be sure you know your servant well,
Before your liberry you sell:

For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot and sometimes cold;
And men you know, when that they please,
They can be sick of love's disease:

Then wisely choose a friend that may
Last for an Age, not for a day;
who loves thee not for lip and eye,
But for thy mutual sympathy.

Let such a friend thy heart engage,
For he will love thee in old Age,
And kiss thy furrow'd wrinkled brow,
With as much joy as I do now.

Song 12.

AS we went Wandering all the night,
 The Brewers dog our brains did bite;
 Our heads grew heavy and our heels grew light;
 And we lik'd our humour well, Boys,
 And we lik'd our humour well.
 Our hostess then bid us pay her score;
 We call'd her Whore and we paid her no more,
 And we kick'd our host quite out of the door,
 And we lik'd our humour, &c.
 And as we went Wandering along the street,
 We trod the Kennels under our feet;
 And quarrell'd with every post we did meet,
 And we lik'd, &c.
 The Constable then with his staff in his hand,
 He bid us, if we were men, to stand;
 We told him he had us do more than we can,
 And we lik'd, &c.
 Our hostesses Cellar it is our Bed,
 Upon the Barrels we lay our head;
 The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
 And we lik'd our humour, &c.

Song 13.

A Wife I do hate;
 For either she's false or she's jealous;
 But give me a Mate
 That nothing will ask or tell us;
 She stands on no terms,
 Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
 Nor loves for your Farms,
 But takes the kind man at adventure;
 If all prove not right,
 Without act, process or Warning;
 From a Wife for a night
 You may be divorc'd in the morning;

Where

Where Parents are slaves,
 their Brats cannot be any other.
 Great VVits, and great Braves
 Have alwaies a Punck to their Mother.

Song 14.

TO little or no purpose I've spent many daies,
 In ranging the *Park*, the *Exchange* and the *Plays*.
 Yet ne're in my ramble, till now did I prove
 So happy to meet with the man I could Love,
But Oh! how I am pleas'd when I think on the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can.
 How long I may love him I can no more tell
 Than had I a Feavor when I should be well.
 My passion shall kill me, before I will shew it;
 And yet I would give all the world he did know it,
But oh! how I sigh when I think he shall woo me
That I cannot deny what I knew will undo me.

Song 15.

LIke a dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his tail;
 Like a Vermin in a trap, or a thief in a Jayl,
 Like a Tory in a Bog,
 Or an Ape with a clog,
 Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
 Doth his liberty lose,
 In a Matrimony noose,
 And sells himself into captivity.

The dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jogg
 The vermin, the thief, and the Tory, in vain
 On the Trap, on the Jayl, on the Quagmire com-
 But well fare the Pug, (plain
 For he plays with his clogg,
 And tho' he would be rid on't rather than his Life,
 He hugs it and tugs it as a man does his VVife.

Song

Song 16.

ALL the flatteries of Fate,
 And the pleasures of State,
 There's nothing so sweet as what love can create.
 If to love you deny,
 It is time you should dye;
 Kind death's a reprieve, when you threat'n your hate.
 In some shady Grove
 Will I wander and rove,
 With the Nightingale and the disconsolate Dove;
 With a down hanging wing
 Will I mournfully sing
 The tragick events of unfortunate Love,
 With our plaints we'll conspire
 To heighten Loves fire,
 Still languishing little, at length we expire.
 And when I am dead,
 In a cold leafie bed, (Quire.
 To be interr'd with the Dirge of th'disconsolate

Song 17.

I'll go to my Love where he lyes in the Deep,
 And in my embrace my Dearest shall sleep;
 When we wake, the kind Dolphins about us shall
 (throng,
 And in Chariots of shell shall draw us along.
 The Orient Pearl which the Ocean bestows,
 We'll mix with the Coral, our Crowns to compose.
 Then the Sea-Nymphs shall grieve and envy our
 (bliss,
 We'll teach them to love and the Cockles to kiss.
 For my love sleeps now in his watry Grave,
 Has nothing to shew for his tomb but a wave.
 I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the the Coral more red,
 That grows where he lyes in his watry Bed.
 Ah! ah! ah! my Love is Dead;

the

There was not a Bell, but a *Tortoise* Shell
 To Ring, to Ring, to Ring my Loves Knell.
 Ah my loves dead ! There was not a Bell,
 But a *Tortoise*-shell, to Ring my loves Knell.

Song 18.

GO thy way, go thy way;
 Why shouldst thou stay, why shouldst thou stay?
 Where the winds whistle, & where the streams creep,
 Under yon Willow-tree fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,
 For 'tis time to be gone, for tis time to be gone.
 What Cares or Pleasures can be in this Ile ?
 Within this desert place,
 There lives no humane Race ;
 Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.

Gbo. Kind Fortune smiles, and she
 Has yet in store for thee
 Some strange felicity.
 Follow me, follow me,
 And thou shalt see.

Song 18.

THE Bread is all bak'd,
 The Embers are rak'd,
 'Tis midnight by Canticleers first crowing;
 Lets kindly carouse,
 Whilst a top of the house
 The Cats fall out in the height of their Wooing.
 Time whilst their hour-glass does run out,
 This flowing-glass shall go about.
 Stay, stay, the Nurse is wak'd, the Child does cry,
 No song so ancient is as Lullaby :
 The Cradles's rock'd, the child husht agen,
 Then hey for the Maids, and ho for the men.
 Now every one advance his glass,
 Then all at once together clash :

Experienc'd lovers know
 This clashing does but show,
 That as in Musick, so in love, must be
 Some Discord to make up a Harmony.
 Sing, sing; when Crickets sing, why should not we?
 The Crickets were merry before us:
 They sung us thanks ere we made 'em a fire;
 They taught us to sing in a Chorus;
 The Chimney is their church, the oven is their quire.

Song 20.

NOW the Cock doth cry, *Cock-a-doodle-doo!*
 The Owl cries ore the Barn, *To whit-whoo!*
 Benighted Travellers now lose their way,
 Whom *Will with the wisp* bewitches;
 About, about he leads them astray,
 Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.
 Hark, hark, the Cloyster Bell is rung;
 Alas! the midnight Dirge is sung.
 Let 'em ring,
 Let 'em sing,
 Whilst we spend the night in love and laughter.
 When night is gone,
 O then too soon
 The Discords and Cares of the day do come after.
 Come booz a Health, a Health, a double Health;
 To those 'scape from Cares by shunning Wealth;
 Dispatch it away,
 Before it be day,
 Twill quickly grow early when it is late;
 A Health to thee,
 To him, to me;
 To all who Beauty love and Bus'ness hate.

Song 21.

Fill up the Bowl with Rosie Wine,
 Around our Temples Roses twine;

And

And let us chearfully a while,
Like the VVine and Roses smile.

Crown'd with Roses we contemn
Gyges wealthy Diadem.

To day is ours, what we fear?

To day is ours, we have it here.

Let's treat it kindly, that it may

VVish at least with us to stay;

Let's banish Bus'ness, banish sorrow,

And leave to whom belongs to morrow.

Song 22.

UNderneath this Myrtle shade,
On flowry Beds supinely laid,
VVith odorous Oyls my head o'reflowing,

And around it Roses growing,

VVhat should I do, but drink away

The heat and troubles of the day?

In this more than Kingly state,

LOVE himself shall carme wait;

Fill to me, Love; nay, fill it up;

And mingled cast into the Cup,

Wit and Mirth, and noble fires,

Vigorous health, and gay desires.

The wheel of Life no less will stay,

In a smooth than ragged way,

Since it equally doth flee,

Let the motion pleasant be.

Why do we precious Oyntments show'r?

Nobler Wines why do we pour?

Beauteous Flowers why do we spread

Upon the monuments of the Dead?

Nothing they but dust can show,

Be bones that hasten to be so.

Crown me with Roses while I live,

Now your wines and Oyntments give,

After

After Death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my pleasures have.
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

Song 23.

How happy art thou and I,
 That never knew how to love !
 There's no such blessing here below,
 Where e're there is above.
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty
 That every wise man loves.

Out, out upon those eyes
 That think to murder me
 And he's an Ass that thinks her fair,
 That is not kind and free;
 There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet
 To man but Liberty.

I'll tie my heart to none,
 Nor yet can fine mine eyes,
 But I will play my game so well,
 I'll never want a prize.
 'Tis Liberty, 'Tis Liberty.
 Has made me now so wise.

Song 24.

Be thou joyful, I am jol'y,
 In thy pleasure's my delight :
 Art th'inclin'd to Melancholly,
 I am of that humour right,
 For I can joy or joys can slight.

Art thou liberal of Embraces ?
 I can also lavish be.
 Or dost thou scorn to yield such graces ?
 I can scorn as well as thee,
 Of these I can be nice or free.

Dost thou joy I should attain thee ?

Then will I thy servant be ;
Or if my presence do disdain thee,
I will never wait on thee,
For I can love or let thee be.

If to singing thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble notes to thee ;
Or if by sighing, I'll sigh by thee,
To thy passions Ile agree ;
For I'm to all thy humours free.

Dost thou joy I should come neer thee,
With a heart both firm and true ?
Or dost thou fly my sight and jear me ?
Unto Lovers that's not new ;
For I can stay, or bid adieu.

Song 25.

Come hither, my dearest, come hither to me,
And I will be so loving to thee,
As never were man before.
Then give me thy heart and thou shalt have mine,
For if I may be but certain of thine,
Ile never desire any more.

Then unto my house we will trip it away,
And sit and provide for the wedding day ;
We'll dance and sing,
And the Bells shall ring,
And the Fiddlers round about us shall play.

Thy Body with rich Apparel Ile deck,
And round about thy Ivory Neck,
Ile place a chain of Pearl,
So fine and so round, so fair and so neat,
That every one that chances to see't
Will say thou art a lovely Girl.

Then

Then be not so coy, but come away,
 And Ile embrace thee both night and day,
 For I vow and swear
 Thou shalt be my dear,
 And merrily we will sing and play.

The Maid she stood off, and blushing said,
 I fear you mean to betray a Maid
 That never did love before;
 For men will deceive, and cog, and lye,
 And swear they love you faithfully,
 When they have another in store.

But if that you mean to be constant and true,
 And that I should be so to you,
 Be loving and kind,
 And still in a mind,
 Or else for evermore adieu.

Song 26.

Poor *CÆLIA* once was very fair,
 A quick bewitching eye she had;
 Most neatly lockt her braided hair,
 Her dainty Cheeks would make you mad.
 Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
 And on her breasts ten thousand *Cupids* lay.
 Then many a doting Lover came,
 From Seventeen unto Twenty one;
 Each told her of his mighty flame,
 But she forsooth affected none,
 One was not handsom, th'other was not fine,
 This of Tabacco smelt, and that of Wine,
 But th'other day it was my fate
 To pass along that way alone,
 I saw no Coach stand at her Gate,
 But at her door I heard her Moan,
 And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
 Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

Song 27.

JAMES and SUSAN.

Jam. **P**Rethee *Susan* what dost muse on,
 By this doleful Spring?
 You are I fear, in love, my Dear;
 alas poor thing.

Sus. Truly *James*, I must blame ye,
 You look so pale and wan,
 I fear twill prove you are in love,
 Alas poor man!

Jam. Nay, my *Sue*, now I view ye,
 Well I know your smart,
 When you're alone you sigh and groan,
 Alas poor Heart!

Sus. *Jemy* hold, I dare be bold,
 To say, thy heart is stole,
 And know the She as well as thee
 Alas poor Soul!

Jam. Then my *Sue*, tell me who,
 I'll give thee a Chain of Pearl,
 And ease thy heart of all this smart,
 Alas poor Girl!

Sus. *Jamy* no, if you should know,
 I fear 'twould make you sad,
 And pine away both night and day,
 Alas poor Lad!

Jam. Why then my *Sue*, it is for you
 That I burn in these flames,
 And when I die, I know you'll cry,
 Alas poor *James*!

Sus. Say you so, then *Jamy* know
 If you should prove untrues
 Then must I likewise cry,
 Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth he, then joyn thy hand with mine,
 And we will wed to day;
 I do agree, here 'tis quoth she,
 Come let's away.

And when we shall wedded be,
 Then we'll have a Ball,
 And dance about in and out,
 Up tails all.

When that is done and all are gone,
 I'll shew the other feats
 And have a dance called in *France*,
 The shaking of the sheets.

Song 28.

To SILVIA.

Silvia, tell me how long it will be
 Before you will grant my desire,
 Is there no end of your Cruelty,
 But must I consume in this fire?
 You'll not tell me you love, nor yet that you hate,
 But take pleasure in seeing me languish,
 Ah Silvia! pity my desperate state,
 For you are the cause of my anguish.

Song 29.

Her Answer.

Damon I tell thee I never shall be,
 In a humour to grant thy desire;
 Nor can I be tax'd with cruelty,
 Having one that I more do admire,
 For 'tis he that I love, and thee that I hate,
 Yet I find you will be doing,
 No *Damon*, you never shall be my Mate,
 Then prethee friend leave off thy woeing.

Song

Song 30.

His Reply.

Silvia know, I never shall more
 Be a suiter to Pride and Disdaining,
 Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
 Being now in the time of their waining.
 For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
 then prethee takt for a warning;
 Whenever you meet with another Mate,
 Pray Silvia leave off your scorning.

Song 31.

ON the Bank of a Brook as I sate fishing,
 Hid in the Oslers that grew on the side,
 I over-heard a Nymph and Sheperd wishing,
 No time nor fortune might their love divide;
 To Cupid and Venus each offered a Vow,
 To love ever as they lov'd now.

Ah ! said the sheperd, (and sigh'd) what a pleasure
 Is love conceal'd betwixt lovers alone;
 Love must be secret, for like Fairy Treasure,
 When tis discover'd 'twill quickly be gone;
 And Envy and Jealousie, if it would stay,
 Would quickly (alas) make it away.

Then let us leave the world and care behind us,
 Said the Nymph smiling, and gave me her hand,
 All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
 In some far Desart we'll seek a new land,
 And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
 And a new world to each other we'll be.

Song 32.

One to the Maypole away lets run,
 The time is swift and will be gone.
 We go the the Lasses away to the Green,
 Where their Beauties may be seen.

Nan.

Jan, Noll, Kate, and Moll, brave Lasses have Lads to
 (attend 'um,
Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick, brave Dancers, who can
 (amend 'um ?

Did you not see the Lord of the May
 Walk along in his rich array ?
 There goes the Lads that is only his ;
 See how they meet, and how they Kifs ! (bour ?
 Come *Will*, run *Gill*, or dost thou list to lose thy la-
In crowd, scrape loud, tickle her *Tom*, with a Pipe
 (and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Masque at the Court,
 Where I see Dances of every sort ;
 There they did Dance with time and measure,
 No none like Country Dance for p'asure.
 There they did dance just as in *France*,
 Not like the *English* lofty manner :
 And every she must furnished be (her
 With a feather'd knack when she sweats for to fan
 But we when we dance, and do happen to sweat,
 Have a Napkin in hand to wipe off the wet,
 And we with our Doxies do jig it about,
 Not like the Court which often are out.
 If the Tabor do play, we thump it away
 And turn and meet our Lasses to kifs 'em,
 Nay, they will be as ready as we,
 That hardly at any time can miss 'em.

And if we hold on as we begin,
Yone thee and I the Garland shall win,
 Nay, if thou livest till another day,
 He make thee Lady of the May.

Dance about in and out,
 Turn and kifs, and then for a greeting ;
 Now *Yone*, we have done,
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.

Song 33.

A Las how long shall I and my Maidenhead lie
 In a cold bed all the night long!
 I cannot abide, yet away cannot chide it,
 Though I find that it does me some wrong.
 Can any one tell where this fine thing doth dwell
 That carries neither form nor fashion?
 It both heats and cools, 'tis a Bauble for fools,
 Yet catch'd at in every Nation.
 Say a Maid were so crost, as to see this Toy lost,
 Would not hue and cry fetch it again?
 'Las no, for 'tis gone ere well thought upon;
 And when found, 'tis lost even then.

Song 34.

NO Creature can be more pleasant than we,
 No mischief we will act or invent;
 Let the Worldling go plot till his brains rot,
 He shall not abridge our content.
 Content is a thing that comfort doth bring
 To Beggar as well as to King;
 Then let our Content in freedom be spent,
 And merrily merrily sing.

Song 35.

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And though I never lov'd before,
 Yet am like to love the more,
 If it hold fair weather.

Time shall moult away his Wings;
 Ere he can discover
 Among an hundred thousand men,
 Nay in all the world agen,
 Such a constanc Lover,

But out upon't, no praise
Can at all be due to me;
Love with me had made no stay,
But had quickly fled away
Had it any been but she.

Had it been any but she,
And that very face;
There had been ere this with me,
For to court my company,
A dozen dozen in her place.

*Song 36.**Her Answer.*

Say, but did you love so long?
In truth I needs must blame you,
Passion did your Judgment wrong,
O'ay, betray'd your flattering Tongue,
As want of Wit doth shame you.

Truth it is, Times witty Daughter
Quickly did discover
You were a subject fit for laughter,
Seeing your brains are now grown softer,
And more fool than ever.

Yet I grant, you merit praise,
For your constant folly
Since you doted three whole days;
As your learned Legend says,
You were surely melancholy.

She to whom you were so true,
And that very face,
Gives you truly all your due,
And puts each minute such as you
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

Song 37.

Let the Bowl pass free
From him to thee.

As it first came to me :

'Tis pity that we should confine it,
Having all either credit or Coyn yet,
Let it e'en take its course,
There's no stopping its force,
He that shuffles must interline it.

Lay aside your Cares,
Of Shops and Wares,
And irrational fears;

Let each breast be thoughtless as his'n is,
That from his Bride newly-risen is,
We'll banish each Soul
That comes here to condole,
Or is troubled with Love or business.

The King we'll not name,
Nor a Lady to inflame
With desire to the Game,
And into a dumpishness drive all,
Or make us run mad, and go wive all;
We'll have this whole night
Set apart for delight,
And our mirth shall have no Corival.

Then see that the Glass
Through its circuit do pass,
Till it come where it was,
And every Nose has been within it,
Till be end it that first did begin it,
As Copernicus found
That the Earth did turn round.
It will prove so does every thing in it.

Song 38.

Tell me dearest, prethee do,
Why thou wilt and wilt not too?
Suns of Beauty ne'er were shown,
But to cherish more than one.
Love if good, diffus'd is better,
And as thoughts, if unconfined,
Will to nature prove a Debtor.
Who denies
Properties
That Monopolize
The Communities she design'd.

Who dares then inclose the Common
Heavens Charter first assign'd,
And in special general Woman;
Evilly,
Privily,
Or uncivily,
While we live by Gavel-kind?

Since thy most triumphant Charms
Oft subdu'd the *Grecians* Arms,
You injure the Powers of Love,
Lest your Conquests you improve.
Boast not then of numerous prizes,
In your Trophies single List,
Meer Evasion Love despises,
Since there lies
In your Eyes
Such Artilleries
As no Enemies can resist.
Be as free as you are comely.

And your purchases enjoy,
They deserve the name of homely,

L

That

That deny
Liberty
Of variety

Where Society cannot cloy.

Song 39.

VWELL, we will do that rigid thing
Which makes Spectators think we part
Though absence hath for none a sting,
But those who keep each others heart.

And when our sence is dispossess'd,
Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
And grasp for one anothers brest,
Since their conveyances they want.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
Of absent friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part,
And who knows what we shall do now.

Yet I must go; we will submit,
And to our own Disposers be:
For while we nobly suffer it,
We triumph o're necessity.

By this we shall be truly great
If having other things overcome,
To make our Victory compleat;
We can be Conquerors at home.

Nay, then to meet we may conclude,
And all obstructions overthrow;
Since we our passion have subdu'd,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

Song 40.

A CATCH.

AN old house end, an old house end,
And many a good fel'ow wants money to spend.
If thou wilt borrow,
Come hither to morrow. I dare

I dare not part so soon with my friend :
 But let us be merry,
 And drink off our Sherry,
 But to part with my money I do not intend ;
 Then a Turd in thy Teeth, and an old house end,

Song 41.

A CATCH.

Jog on, jog on, the foot - path way,
 And merrily heat the Stile-a ;
 Your merry heart goes all the day,
 The sad one tires a mile-a.
 Your paltry money-bags of Gold,
 What need we to stare for ?
 When little or nothing soon is told,
 And we have the less to care for.

Song 42.

The Needy man's Song.

A Way with this Cash, 'twill make us all mad ;
 The happiest are they that money ne'er had.
 The pocket that's full, proves the owner a Gail
 No Niggard so great, nor apter to cheat ;
 A Fob that is lank, proves the owner frank ;
 I tell thee, my friend, his love's without end.

CHORUS.

*Oh he never can be
 Too frolick and free :
 No sweeter estate
 Than the Needy man's fate.*

When money's a stranger, the man's out of danger
 From Whores and from Wine he's kept without line ;
 He smells to no Barrels, nor broaches no quarrels
 For millions of mocks and as many knocks,
 He saveth himself by scorning of self ;
 He wears out no Shoes in hunting for news.

CHORUS.

*O be never can be
To frolick and free :
No sweeter estate
Than the needy mans fate.*

He cheateth no Heirs, nor Shoulder-men fears.
Takes care for no Rent, forgets what was lent,
Remembers not what this toy cost or that;
He signeth no Bill, nor maketh no Will;
Away all is hurld, he treads down the World;
And all that hath sums, he counts them but scums.

CHORUS.

*O be never can be
Too frolick and free :
No sweeter estate
Than the needy mans fate.*

Song 43.

The Politick Drinker.

MY masters and friends, whosoever intends,
To trouble this Room with discourse,
You that sit by, are as guilty as I,
Let your talk be better or worse.
Now lest you should prate of matters of State,
Or any thing else that may hurt us,
Rather let us drink of our cups to the brink,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.
Suppose you speak clean from the matter you mean,
That's not a pin here nor there,
Yet take this advice, be merry and wise,
You know not what Creatures be near.
Or suppose that some Sot should lurk in this pot,
To scatter out words that might hurt us,

To

To free that same doubt we'll see the pot out,
And then we shall speak to the purpose,
If any man here be in bodily fear
Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak;
Here's Armour of proof shall keep her aloof,
This Liquor will make a man speak.
Or if any intend to challenge his friend,
Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us,
Let us drink once or twice of this *Helicon* Juyce,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

He that railes at the times, in Prose or in Rhimes.
Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon,
Sing *Prophecies* strange, and threaten some change,
And hang them upon the Queens Tomb.
He is but a Railer, or a prophecying Taylor,
To scatter out words that might hurt us;
Let's talk of no matches, but drink and sing *Catches*
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

It is a mad zeal for a man to reveal
His secret thoughts when he bouzes,
And he's but a Widgion that talks of Religion
In Taverns or Tipling Houses.
It is not for us such things to discover,
Let us talk of nothing might hurt us;
But let us begin a health to our King,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

A midst of our bliss, it is not amiss,
To talk of our going home late;
If a Constable Kite, or a Piss-pot at night,
Should chance to douse on our pate,
It were all in vain, to rage or complain,
Or scatter out words that might hurt us,
Were better trudge home to honest kind *Jone*,
And then we shall speak to the purpose.

Song 44.

A CATCH.

FLy Boy, fly to the Cellar-bottom ;
 View well your Quill and your Bung Sir ;
 Bring us good wine to preserve our lungs Sir,
 Not rascally Wine to rot 'um.
 If your Quill run foul,
 Then be a trusty soul,
 And Cane it;
 For the health it is such,
 That one bad drop will much,
 That one drop will much
 Profane it.

Song 45.

Since you would needs my heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess
 The faults to which 'tis given;
 It is to change much more inclin'd,
 Than Women, or the Sea, or Wind ;
 Or ought that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this truth,
 It hath been from its very youth,
 A most egregious Ranger;
 And since from me so oft it fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarcely stay with a stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,
 Which made me oft-times think 'twas mad)
 With one kind look could wish it ;
 So naturally it loves to range,
 That it hath left success for change ;
 And what's worse glories in it.

Of times when I am lay'd to rest,
 It makes me act like one possest.
 It still keeps such a pother;
 And though 'tis you I most esteem,
 Yet it will make me in a dream
 Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
 After these Truths that I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover;
 Be not displeas'd, if I protest
 I doubt the Heart within your breast
 Will prove just such another.

Song 46.

[Always resolv'd to be free from the Charms
 That love with his subtilty ere could invent;
 I kick'd at his Darts; laugh'd at the harms
 That he could devise to abridge my content.
 But now do I find, though the lad he be blind,
 The mark he hath hit and hath chang'd my mind:
 A Boy though he be, yet his manhood I see:
 For with one poor dart hath he conquered me.
 I likewise before such beauties did see, (Eyes,
 With Charms in their Tongues and Darts in their
 Who thought by their wiles to intoxicate me,
 But never before my heart could surprize.
 But now do I see that a slave I must be,
 To one that before was a servant to me;
 For the Angry gods Dart hath so pierc'd my heart
 No Balm that's apply'd, but increaseth the smart.
 And thus being plung'd in that loving amaze,
 The place is a Labyrinth where I reside,
 Whose turnings and windings hath so many ways,
 That none can get out without help of a Guide.

And my Guide is so coy, though my soul I employ
 To lie at her feet, yet my hope she'll destroy;
 But rather then I'll keep parley with her eye,
 To add to my Bounds, I'm resolved to die.

Song 47,

CLORIS, let my passion ever
 Be to thee as I design;
 A name so Noble that you never
 Knew the like, till you knew mine.
 Not a breath of feigned Passion,
 From my Lips shall reach thine Ears,
 Nor the love which is in fashion,
 Made of modest sighs and tears.

In my brest a room so fitting
 For your heart I will prepare,
 That you I never think of quitting,
 When you once are harbour'd there.
 The rent's not great that I require,
 From your heart to mine to pay,
 'Tis gratitude that I desire,
 To keep your lodging from decay.

Fairest Saint, then be not cruel;
 Nor to pity think it sin;
 Since one smile from you is fuel,
 Still to keep that fire in.
 And when I'm forc'd through Death or Age,
 From these my flames for to retire,
 All true Lovers I'll engage,
 Still my ashes to admire,

Song 48.

BEauteous *Chloris*! while thou dost enjoy
 Beauty and Youth, be sure to use 'em;
 And be not fickle, be not coy,
 Thy self or Lovers to destroy.

Since

Since all those Lillies and those Roses
Which Lovers find, or Love supposes,
To flourish in thy face,
Will tarry but a little space:
And Youth and Beauty are but only lent
To you by nature, with this good intent,
You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em,
And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to
refuse 'em,
Let Lovers flatteries n'er prevail with thee,
Nor their oyl'd Complements deceive thee;
Their Vows and Protestations be
Too often meer Hypocrisie:
And those high praises of the Witty,
May all be costly, but not yet fit ye:
Or if it true should be,
What thy Lovers say of thee;
Sickness or age will quickly strip away
Those fading Glories of thy youthful May,
And of thy Graces all bereave thee,
Then those that thee ador'd before will slight thee
(and so leave thee.
Then while thou art fair and young, be kind but
Doat not, nor proudly use denyings; (wise,
That tempting toy, thy Beauty lies
Not in thy face, but Lovers Eyes;
And he that doats on thee may smother
His Love i'th Beauty of another
Or flying at all Game,
May quench, or else divert his flame.
His reason too may chance to interpose,
And Love declines as fast as reason grows;
There is a knack to find Love's Treasures:
Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow
(destroys your pleasures.
L 5 *Song.*

Song 49.

Fair *Clarinda*, I do owe
 All the woe
 That I know,
 To those glorious Looks alone,
 Though you'r an unrelenting stone,
 The quick Lightning from your Eyes
 Did sacrifice
 My unwise,
 My unwary harmless heart,
 And now you glory in my smart.

How unjustly do yo blame,
 That pure flame
 From you came?
 Vext with what your self may burn,
 Your scorns to tinder it did turn,
 The least spark how Love can call
 That does fall
 On the small
 Scorch'd remainder of my heart,
 Will make it burn in every part.

Song 50.

Nay, perswade not, I've sworn
 We'll have one Pottle more,
 Though we run on the score,
 And our credits do stretch for't,
 To what end does a Father
 Pine his Body or rather
 Damn his Soul for to gather
 Such store, but that he hath this fetch for't.
 That we Sons should be high Boys,
 And when he does dye Boys,
 Instead of a Sermon, we'll sing him a Catch for't.
 Then

Then hang the dull wit
 Of that white liver'd chit
 That good fellows doth hit
 In teeth with a Red Nose,
 May his Nose look blue,
 Or any dreadfuller hue,
 That may speak him untrue,
 And disloyal unto the Read-Nose.
 'Tis the Scarlet that graces
 And sets out our faces,
 And that nature base is, (Nose.
 That esteems not a Copper-Nose more than a Lead.

All the World keeps a round,
 First our Fathers abound
 In wealth, and buy ground,
 And then leave it behind 'em.
 We're strait put in black,
 Where we mourn and drink Sack,
 And do th'other knack,
 While they sleep in their Graves we ne'er mind 'em.
 Thus we scatter the store
 As they rak'd before,
 And as for the poor, (em.
 We enrich them as fast as our Fathers did grinde

Song 51.

Comely Swain, why sit'st thou so?
 Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, &c.

Folded arms are signs of wo,

Fa, la, la, &c.

Doth thy Nymph no favour show?

Fa, la, &c.

Chuse another, let her go,

Fa, la, la, fa, la, la, &c.

Song 52.

THus from the Prison to the Throne,
 Vertue comes to claim her own;
 And now appears
 Upon the Throne a Star,
 Who lately at the Bar,
 Stood with no other Jewels but her tears.
 Great Queen,
 Great Queen,
 Who ever was so well content
 To suffer and be innocent,
 To suffer and be innocent.

Song 53.

Under the Willow shades they were
 Free from the eye-sight of the Sun,
 For no intruding Beam could there
 Peep through to spy what things were done.
 Thus sheltred they unseen did lie,
 Surfeiting on each others eye;
 Defended by the Willow shades alone,
 The Suns heat they desid, and cool'd their own.
 Whilst they did embrace unspid,
 The conscious Willow seem'd to smile,
 That they with privacy supplid,
 Holding the door, as twere, the while,
 And when their dalliances were o'er,
 The Willows to oblige them more,
 Bowing did seem to say, (as they with withdrew)
 We can supply you with a Cradle too.

Song 54.

AH how sweet it is to love!
 Ah how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we Prove,
 When we first approach Loves fire!
 Pains of love be sweeter far,
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lover blown,
 Do but gently heave the heart,
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone,
 Cure like trickling balm their smart.
 Lovers when they lose their breath
 Bleed away an easie death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting friend;
 Nor the Golden Gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they spend.
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-tides. full and high,
 Swells in every youthfull vein,
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again,
 If a flowing Age appear,
 'Tis but Rain and runs not clear.

Song 55.

Let's fill with Wine this lusty Bowl,
 'Twill scatter sorrows from our Soul;
 'Twill stifle care that inward foe,
 'Tis the Antipodes of wo;
 'Twill rescue old Age from the grave,
 'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave;
 'Twill vigour and rich fancy bring,
 'Twill hoist a Beggar to a King.
 Lo, how it glows and sparkles there,
 Brighter than a spangled Sphere.
 And how it bubbles from the deep,
 Leaping to surprize my Lip!
 Rich Juice since thou dost court my Taste,
 I'll meet, and kiss with equal haste;
 Go then, go mingle with my blood;
 Thus swallow-I thy wealthy flood.;

'Tis

Tis vanish'd, and I see the shoar,
 Not wast'd thither by an Oar,
 O fill't again, and fill it high,
 O let me once more drink and dye !
 Seas heap'd on Seas cannot assuage
 This eager thirst, this violent rage.
 Where half the Globe fill'd to the top,
 I'd drink't, and eat the Earth for Sop.
 But hah ! I see how I do reel,
 My Brain is Traytor to my Heel,
 My Vitals stop, my Spirits sink,
 Come then, I'll sleep, and dream of drink.

CHORUS.

*We that Bacchus do adore,
 Envy not the Misers store,
 Nor the Charms nor Sweets of Love,
 Nor the States of those above.*

Song 56.

THou sit'st too long at the Pot, Tom,
 Thou sit'st too long at the Pot, Tom:
 Here's thy Pot and my Pot,
 And my Pot and thy Pot,
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom.

Thou studi'st Philosophy, Tom,
 And sometimes Astrology, Tom,
 Let's have our Liquor about us,
 Both within and without us ;
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom.
 What humour hath crost thee now, Tom ?
 What humour hath crost thee now, Tom ?
 What Bugbear affrights thee
 From that which delights thee ?
 Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, Tom.

What

What Lawyer is like to thee, *Tom*?

For to plead against the Pot, *Tom*,

A fig for his Reading,

Except that his pleading

Be for to maintain the Pot, *Tom*.

The Pot is the Peace-maker, *Tom*,

And the Righter of every mans wrong, *Tom*,

For when the Law cannot mend it,

The Pot it will end it,

Then hold thy nose to the pot, *Tom*.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*,

And do not thy self so much wrong, *Tom*,

Cast not that behind thee,

That *Bacchus* design'd thee;

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

For Mault that's good for the Maw, *Tom*,

It will cure the diseases of *Autumn*;

Then *felix quem faciunt*

I prethee be patient,

Aliena pericula Cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot *Tom*.

And do thy self not so much wrong, *Tom*;

Neither Parson nor Vicar,

But will drink off his Liquor;

Then hold thy Nose to the Pot, *Tom*.

Song 57.

Now we are met, let's merry merry be
For one half hour with mirth and glee:

To recreate our spirits dull,

Let's laugh and drink our bellies full.

Song 58.

SACK is the Prince of Wine,
The Quintessence of Liquors?

The Brain it purges and refines,

And makes the Wit the qucker.

CHORUS.

Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff,
 Let us toss the Pot and be merry,
 Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,
 Of this same sprightly Canary.
 Should Jove come down to men,
 And taste this Sack, he'd think,
 Nay, swear by Stiz, 'twere better then
 The Wine himself doth drink.

CHORUS.

Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff,
 Let us toss the Pot and be merry,
 Let us all bear a part to drink quart after quart,
 Of this same sprightly Canary.
 If a man have but this,
 He shall no Musick lack,
 No Musick to a Sack But is,
 Or to a Butt of Sack.

CHORUS.

Then let us laugh, let us sing and quaff,
 Let us toss the Pot, and be merry,
 Let us all bear a part, to drink quart after quart,
 Of that same sprightly Canary.

Song 59.

THis Ale my bonny Lads,
 It is brown as a Berry,
 Then let us be merry here an hour,
 And drink ere it be sower.
 Hear's to thee, Lad,
 Come, to me, Lad,
 Let it come, Boy, to my thumb, Boy,
 Drink it off Sir, it is enough Sir,
 Fill mine Host Tom's Pot and Tost.

Song 60.

A. I Love a Nymph, a lack a day,
But dare not say I love her.

B. Perhaps she may thy Love repay;
Speak then thy thoughts, and prove her.

A. If I reveal, and she my love reject,
I'm quite undone.

B. Women, when we least expect,
We see are often won.

A. True, but her state great flocks requires,
Mine are but poor and small.

A. Peace, Fool, Love only Love desires,
And nothing else at all.

CHORUS.

*They that do love for private Gain,
May suffer shipwrack in the main.*

Song 61.

I Have been in love, and in debt and in drink
This many and many a year, (think,
And those three are plagues enough one would
For one poor Mortal to bear,

'Twas drink made me fall into love,

And love made me run into debt;

And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain,

'Twill pay all my debts,

And remove all my lets,

And my Mistress that cannot endure me,

Will love me, and love me again,

Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

Song

Song 62.

HAng up *Mars*
 And his Wars;
 Give us drink;
 We'll tipple, my Lads, together;
 Those are Slaves,
 Fools and Knaves,
 That have Chink,
 And must pay
 For what they say,

Do, or think;
 Good Fellows account for neither.

Be we round, be we square,
 We are happier then they are,
 Whose dignity works their ruine;
 He that well the Bowl rears,
 Can baffle his Cares;
 And a Fig for death or undoing:

Song 61.

Vhat alas! will the knowing avail me,
 Though your Eyes were as gentle as fair,
 Since the hopes which they nourish do fail me,
 And flame without heat, and bright hypocrites
 (are:

Such lustre but lights me the way to despair.
 Where temper by Love love is understood,
 It loseth the name of passion:
 'Tis nonsense to say that one shou'd
 Govern Love by the Rules of discretion;
 Though a Child, he's too big for the Rod.

Were your bosom as cold as the Ice is,
 Yet at one time or other you'll find
 That Love hath a thousand devices (mind,
 To banish cold thoughts from your scrupulous
 And to force your unkindness be gone, and be kind.
 Thy

Thy aid, mighty Love I implore;
 Do thou to thy fair One discover
 The joys thou hast for her in store,
 When she shall to her passionate Lover
 Say, I will be cruel no more.

Song 64.

Take heed fair *Chloris*, how you tame
 With your disdain *Amintors* flame;
 A noble heart when once despis'd,
 Swells unto such an height of Pride,
 'Twill rather burst than deign to be
 A worshiper of Cruelty.

Though you use common Shepherds so,
 My flames at last to storms will grow;
 And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
 'Twill blast all I have magnifi'd:
 You are not fair when love you lack,
 Ingratitude makes all things black.

O do not, for a flock of sheep,
 A Golden show'r when as you sleep,
 Or for the Tales Ambition tells,
 Forsake the house where Honour dwells:
 In *Damon's* Palace you ne're shine
 So bright as in these arms of mine.

Song 65.

Bacchus Iacchus, fill our brains,
 As well as Bowls with sprightly strains,
 Let Souldiers fight for prey or praise,
 And Money be the Misers wish;
 Poor Schollars study all their daies,
 And Gluttons glory in their dish:
 'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls,
 Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.

Let

Let minions marshal every hair,
 And in a Lovers lock delight,
 And artificial colours wear,
 We have the native red and white.

*'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore give us the Chearing bowls.*

Take Pheasant; Pout or Calvord Sammon,
 Or how to please your palates think,
 Give us the salt Westphalia Gammon,
 Not meat to eat but meat to drink.

*'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls,
 Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.*

The backward spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull,
 They prove Good Fellows; which were grave,
 And kindness flows from Cups brim full,

*'Tis Wine pure Wine revives sad souls,
 Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.*

Some have the Tiflick, some the Rhume,
 Some the have the Palsey, some the Gout,
 Some swell with Fat, and some consume,
 But they are found that drink all out.

'Tis Wine pure Wine, &c.

Some men want Youth, and some want Health,
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punck,
 Some men want Wit, and some want Wealth,
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.

*'Tis Wine Pure Wine revives sad Souls,
 Therefore give us the chearing Bowls,
 Bacchus, Iacchus, fill our Brains,
 As well as Bowls with sprightly strains.*

Song 66.

OF all the brave Birds that ere I did see,
 The Owl is the fairest in her degree;
 For all the day long she sits in a tree,
 And when the night cometh, away flies she,
To-whit-to-whoo!

To whom drinkst thou?

Sir Knave, to you.

This Song is well sung, I'll make you a Vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.

Nose, Nose, Nose; and who gave the that jolly red
 (Nose?)

Nutmegs and Cloves; and who gave the that jolly
 (red Nose?)

Song 67.

THe morning doth waite, to the Meadows let's shaft
 For the Sun doth with glory shine on them,
 The Maidens must rake whilst the Haycocks we make
 Then merrily tumble upon them.

The envy of Court, ne'r aims at our sport,

For we live both honest and meanly,

Their Ladies are fine but to *Venus* sublime,

And our Lasses are harmless and cleanly.

Then let us advance our selves in a dance,

And afterwards fall to our labour,

No measure so meet, nor Musick so sweet

To us as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 68.

Bring us some Sack and Claret,

Clean Pipes and the best Verinus,

We'll swell our veins and wash our brains,

And Tom shall smooke his wry Nose,

Then to *Bacchus* we with merry glee,

Whilst a round our Cups are turning,

Will sacrifice this Indian Spice,

On these white Altars burning.

'Tis

'Tis nought to bleed to death Sir,
 We'll therefore talk no treason,
 But with this provision
 And Ammunition
 Beat down the fort of Reason;
 Still will we drink
 Make our arms cry clack,
 Be free without commanding;
 Discharge the Can
 Till every man
 Bid good night to his understanding. (ings,
 Ne'r trouble thy self at the times nor their turn-
 Afflictions run circular, and wheel about,
 Away with thy murmurings, and thy heart burnings
 With the juice of the grape we'll quench the fire
 (our,
 N're chain nor imprison thy soul up in sorrow,
 What fails us to day may befriend us to morrow;
 Let us scorn our content from others to borrow.
 Though Fortune hath left us we'll strive to regain
 (her,
 And court her with Cups till her favourer come,
 Then we with a courage untam'd will maintain
 (her
 And silence the noise of the Enemies drum;
 We will fix her unto the man most deserving
 He'll keep her at work as well as from starving,
 She shall not hereafter be at her own carving.

Song 69.

Beauty and Love once sell at odds,
 And thus revild each other;
 Said Love, I am one of the Gods,
 And you wait on my Mother.
 Thou hast no power o're men at all,
 But what I gave to thee;

Nor art thou longer fair or sweet
 Then men acknowledge thee.
 Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
 We know that thou art blind;
 But men have knowing Eyes and can
 My Graces better find.
 'Twas I begot thee Mortals know,
 And call'd thee blind desire;
 I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
 And wings to kindle fire.
 Love then in anger flew away,
 And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd
 That he would tip his shafts with scorn
 To punish this proud Maid.
 Thus Beauty ever since hath been
 But courted for an hour;
 To loye a day is now a sin
 'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song 70.

Vhen my Sence in Wine I steep,
 All my cares are lull d'asleep;
 Rich in thought I then despise
Cæsar and his Royalties;
 Whilst with Ivy twines I wreath me,
 And sing all the world beneath me,
 Others run to martial fights,
 I to *Bacchus's* delights,
 Fill the Cup then Boy
 For I drunk then dead had rather lie.

Song 71.

Number the sands that do restrain
 And fetter the rebellious main,
 Count those pale fires that do dispence
 To us both light and influence,
 The drops of the vast Sea divide
 Thesein themselves be multiply'd,

That

That all when added into one
 May by our kisses be out-gone,
 By which when number they surmount,
 We'll teach Arithmetick to count.

Song 72.

NO, I will sooner trust the Wind,
 When falsely kind;
 It courts the pregnant sails into a storm;
 And when the smiling waves perswade,
 Be willingly betray'd.
 Then thy deceitful eyes or form.
 Go and beguile some easie heart
 With thy vain Art.
 Thy smiles and kisses on those fools bestow,
 Who only see the calms that sleep,
 On this smooth flattering deep,
 But not the hidden dangers know.
 They that like me thy falshood prove,
 Will scorn thy love,
 Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy shrine
 But he that at thy sacrifice,
 Doth willingly fall twice,
 Dies his own Martyr and not thine.

Song 73.

VHen I set the young men play,
 Young methinks I am as they,
 And my aged thoughts laid by,
 To the dance with joy I fly.
 Come a flowry Chaplet lend me,
 Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me,
 Age be gone, we'll dance among
 Those that young are and be young,
 Bring some Wine Boy, fill about,
 You shall see the old man's stout,
 Who can laugh and tippie too,
 And be mad as well as you.

Song 76.

K Now *CÆLIA* since thou art so proud,
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown,
 Thou badst in the forgotten croud
 Of common beauties liv'd unknown :
 Had not my Verse exhal'd thy name,
 And with it imp'd the wings of fame,
 That killing power is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes :
 Thy sweets thy graces all are mine,
 Thou art my Star shin'st in my skies ;
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere,
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there,
 Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate.
 Let fools thy mistick forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state ;
 Wise Poets that wrapt truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her vails.

Song 77.

Come *Chloris* leave thy wandring Sheep,
 Thou shalt more amorous Creatures keep ;
 And be the only envied Dame,
 That moves upon the grassie frame,
 For thou shalt heards of Cupids have,
 And love and I will be thy slave ;
 Nymphs, Satyrs, and the Silvian Fawns,
 Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns,
 To wait on *Chloris* and adore,
 Their *Cytherea* now no more ;
 The name of *Chloris* shall create,
 A servitude in every state,
 In yonder Myrtle grove we'll dwell,
 With more content then tongue can tell.

M

Where

Where hungry Mouls shall not affright
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night;
There we the wanton thieves will play
And steal each others hearts away.

Song 78.

Come drink off your Liquor,
It will make you the quicker,
For Rhymes, Songs, Conceits, or for Ballads,
Be the Wine red or yellow,
The Cups deep or shallow:
There's nought comes amiss to our pallats.

CHORUS.

*Then Come, drink away:
Be it night, or be it day;
The time shall be told as it passes:
The true hour we shall know
By the Ebb and the Flow,
Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.
It stands us upon
To change our Hellicon,
For spring it was nothing but Water;
But hence springs a fire,
That will quicken and inspire,
And tickle our senses with laughter.*

CHORUS.

*Then Come, drink away:
Be it night or be it day;
The time shall be told as it passes:
The true hour we shall know
By the Ebb and the Flow,
Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.*

Song 79.

Vhen our Glasses flow with Wine,
And our souls with Sack are rais'd;
When we are jeer'd we do not repine,
Nor are proud when we are prais'd.

'Tis Sack alone can raise our souls ;
 A pin for Christning Drinking bowls.
 Let the Drawer raise our Fancies
 With his Wit - refreshing - Drink :
 Hang your Stories and Romances,
 Those are fit for them that think,
 Let him love that hath a mind,
 We to drinking are inclin'd.
 Wit and love are the only things
 Which fill the thoughts of Kings and us ;
 Imagination makes us Kings,
 And that is rais'd by drinking thus :
 Drink your Sack let Wit alone ;
 Wit by drinking best is shown.

Song 80.

A CATCH.

Diogenes was merry in his Tub,
 And so let us be in our Club ;
 'Tis mirth that fills our Veins with Blood,
 More than either Wine, Sleep or Food :
 Let each man keep his heart at ease,
 No man e're dy'd of that disease :
 'Twill alway keep thy Body in health,
 Then value it above thy Wealth,
 'Tis sadness and Grief that doth bring
 Diseases in Autumn and in the Spring.
 Then welcome harmless mirth, let's say ;
 For the more we laugh the more we may.

Song 81.

On a Horse.

Here lies not in but on Earth's Womb,
 An Horse expos'd without a Tomb ;
 No Winding-sheet, not his own skin,
 Nor laid by any of his Kin.

Yet was no Jade; Death had a Race,
 And took him for his sprightly pace.
 Now see his funeral Exequies,
 Th' Ravens in black do solemnize;
 Unto the skies they him Exalt,
 Being sepulchred in Airy Vault.
 In Living Tombs, he thus out-prides
Mecha and *Egypt's* Pyramides.
 Change now his Epitaph; say not, *Here lies*
A Horse; but rather, *Here he flies*.
 Mourn not his fate, my friend, since thus
 The Horse is now transform'd to *Pegasus*.

Song 82.

When *Arthur* first in Court began
 To wear long hanging Sleeves,
 He entertain'd three Serving-men,
 And all of them were Thieves:
 The first he was an Irish-man,
 The second was a Scot;
 The third he was a Welch-man;
 And all were Knaves I wot.
 The Irish-man lov'd *usquebab*,
 The Scot love'd Ale call'd *Blew Cap*;
 The Welch-man he lov'd Tost'd Cheese,
 And made his mouth a Mouse-trap.
usquebab burnt the Irish-man,
 The Scot was drown'd in Ale, (a Mouse,
 The Welch-man had like t' have been choak't with
 But he pull'd her out by the Tayl.

Song 83.

If every Woman were served in her kind,
 And every man had his due desert,
 The Rooms in *Brillwel* would be well lin'd,
 And a Coach could not pass the streets for a Cart,
 Yet I am a little vexed at the heart,

And

And fain I would have my grief to be known,
The Punk would have me to play a kind part,
And to father a Child that is none of mine own.
Full seventeen months I crost the Seas,
And I was mean time crost as much on the Land;
For all this while she sat at her ease,
And hath her Companions at her command:
There was never a Gallant but gave her his hand,
And said it was pity she should lie alone;
And now she would have me subscribe to a Bond,
And father a Child that is none of my own.

Let every father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that:
Although I am a Buck, I am not so wild
To nail up my Horns for another mans Hat.
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since it is my fortune to be overthrown;
Although I am an Ox, I'll neer be an Ass,
To father a Child that is none of my own.

A man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another mans Child to Nurse:
So hoodwink his Barn with ignorance;
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse.
And he that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And will still be led by a strumpets moan,
May sit and sell horns at *Britans Burfs*,
And father a Child that is none of his own.

And if you will be my Judge,
Is not that man wondrous base,
To be another mans Slave and Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace.
Nor was I ever sprung from that Race.
To call that my Seed another hath sown;
For I'll never look King *Charles* in the face,
If I father a Child that is none of mine own.

Song 84.

YE Friends and Furies come along,
 Each bring a Crow and Massie prong;
 Come bring your Sheckles and and draw near,
 To stir up an old Sea-coal cak'd,
 That in the hollow Hell hath bak'd
 Many a thousand thousand year.
 In sulphurous Broth *Tyrius* hath boil'd,
 Basted with Brimstone *Tarquin* hath broil'd
 Long, long enough; then make room:
 Like smoaky Fitches hang 'm
 Upon their sooty walls to dry;
 A great Ravisher will come.
 If you want fire, fetch it from *Aetna* pure,
 Yet stay a while and do not stir;
 For if his glowing eyes should chance
 On *Proserpine* to shoot a glance,
 He is so hot, he'd ravish her.

Song 85.

Disputes daily arise, and errors grow bolder.
 Philosophers prattle, and so does the Sizer;
 The more we should know then by being the older:
 But plainly 't appears there's no body wiser:
 He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
 'Tis he is the Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

Song 86.

WHere the Bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a Cowslips Bell I lie;
 There I crouch, when Owls do cry,
 On the Eats back I do fly,
 After Summer merrily:
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Song

Song 87.

VV Hat shall he have that killd the Deer;
 His Leather-skin and horns to wear;
 Then sing him home, the rest shall bear his burthen
 Take thou no scorn
 To wear the horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wast born;
 Thy Fathers Father wore it,
 And thy Father bore it:
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 88.

A Curse upon thee for a Slave,
 Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
 Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
 To shew my indignation high:
 Am I not all foam and fire?
 With voice as hoarse as a Town cryar;
 How my back opes and shuts together,
 With fury, as old mens with weather:
 Could'st thou not hear my teeth knock hither?
 Thou nasty, scurvey mungrel Toad,
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
 All the plagues that can confound thee,
 Or did ever reign abroad:
 Better a thousand lives it cost,
 Then have brave Anger spilt or lost.

Song 89.

I Can love for an hour when I'm at leasure,
 He that loves half a day sins without measure:
 Cupid come tell me, what art had thy Mother,
 To make me love one face more than another?

Men to be thought more wise daily endeavour
 To make the world believe they can love ever.
 Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
 For when they have their wills, then they will leave
 Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet fea-
 (you.
 (tures,
 They love variety of charming Creatures ;
 Too much of any thing sets them a cooling ;
 Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

Song 90.

Tom and Will were Shepherd-Swains,
 They lov'd and liv'd together ;
 When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains ;
 Alas ! why came she thither ?
 For though they fed two several Flocks,
 They had but one desire ;
Pastora's Eyes and Amber Looks,
 Set both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
 By Father and by Mother.
Will was Noble, but alas,
 He was a younger Brother.
Tom was toyfom, will was sad ;
 No Huntsman, nor no Fowler :
Tom was held a proper Lad,
 But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her health, and swear
 The Nation could not want her ;
Will could take her by the ear,
 And with his voice enchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
 and ne'er forgot his duty,
Will was witty, and could write
 Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
 Thus did she exercise her skill,
 When both did doat upon her.

She

She graciously did use them still.
 And still preserv'd her honour.
 So cunning and so fair a she,
 And of so sweet behaviour,
 That *Tom* thought he and *Will* thought he
 Was chiefly in her favour.
 Which of those two she loved most,
 Or wheather she lov'd either;
 'Tis thought they'l find it to their cost,
 That indeed she lov'd neither.
 For to the Court *Pastora's* gone,
 T had been no Court without her,
 The Queen among her train had none
 Was half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
 His Shee p-Crook and his Wal'et,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day
 That e'er he made a Sonnet.

Song 51.

TIs well, 'tis well with them (say I)
 Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves
 For none can be unhappy, who (can die.
 Midst all his ills a time doth know,
 Though ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.
 Whatever parts of me remain,
 Those parts will still thee retain;
 For twas not only in my heart,
 But like a god, by powerful art,
 'Twas all in all and all in every part,
 For my affections no more perish can,
 Then the first matter that compounds a man.
 Hereafter if one dust of me
 Mixt with one anothers substance he, (thee
 'Twill leaven that whole Lump with Love of
 M 5 Let

Let Nature, if she please, disperse,
 My Atoms over all the Universe ;
 At the least they easily shall
 Themselves know, and together call,
 For thy Love, like a mark, is stamp't on all.

Song 92.

DEAR Love, let me this ev'ning die,
 O smile not to prevent it ;
 But use this opportunity,
 Lest we do both repent it.
 Frown quickly then, and break my heart-
 So that my way of dying
 May, though my life prove full of smart,
 Be worth the worlds envying.
 Some, striving Knowledge to refine,
 Consume themselves with thinking ;
 And some, whose friendship's seal'd in Wine,
 Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
 And some are wrack't on *Indian Coast*,
 Thither by gain invited ;
 And some in smoak of battel lost,
 Whom Drums not Flutes delighted.
 Alas, how poorly these depart,
 Their graves still unattended ;
 Who dies not of a broken heart,
 In love is not befriended :
 His memory is only sweet,
 All praise, no pity moving,
 Who fondly at his Mistress feet,
 Doth dye with over-loving.
 And now thou frownest, and now I die,
 My Corps by Lovers follow'd,
 Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie,
 For that ground's only hallow'd.

If the Priest take't ill, I have a grave,
 My death not well approving,
 The Poets my Estate shall have,
 To teach the Art of loving :
 And now let Lovers ring the Bells
 For the poor youth departed,
 He which all others else excels,
 That are not broken-hearted.
 My Grave with Flowers let Virgins strow,
 But if thy Tears fall near them,
 They'l so excel in scent and show,
 Thy self will shortly wear them :
 Such Flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
 That on a Lover's growing :
 And water'd by his Mistress eyes,
 With pity over-flowing :
 A Grave so deck'd, will (though thou art
 Yet fearful to come nigh me)
 Provoke thee straight to break thy heart,
 And lie down boldly by me.
 Then ev'ry where the Bells shall ring,
 While all to black is turning,
 All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
 As Nature's self were mourning.
 And we hereafter may be found
 (By Destinies right placing)
 Making, like flowers, love under ground,
 Whose roots are still embracing.

Song 93.

Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man,
 Pompey was a mad-man, a mad-man was he,
 So long he was a glad-man, a glad-man,
 So long he was a glad-man, a glad-man was he,
 Till *Cæsar* in *Pbarsalia* routed his Battalia,
 'Cause he was a madler, a madder far than he.

Then

Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
And the Divil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 94.

THe Pot and the Pipe.
The Cup and the Can.

Have quite undone, quite undone

Many a man.

The Hawk and the Hound.

The Dice and the Whore,

Have quite undone, quite undone

Many a score,

Quite undone, quite undone

Many a more.

Song 95.

THere was three Cooks of Colebrook,

And they fell out with our Cook,

And all was for a Pudding they took,

From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

Slash Cook,

Swash Cook,

And thou mayst kiss mine Arse Cook,

And all was for a pudding they took

From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

And they sell all on our Cook,

And beat him sore that he did look

As black as did the pudding he took

From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

Song 96.

NO man Loves fiery passion can approve.

As yielding either pleasure or promotion,

I like a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,

Altho'ugh I do not like it in devotion.

For

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
 To think that Lovers do as they pretend ;
 If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
 Sure long ere this the World had had an end.
 Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
 And after falling into love might dye :
 But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
 Had he been half so sound at heart as I.
 Another rather than incur the Slander
 Of false Apostate will true Martyr prove,
 But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
 I'll neither hang nor drown my self for love.
 Yet I have been Lover by report,
 And I have dy'd for Love as others do;
 But prais'd be *Jove* it was in such a sort,
 That I reviv'd within an hour or two.
 Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
 And ne'er had reason to repent me yet,
 And whosoever otherwise will do
 His Courage is as little as his Wit.

Song 57.

S Trait my green Gown into Breches I'll make,
 My long yellow Locks much shorter I'll take,
 With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
 Then I'll cut me a Switch, and with that ride about,
 And wander, and wander, till I find him out,
 With a Hey Down, Down, Down, a Down-a.
 And when *Philander* shall be dead,
 I'll bury him, I'll bury him,
 And I'll bury him in a Primrose-Bed,
 Then I'll sweetly ring his Knell,
 With a pretty Cowslip Bell,
 Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

Song 98.

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
 For love, nor yet for fee ;
 For I am a maid, and will be a maid,
 And a good one till I dee ;
 Yet mine intent I could repent,
 For one mans company.

Song 99.

HE that marries a merry Lafs,
 He has most cause to be sad :
 For let her go free in her merry tricks,
 She'll work his patience mad.
 But he that marries a scold, a scold,
 He has most cause to be merry ;
 For when she's in her fits,
 He may cherish his wits,
 With singing hey down derry.
 He that weds a roaring Girl,
 That will both scratch and fight,
 Though he study all day
 To make her away,
 Will be glad to please her at night.
 And he that copes with a sullen Wench;
 That scarce will speak at all,
 Her doggedness more
 Than a Scold or a Whore
 Will penetrate his gall.
 He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
 That has no spleen about her,
 Shall waste so much life,
 In love of his Wife,
 He had better be without her.

Song 100.

STay, shut the Gate,
 T'other Quart; for 'tis not so late
 As your thinking;
 The Stars which you see
 In the Hemisphere be,
 Are but studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
 The Sun's gone to tiddle all night in the Sea, Boys,
 Tomorrow he'll blush, that he's paler than we, Boys,
 Drink Wine, give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the
 Fill up the Glasse, (Boys.
 To the next merry Lad let it pass,
 Come away with t.
 Let's set foot to foot,
 And give our minds too.
 'Tis Heretical Sex that doth slay wit.
 Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses
 Gives freedom to speak what our fancies dispose;
 Beneath whose protection now under the Rose is.
 Drink off your Bowl,
 'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
 With Canary;
 For a Carbundled Face,
 Saves a tedious Race,
 And the *Indies* about us we carry:
 No *Helicon* like to the Juice of the Vine is,
 For *Phæbus* had never had wit that divine is,
 Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine is.
 This must go round,
 Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
 With your Beavers;
 Red-coated Face
 Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
 Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers:

In state march our Faces, like some of the Quorum
 While the whores do fall down, and the vulgar
 (adore um
 And our Noses, like Link-Boys, go shining before
 um

Song 101.

MY Lodging is is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare,
 But that which troubles me most, is,
 The unkindness of my dear,
 Yet still I cry; O turn my Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me,
 For thou art the man that I long for
 And alack what Remedie!
 I'll crown the with Garlands of straw then,
 And I'll marry the with a Rush Ring,
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing,
 O turn to me my dear Love,
 And I prethee Love turn to me.
 For thou art the man that alone canst
 Procure my Liberty,
 But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And tumble in straw all alone,
 Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
 And I prethee turn to me,
 For thou art the man that alone a
 The cause of my misery.

Song 101.

THOU Deity, swift-winged Love,
 Sometimes below sometimes above,
 Little in shape but great in power,
 Thou that mak'st thy heart a Tower,

And

And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
 From whence thou strik'st the fools and wise.
 Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver,
 Stick fast in my ambitious Liver;
 Yet thy power will I adore,
 And call upon thee to shoot more,
 Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 103.

HElp, help, O help, Divinity of Love,
 Or Neptune will commit a rape
 Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his Bosom,
 And without a wonder cannot scape.
 See, see, the winds grow drunk with joy, and throng
 So fast to see Loves *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
 That now the tackling and the sails they tear.
 They fight, they fight, who shall convey
Amintor's Love into her Bay,
 And hurl the Seas at one another,
 As if they would the Welkin smother.
 Hold *Boreas*, hold! he will not hear;
 The Rudder cracks, the Main-Mast falls,
 The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls:
 A shower of Clouds in darkness fall,
 To put out *Chloris* Light withall.
 Ye Gods where are ye? are ye all asleep,
 Or drunk with Nectar? why do you not keep
 A watch upon your Ministers of Fate?
 Tye up the winds, or they will blow the Seas
 To Heaven, and drown your Deities.
 A calm, a calm, O miracle of Love!
 The Sea-born Queen that sits above
 Hath heard *Amintor's* cries,
 And Neptune now must lose his prize.
 Welcome, welcome, *Chloris*, to the shore,
 Thou shalt go to Sea no more.

We to *Tempest* Groves will go,
 Where the calmer winds do blow,
 And embark, our hearts together,
 Fearing neither Rocks nor Weather;
 But out-ride the storms of Love,
 And for ever constant prove.

Song 104.

Cupid's no God, a wanton Child,
 His Art's too weak, his powers too mild;
 No active heat, nor noble fire
 Feather his Arrows with desire;
 'Tis not his blow, or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* eye
 Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

Song 105.

IF freely I might discover
 What would please me in my Lover.
 I would have her fair and witty,
 Savouring more of Court than City;
 A little proud, but full of pity
 Light and humorous in her toying,
 Of building hopes, and soon destroying;
 Neither too easie, nor too hard:
 All extreams I would have barr'd.

Song 106.

Young and simple though I am,
 I have heard of *Cupid's* name;
 Guess I can what thing it is
 Men desire when they do kiss;
 Smoak can never burn, they say,
 But the flames that follow may.
 I am not so fond or fair
 To be proud, or to despair;

Yet

Yet my lips have oft observ'd,
Men that kiss them press too hard,
As glad Lovers use to do,
When their new-met Loves they woe.

Faith, 'tis but a foolish mind;
Yet methinks a heat I find,
And thirsty longing that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side,
O! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not love.

If it be, alas what then?
Were not Women made for men?
As good 'it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown
Grow less sweet and fall alone.

Yet no Churl, nor silken Gulk,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull,
Who shall not, I soon can tell;
Who shall, would I could as well;
Yet I'm sure what e're he be,
Love he must or flatter me.

Song 107.

O H. that joy so soon should waste,
Or so sweet a bliss,
As a kiss,
Might not for ever last.

A sugry melting so soft, so delicious,
The Dew that lies on the Roses,
When the morn her self discloses,
Is not so precious:
Or rather when I would it smother,
Where I to taste but such another;

It would be my wishing,
That I might die with kissing.

Song 108.

VV Hy so pale and wan, fond Lover ?
Prethee why so pale ?
If looking well it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail ?
Prethee why so pale ?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prethee why so mute ?
If speaking well it cannot win her,
Can saying nothing do't ?
Prethee why so mute ?
Quit, quit, for shame ? this will not move her,
This cannot take her :
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

Song 109.

AMongst the *Myrtles*, as I walk'd
Alone, I with my sighs thus talk'd :
Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdess.
Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this ?
In every thing that's good she is ;
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.
In that enamell'd Pancy by,
There thou shalt find her curious eye,
In bloom of Peach, in Roses Bud,
There waves the streamers of her Blood.
'Tis true, said I, and thereupon
I went and pluck'd them one by one,
To make of parts an Union,
But on a sudden all was gone.

At which I stopt: said Love, These be,
 Fond man, resemblances of thee:
 For as these flowers, thy joy must die,
 Even in the turning of an eye;
 And all thy hopes of her must wither,
 As do these flowers, when knit together.

Song 110.

HOW happy is the Prisoner who conquers his fate
 With silence, and ne'er on bad fortune com-
 (plains,
 But carelessly plays with the Key on the gate,
 And makes a sweet consort with them and his chains,
 He drowns care with Sack when's heart is oppress'd,
 And with that makes it float like a Cork in his
 (brest,

Then since we are all slaves who Islanders be;
 And our Land's a large prison inclos'd with the Sea,
 We'll drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free;
 For man is the Worlds Epitome.
 Let Tyrants wear purple deep dyed in the blood
 Of those they have slain their Scepter to sway;
 If our Conscience be clear and our Titles be good
 To the rags that hang on us, we are richer than
 (they,
 We drink up at night what we can beg or borrow,
 And sleep without plotting for more the next mor-
 (row.

Then since we are all, &c.

Come Drawer fill each man a Pint of Canary,
 This Brimmer shall bid all our sences good night;
 When old *Aristotle* was frolick and merry
 With the juyce of the Grape he turn'd flagarite:

Copier.

Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brain that the Earth did turn
Then since we are all *Gr.* round

'Tis Sack makes our faces like Comets to shine,
And gives us a beauty beyond complexions
Diogenes fell so in love with his Wine, *Masque:*
Then when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask;
He liv'd by the scent in that close wainscotted room
When dying requested the Tub for his Tomb.

Then since we are all slaves, *Gr.*
Though the Usher watch on his Bags and his House
To keep that from Robbers he rak'd from his
debtors.

Each midnight cries thieves at the hoise of a mouse
Then looks if his bags are fast bound in the fetters
When once he's grown rich enough for a state Plot,
In one hour Buff plunders what threescore years got.
Then since we are all Slaves, *Gr.*

Let him never so privatly muster his Gold,
His Angels will their intelligence be;
How close they are prest in his canvas hold
And long that State-souldiers should set them all free.
Let him pine and be hang'd we will merrily sing,
Who hath nothing to lose may cry God bless the
King.

Then since we are all Slaves that Islanders be,
And our Land's a large prison inclos'd with the Sea,
We'll drink off the Ocean and set our selves free;
For man is the worlds Epitome.

• *Song III.*

VE'll call and drink the Cellar dry,
There's nothing sober underneath the
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lie;
If all the world grows mad, why may not I?

Have power to withdraw

My heart from Love by Law

called to a nother.

Cupid I thy power defie,

Thou art a flattering Deity;

And there are none

But say thou art the Son

Of a fair, foolish, fickle, wanton Mother.

Song 113.

A Silly poor Shepherd was folding his Sheep,

He walked so long he got cold in his feet;

He laid on his coals by two and by three,

But the more he laid on the Cuck-colder was he,

Alas, good Wife, what shall we do now;

To buy us more fewel we'll sell the brown-Cow;

To buy us more coals to warm thee and me:

But the more he laid on the Cuck-colder was he.

Some Shepherds, said she, themselves warm can keep

By feeding their Flock and folding their Sheep,

But when thou com'st home with thy Tarbox and

(Hook,

It grieves me to see how Cuck-cold thou dost look.

Alas, good wife, I walk through dew, dirt and mire

Whilst thou perhaps warmest thy self with a Fire,

With a Friend in a corner, in some such sort, whereby

The warmer thou art the Cuck-colder am I.

Song 114.

To a Cuckold.

Cornutus call'd his Wife both whore and

Quoth she, you'll never leave your braving;

But what, quoth he, quoth she, the post of

For you have Horns to But if I'm a Whore.

Song 115.

How great a number in one rigid fate
Cloris do you involve
 If only you resolve,
 A dead adorer to commiserate,
 And will not own the trophies of your eyes,
 Till death hath made the World your sacrifice,
 Repeal fair *Cloris* this severe decree
 Unless your sins you will not hide
 But in your mischiefs take a pride.
 Think then but how untoward it would be:
 A thing so grim so rude as death should dare,
 To make a Court to one so young, so fair.

Song 116.

Your merry, Poets old Boys,
 Of *Aganippus* Well,
 Full many Tales have told Boys,
 Whose Liquor doth excel;
 And how that place was haunted
 By those that lov'd good Wine:
 Who tippl'd there, and chaunted
 Among the Muses Nine;
 Where still they cry'd Drink clear Boys,
 And you shall quickly know it,
 That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys,
 But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 117.

In a season all oppressed,
 With sad sorrows sore distressed
Troilus said unto his Cressed,
 Yield, O yield thee, Sweet, and stay not:
 O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, sweet Love I may not

Strife in Love, is Loves uniting,
 These hands were not made for fighting
 But for mutual hearts delighting.
 Yield, O yield then, Sweet, and stay not,
 O no, no, &c. sweet Love, I may not.

Dear if you will still persevere
 In this No, which answers never,
 Do what I desire you ever,
 And again say no, and spare not :
 O no, no: &c. I dare not.

Since nor time, nor place, nor plaining
 Can change this word of disdainning,
 What is there for me remaining,
 But to die, if you gain-say not?
 O no, no, no, &c. I may not.

Song 118.

Come, come, you Ladies of the Night,
 That in silent sports delight.

And see the wanton Moon-shine play,
 To light us in our doleful way.

Come, come: come, Ladies come;

The nights not blind, though deaf and dumb:

Ladies have you seen a Toy

Called Love, a little Boy?

Almost naked, wanton, blind,

Cruel now, and then as kind.

If he be 'mongst you, Ladies, say,

That he is *Venus* Run-away.

Marks he hath about him plenty,

You may know him amongst twenty;

As his Body is on fire,

And his Breath out-flames desire,

So being sent like lightning in,

He wounds our hearts and not our skin.

If any he can but discover
 Where this winged Wag doth hover,
 For her pains shall have a kiss,
 When and where her heart can wish.
 But she that can but bring him to his Mother,
 From *Venus* and her Boy shall have another.

Song 119.

Why should passion lead the blind?
 'Cause thy Mistress is unkind;
 She's yet too young to know delight,
 And is not plum'd for *Cupid's* flight.
 She cannot yet in height of pleasure,
 Pay her Lovers equal measure.
 But like a Rose, new blown, doth feed
 The Eye alone, but yield no seed:
 She is as yet but in her Spring,
 Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
 A hotter season with his fires,
 Which soon will kindle her desires.
 Autumn will shortly come and greet her,
 Making her tast and colour sweeter:
 Her ripeness then will soon be such,
 That she will fall even with a touch.

Song 120.

HE that will court a wench that is coy,
 That is proud, that is peevish and antick,
 Let him be careless to sport and toy,
 And as peevish as she is frantick:
 Laugh at her, and slight her,
 Flatter her, spight her,
 Rail and commend her again,
 It is the way to woo her,
 If that you mean to come close to her,
 Such Girls will love such men.

He that will court a Wench that is mild,
That is soft and kind of behaviour ;

Let him kindly woo her,

Not roughly come to her :

Tis the way to win her favour.

Give her kisses plenty :

She'll take them were they twenty

stroke her and kiss her again :

It is the way to woo her,

If that you mean to come close to her,

Such Girls do love soft men.

He that will court a Wench that is mad,

That will squeak and cry out if you handle her,

Let him kiss and fling,

Till he make the house ring,

Tis the only way to tame her :

Take her up and touze her,

Salute her and rouse her,

Then kiss her and please her again,

It is the way to woo her,

If that you mean to come close to her ;

Mad Girls do love mad Men.

Song 121.

BEhold the brand of Beauty tost,

See how the motion does dilate the flame,

Delighted love his spoils does boast,

And triumph in this Game :

Fire to no place confin'd,

Is both our Wonder and our fear,

Moving the Mind,

Like lightning hurl'd through the Air.

High Heaven the glory doth increase,

Of all her shining Lamps, this artful way ;

The Sun in Figures, such as these,

Joys with the Moon to play ;

To these sweet strains they advance
Which do result from their sphears,
As this Nymphs dance
Moves with the Numbers she hears.

Song 122.

How ill doth he deserve a Lovers name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in sight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire.

True Love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That Noble flame which my breast keep alive,
Shall still survive,
When my Souls fled:
Nor shall my Love die when my Body's dead,
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very Ashes in their Urn,
Shall, like a ballowed Lamp, for ever burn.

Song 123.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant Chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles to please me,
As he brings ruine that repairs
The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow,
 With envions Veils from my beholding,
 Unlock those Lips their pearly row,
 In a sweet smile of love unfolding,
 And let those eyes whose motion wheels
 The restless fate of every Lover;
 Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
 And wounds themselves have made, discover.

Song 124.

Prisoners of Ludgat's Song.

Noble King *Lud* here hast thou stood,
 Here hast thou stood,
 Not fram'd of Wood but of Stones;
 Stone sure thou art like our Creditors heart,
 Which cares not a fart for our groans:
 Within thy Gates
 They cry at thy Grates,
 Though it move the States of this City:
 Our calling, our yawling, our brawling, it moves not
 Our Creditors hearts into pity.
 In Caps and in Coats, with sorrowful notes,
 And tearing our throats for relief;
 Good Sir, we cry, with a box hanging by,
 Here's a hundred that lie full of grief;
 The Gallants ride on, and ne're think upon
 Our pitiful moan which we make, (Coaches,
 But rumbling, and tumbling, and jumbling their
 The stones in the street they do shake.
 Merchants that go by the Gate to and fro,
 Their hearts at our woe seem to quake;
 Thinking what crosses, what grief, and what losses
 When their Caracks to Seas they do take.
 These men are best remorse in their breast,
 Doth harbour and rest to the needy;

They roundly, profoundly, and foundly are giving
 As if they to free them were greedy:
 Others pass by, and cast up an eye,
 Upon that our cry in disdain;
 Saying, that we, all quickly would be,
 If now we were free; here again:
 Let them take heed that mock us indeed,
 And thus at our need go by grinning;
 'Tis so man that no man can know man his ending,
 Though well he may know his beginning.

Song 139.

Sire. **O** *Rpheus*, I am come from the deeps below
 To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to
 (show,

To the fair Fields where Loves eternal dwell,
 There's none that come, but first they pass through
 (hell

Hark, and beware, unless thou hast lov'd ever,
 Belov'd again, thou shalt see those Joys never.
 Hark how they groan that died despairing!

O take heed then;
 Hark how they howl for ever daring!

All these are men.
 They that be be fools, and dye for fame,
 They loose their name;

And they that bleed,
 Hark how they speed.

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,
 They sit and curse their lost desires:
 Nor shall their souls be free from pains and fears.
 Till women waft them over in their tears.

Song 126.

Orph. **C** *Haron, O Charon,*
 Thou Waster of the Souls to bliss or bane,
Cha. Who calls the Ferry man of Hell?

Orph. Come near,
 And say who lives in Joy, and who in Fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal Joy shall follow :
Those that die ill, their own soul fate shall swallow.

Orp. Shall thy black Bark those guilty Spirits stow,
That kill themselves for love :

Cha. O no, O no.

My Cordage cracks when such great sins are near,
No wind blows fair nor I my self can fear.

Orph. What Lovers pass and in *Elysium* reign ?

Cha. Those gentle Loves that are belov'd again.

Orph. This Souldier loves and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on ?

Cha. No 'Tis too foul a sin ;
He must not come aboard : I dare not row,
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow ;

Orph. Shall time release him ? Say ?

Cha. No, no, no, no ;

Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer ;
My Boat is Destined, and who then dare,
But those appointed, come-aboard ? Live still,
And love by reason, Mortal, not by Will.

Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine eyes

Cha. Then come aboard and pass.

Orph. Till then be wise,

Cha. Till then be wise.

Song 127.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks close and now your honour win,
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears ?
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring,
O view the wings of Horse, the Meadows scowring.
The Vanguard marches bravely, hark the Drums-dub
They meet, they meet, now the Battle comes : (*dab*,
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Sky ;

Hark how the Trumpets sound,
 Hark how the Hills rebound--Tara, tara, tara,
 Hark how the horses charge in boys, in boys, in tara,
 (tara,
 The battle totters, now the wounds begin,
 O how they cry!
 O how they dye!

Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with thunder,
 See how he brakes the Ranks afunder:

They fly, they fly, *Eumenes* hath the Chase,
 And brave *Politus* makes good his place.

To the plains, to the Woods,
 To the Rocks, to the Floods, (hey, hey,
 They fly for succour: follow, follow, follow
 Hark how the Souldiers hollow
 Brave *Dioctes* is dead
 And all his Souldiers fled,
 The battles won and lost,
 That many a life hath cost.

Song 128.

(holiday

Cast our Caps and care away, this is Beggars
 (and sing
 At the crowning of our King, thus we ever dance
 In the world look out and see, where so happy a Prince
 (as he,
 Where the Nation lives so free, and so merry as do
 (we,
 Be it peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
 And enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not
 (press:
 Nor are cal'd into the town to be troubled with the
 (gown:
 Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magistrate too by,
 When the subsidies iucreas'd, we are not a penny
 (seis'd.
 Now

Now will any go to law, with a beggar for a straw :
All which happines he brags, he doth owe unto his
(rags.

Song 129.

B Ring out your Coney-skins fair Maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see,
Grey, black, and blue ; for your smaller skins
I'll give ye Looking-glasses, pins ;
And for your whole Coney here's ready, ready money.
Come gentle *Jone* do thou begin,
With thy black, black black Coney-skin ;
And *Mary* then and *Jane* will follow,
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow :
The white Coney-skin I will not lay by,
For tho' it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye :
The grey it is warm, but yet for my money
Give me the bonny, bony black Coney.
Come away fair Maids your skins will decay.
Come and take money Maids, put your ware away.
Coney-skins, Coney-skins, have you any Coney-skins,
I have fine Bracelets and fine silver Pins.

Song 130.

S Ince we poor slavish Women know
Our Men we cannot pick and choose ;
To him we like, why say we no,
We have no pleasure to refuse :
By our put offs and fond delays
A lovers appetite we pall ;
And if the Gallant stays too long,
His stomach's gone for good and all.
Or our impatient amorous guest,
Unknown to us away may steal ;
And rather then stay for a Feast,
Take up with some course ready Meal :

When

When opportunity is kind,
 Let prudent Women be so too ;
 And if the Man be to her mind,
 Tell her she must not let him go.
 The match soon made is happy't still,
 For Love hath only there to do :
 Let none marry 'gainst her will,
 But stand off when her Parents woe,
 And only to their suit be coy ;
 For she whom Jointure can obtain,
 To let a Fop her Bed enjoy
 Is but a lawful ——— for gain.

Song 131.

L Et Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please,
 I'll no more on their Deities call ;
 Nor trouble the fates but I'll give my self ease,
 And be happy in spite of them all ;
 I will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her ;
 Or if I have not, I'll live better without her.
 But if she proves vertuous, obliging and kind,
 Perhaps I'll vouchsafe for to love her ;
 But if pride and inconstancy in her I find,
 I'd have her to know I'm above her ;
 For at length I have learnt now my Fetters are gone
 To love if I please, or to let it alone.

Song 132.

I'd have you, quoth he,
 Wou'd you have me, quoth she,
 O where, Sir.
 In my Chamber, quoth he,
 In your Chamber, quoth she,
 Why there, Sir,
 To kiss you, quoth he,
 To kiss me, quoth she,
 O why, Sir.

Cause I love it, quoth he,
Do you love it, quoth she,
So do I, Sir.

Song 133.

BRoom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom;
For Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole Treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot:
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

Song 134.

On our falling out with Spain.

HE that's wise and wary
Quaffs off his Canary,
Nor leaves in the bottom a drop,
Since the Spaniard and we
Can no longer agree,
Fill my Goblet up to the top.
There is in this Nation
Free from Sequestration,
A Party that scorns to submit,
Whose estates to speak plain,
Lie all in their brain,
Their farms and free-holds are their wit.

But to speak truth
They are but little worth,
Except them with Sack you manure:
Parnassus I doubt,
By our late falling out,
Will a strict sequestration endure.

Hang

Songs and Catches.

Hang the Brains that are stiddy,
Mine shall allwaies be giddy,
Turning round with Canary unmixt ;

The Cœlestial Spheres
Have their whirling Carriers,
Dull earths only solid and fixt,

'Tis my judgment, nor swerve I
From the the learned Doctor *Harvey*,
Who the bloods circulation maintains ;

Then I hope you I agree
That this motion may be,
As duely performed by our brains.

Fit for trust never think him,
That shirks in his drinking,
I account him a *felo de se* ;

He's a pitiful elf,
And a thief to himself,
He'll never be honest to thee.

Our great one hath spoken,
That our league must be broken,
For weighty matters of State ;

But they'r all but pretences
For the War thus commences,
And this is the sole ground of our hate.

Nol by Trade's a Brewer,
Don's a Vinter I'm sure,
Ambition's the Dam of the quarrel ;

The great preparation
For War in this Nation,
Is to make the Pipe less, then the Barrel,

Song 135.

THe Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected Pedlars are ;
Come, Maidens, come along ;
For I can shew you handfom, handfom wares ;

Powders

Powders for the head,
 And drinks for your Bed,
 To make ye blithe and bonny;
 As well in the night the Souldiers can fight,
 And please a young Wench as any.

Song 138.

Vill ye buy any honesty? come away,
 I sell it openly by day;
 I bring no forced Light nor Candle
 To cozen ye; come buy and handle.
 This will shew the great man good,
 The Tradesman where he swears and lies,
 Each Lady of a Noble blood,
 The City Dame to rule her eyes:
 Ye are rich men now, come buy, and then
 I'll make ye richer, honest men.

Song 137.

Have y^e any crack't Maiden beads to new leach or mend?
 Have you any old Maiden beads to sell, or to change,
 Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
 I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
 Shall make 'em as good Maids agen,
 As ever they have been.

Song 138.

Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
 Sit close, and draw the Table nigher:
 Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
 A hearty medicine against a Cold.
 Your Beds of wanton Down the best,
 Where you shall tumble to your rest!
 I could wish you wenches too,
 But I am old and cannot do;
 Call for the best, the house may ring,
 Sack, White and Claret let them bring,

And

And drink apace, while breath you have,
 You'll find but cold drink in the Grave;
 Plover, Patridge for your dinner,
 And a capon for the sinner,
 You shall find ready when you are up,
 And your horse shall have his sup:
 Welcome shall fly round,
 And I shall smile, though under ground.

Song 139.

Come follow me you country Lasses,
 And you shall see such sport as passes:
 You shall dance and I will sing,
 Pedro he shall rub the string;
 Each shall have a loose-bodied Gown
 Of green, and laugh till you lye down.
 Come follow me, come follow *Ec*,

Song 140.

How long shall I pine for love?
 How long shall I sue in vain?
 How long, like the Turtle Dove,
 Shall I heavily thus complain?
 Shall the sails of my love stand still?
 Shall the gifts of my hopes be unground?
 Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
 Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

Song 69.

I'll sing you a Sonnet that ne'er was in Print,
 'Tis truly and newly come out of the mint,
 He tell you before hand you'll find *nothing* in't,
 On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
 'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I slight,
 Nor care I a pin if I get *nothing* by't.
 Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and men,
 Did start out of *nothing*, a chaos; a den;
 And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen,

Tis *nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,
As when fools among wise men do silently sit,
A fool that says *nothing* may pass for a wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing:
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a new thing,
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*,

Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth-
(thing,

And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes much of *nothing*.

At last when his Patience and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the bed of a whore be betray'd;
But she that hath *nothing*, must needs be a maid.

Your flashing and clashing, and flashing of Wit,
Doth start out of *nothing* but fancy and fit;
'Tis little or nothing to what has been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* shall:

That Party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our three Kingdoms and Churches lie waste,
Their Project and all came *nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of horse and of foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, branches and Root;
They thunder'd and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't.
The Organ, the Altar and ministers clothing,
In Presbyter Jack begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty new *nothing*.

And when he had rob'd us in sanctifi'd clothing,
Perjur'd the People by faithing and trothing;
At last he was catch'd, and all come to *nothing*.

In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend, and to fighting we fall;
All Lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When war, and Rebellion, and plundering grows
The mendicant man is the freest from foes,
For he is most happy both *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and great *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follows Gander
Nothing can say to an action of slander,

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though conquer'd the World, and gave mankind a
(rout

Did bring *Nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out,

Old *Nol* that rose to High-thing from low-thing
By brewing Rebellion, nicking and frothing,
In seven years space was both all-things and *nothing*.

Dick (*Oliviers* heir) that pitiful slow-thing,
Who once was invested with Purple cloathing,
Stands for a Cypher and that stands for *nothing*,

If King-killers bold are excluded from bliss,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*, than what now he is.

Blind Collonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl
To lofty degrees from a low Coblers stall,

Did bring All to *nothing* when Aul came to Aul.

Your Gallant that rants it in delicate cloathing,
Though lately he was but a pittyful low thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that plead's for's pay,
When Death doth arrest him and bear him away,
At the General Bar will have *nothing* to say.

Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac't,
By a rabble of prentices lately were chas't,
Thus courting and sporting comes to *nothing* at last.

If any man tax me with weakness of wit,
And say that on *nothing* I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

Yet let his discretion be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all,

Let

Song 143.

Bright shines the Sun, play beggars play,
 Here's scraps enough to serve to day.
 What noise of Viols half so sweet
 As when our merry clappers Roar?
 What mirth doth want when Beggars meet?
 It is no misery to be Poor.
 Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list
 Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
 Bright shines the Sun, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
 For we alone have world at will:
 We purchase not, all is our own.
 Both fields and streets, we Beggars fill:
 Nor care to get, nor fear to keep
 Did ever break a Beggars sleep,
 Bright shines the Sun, &c.

A hundred head of black and white
 Upon our Gowns securely feed,
 If any dares his masters bite,
 He dyes therefore as sure as Creed.
 Thus Beggars lord it as they please,
 And none but Beggars live at ease,
 Bright shines the Sun, &c.

Song 114.

Stay Noble-hearts th' other Quart,
 What dull fate is this that parts our communion
 But just now we resolv'd to stay here,
 Till Phoebus dissolv'd our union.
 Is he gone to tipples boy, and shall we choak here?
 Or be hem'd in with vapors, and shall we not smoke

Boy fill the Glas here's a health
 To each man here and his Lass, fill't up higher ;
 Or give me a bowl for I am a thirsty soul,
 Whose top to the roof may aspire.
 There's no harm in good Sherry ;
 Take my word none at all, Boys,
 It raises us again, tho' we do fall, Boys,
 And makes even a Pigmy Gigantick and tall, Boys.

Song 145.

SURE it is so, then let it go,
 Let the giddy brain'd times turn round,
 Let the *Cobler* be crown'd,
 And Monarchy thus we recover ;
 Let Fools go and preach,
 And the Apes go and teach,
 And the Clown be the amorous Lover.

Let Fortune be blind, and Love prove unkind,
 And a *Cobler* as stout as *HECTOR*,
 Let *DIANA* turn Whore,
 Let Excise-men grow poor,
 And a Brewer a second Protector.
 Let the great Epicure no juncates endure,
 And an excellent Tradesman go hoop sir.

Let a Whore-master hap
 To want a good clap,
 And a Taylor at last turn a Trooper,
 Let Merchants want gains, and Lovers high strains,
 And a Farmer his skill in Cowing,
 Let the Lawyer come down
 To put off his Gown,
 And to put on his Jacket for plowing.
 Let an Hostler want dung, and an Orator tongue,
 And the Poets a sense of framing,

Let a Lyar want skill
 To have wit at will,
 And a common Shark know no gaming.
 He that ne'r read nor writ, shall be the only wit.
 And in these and the like difasters,
 There will none think me rude,
 If I boldly conclude,
 That this is a mad World my masters.

Song 146.

Calm was the Evening and clear was the sky,
 And the new budding flowers did spring,
 When all alone went Amyntas and I
 To hear the sweet Nightingale sing;
 I sat, and he laid him down by me,
 And scarcely his breath he could draw,
 But when with a fear
 He began to draw near,
 He was dasht with a ha ha ha ha.
 He blusht to himself and lay still for a while,
 For his modesty curb'd his desire,
 But streight I convinc'd, all his fears with a smile,
 And added new flames to his fire.
 Ah Sylvia said he, you are cruel
 To keep your poor Lover in awe:
 Then once more he prest
 With his hands too my brest,
 But was dasht with a ha ha ha ha.
 I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd all his Fear,
 And therefore I pittied his case,
 I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
 And I laid my cheek close to his face,
 But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A Shepherd came by us and saw,
 And just as our blifs
 Began with a kifs.
 He burst out with a ha ha ha ha.

Song 142.

Damon.

Celamina, of my heart
 None shall er'e bereave you,
 If with your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day:
 I shall never leave you.

Celamina.

*Passion's but an empty name,
 Where respect is wanting.
 Damon, you mistake your aim,
 Hang your heart and burn your flame,
 If you must be raving.*

Damon.

Love as pale and muddy is
 As decaying Liquor:
 Anger sets it on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works the quicker.

Celamina.

*Love by quarrel to beget
 Wisely you endeavour;
 With a brave Physicians wit,
 Who to cure an Ague fits
 Puss me in a Fever.*

Damon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
 And is only bait is;
 'Tis the spur to vain delight,
 And is but an eager bite,
 When desire at the height is,

Cela.

Celamina.

If you such drops of beat can fall
 In our wooing weather;
 If such drops of beat can fall,
 We'll have Devils and all
 When we come together.

Song 148.

CAll for the Master, O this is fine,
 He boasts of his twenty rich Nectars,
 Liquors of life, but lees of dead wine:
 For us the Cocks of the Hectors.
 Wine wherein flies were drowned last Summer;
 Hang't let it pass, here's a health in a rummer.
 Hang't, let it, &c.

Bold Hectors we are of *Londons* new Troy:
 Fill us more wine, hark here firrah boy.
 Speak in the Dolphin, speak in the Swan;
 Drawer, anon sir, anon.
Ralph, *George*, speak in the Star;
 The Reckonings unpaid, we'll pay at the Bar.
 The Reckonings unpaid, &c.

A quart of Claret in the Miter, score.
 The Hectors are ranting, *Tom* shut the door
 A skirmish begins, beware pates and shins,
 The Pispots are down, the Candles are out,
 The Glasses are broke, and the pots fly about,
Ralph, *Ralph*, speak in the Chequer: by and by.
Robin is wounded and the Hectors do fly:
 Call for the Constable, let in the watch: (match.
 These Hectors of *Holborn* shall meet with their
 These Hectors, &c.

At midnight you bring Justice among us,
 But all the day long you do us the wrong,
 When for *Verinus* you bring us *Mundungus*. (small,
 Your Reckonings are large, and your bottles are
 Still changing our wine as fast we call.

Your Canary has Lime in't, your Claret has stum,
 Tell the Constable this and then let him come,
Tell the Constable this, &c.

Song 149.

Cupid once was weary grown
 With womans errands, laid him down
 On a refreshing rosie bed;
 The same sweet covert harboured
 A Bee, and as she always had
 A quarrel with Loves idle Lad.
 Stings the soft Boy: pain and strong fears,
 Streight melts him into cries and tears.
 As wings and feet would let each other,
 Home he hastens to his Mother.
 Then on her knees he hangs his head,
 And cries, O mother, I am dead,
 An ugly Snake, they call a Bee.
 (O see it swell) hath murdered me.
Venus with smiles reply'd, O Sir,
 Does a Bees sting makes all this stir?
 Think what pains then attend those darts,
 Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
 E'en let it smart, may chance that then,
 Thou'lt learn more pity towards men.

Song 150.

Come ye Termagant Turks,
 If yor Bassa dares land ye,
 While the wine bravely works,
 Which was brought us from *Candy*,
 Wealth the least of our care is,
 The poor misplaced ne'r are undone,
 Avous Monsieur of *Paris*
 To the bakswords of *London*,
Diego, thou in a trice
 Shalt advance thy lean belly;
 For their Hens and their Rice
 Make *Pillan* like a Jelly.

Let them land fine and free

For my Cap though an old one,
Such a turbant shall be,

Thou wilt think it a Gold one,
'Tis seven to one odds.

They had safer sail'd by us,
While our wine lasts in *Rhodes*,

They shall water at *Cbios*,

Song 15 i.

I N the merry month of *May*,

On a morn by break of day,

Forth I walkt the Woods so wide,

When as *May* was in her pride,

There I spyed all alone

Phillida and *Coridon*.

Much ado there was I wot,

He could love but she could not,

His love he said was ever true,

Nor was mine ever false to you,

He said he had lov'd her long,

She said, love should have no wrong.

Coridon would kiss her then,

She said, maids must kiss no men,

Till they kiss for good and all,

Then she made the Shepherds call

Their fellow Swains to sooth

Ne'r was lov'd so fair a Youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,

As yea and nay, and faith troth.

Such as silly Shepherds use,

When they will not love abuse;

Love that had been long deluded,

Was with kisses sweet concluded;

And *Phillida* with Garlands gay,

Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

Song 152.

Charon and Philomel.

Ph. **C**haron, O gentle Charon let me woo thee
By tears and pity now to come unto me,

Cb. What voice so sweet so charming do I hear?
Speak what thou art.

Ph. I prethee first draw near.

Cb. A sound I hear but nothing yet can see.
Speak what thou art,

Ph. O Charon pity me.

I am a Bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm *Philomel*.

Cb. What's that to me, I waft no fish nor fowls,
Nor beast nor bird, but only humane souls.

Ph. Alas for me!

Cb. Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist sail, and bring my boat,
But I'll return: what mischief brought thee hither?

Ph. A deal of love and much grief together.

Cb. If this be all I'm gone.

Ph. For love I pray thee.

Cb. Talk not of love, all pray, but few souls pay me.

Ph. I'll give thee sighs and tears.

Cb. Will tears pay scores

For patching sails, for mending boat and oars?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, I'll sing so long,

Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a Song.

Cb. Why then begin.

Ph. And all the while we make

Our sloathful passage o'r the *Strygian Lake*,

Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades merry,

Which else with tears would doubtless drown the ferry.

Song 153.

VVhy sit you here so dull,
You lively Lads that love
The pleasures of the plains,

And

And sport enchanting Fove.
 My Jolly Muse brings other news
 And time invites to go,
 Fill Nectars cup, the Hare is up,
 We come to sing so ho,
 My pipe is of the pure
 Cane of a winter Corn,
 By force of *Cynthia's* lute
 Transform'd into a horn.
Aurora's look hath chang'd my Crook
 Into a bended Bow,
 And *Pan* shall keep my patient sheep
 While here we sing so ho.
 Let us like Swains
 That only undergoes
 The pleasures of the plains
 In place where *Boreas* blows,
 And every night take our delight
 With our she-friend and so
 Both night and day we'll sport and play,
 And merrily sing so ho.

Song 154.

THe Glories of our Birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no Armor 'gainst our Fate;
 Death lays his Icy hands on Kings.
 Scepter and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust, be equal laid
 With the poor crooked *Sirhe* and *Spade*.
 Some men with Swords may reap the field,
 And plant such Laurels where they kill,
 But their strong Nerves at length must yield;
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,

And

And must give up their murm'ring breath,
 Whilst the poor captive creeps to death.
 The Laurel withers on your brow ,
 Then no more your mighty deeds,
 For on deaths purple Altar now,
 See where the Victor, Victim bleeds.
 All heads must come
 To the cold Tomb,
 Only the Actions of the Just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

*The Indifferent.**Song 115.*

WHat an Ass is he that waits a womans leisure
 For a minutes pleasure, and perhaps may be
 Gul'd at last and loose her ? What an Ass is he ?

Shall I sigh and die 'cause a maid denies me,
 And that she may try, suffer patiently,
 O no, fate shall tie me to such cruelty.

Love is all my life, for it keeps me doing,
 Yet my love and wooing is not for a wife ;
 It is good eschewing warring, care and strife,

What need I to care for a womans favour ?
 If another have her, why should I despair,
 When for gold and labour I can have my share ?

If I fancy one, and that one do love me,
 Yet deny to prove me, farewell I am gone ;
 She can never move me, farewell, I am gone.

If I chance to see one that's brown, I love her,
 Till I see another that's more brown than she ;
 For I am a lover of my liberty.

Every day I change, and at once love many,
 Yet not ty'd to any, for I love to range,
 And if one should stay me, I should think it strange ,
 What

What if she be old, so that she have riches;
Youth and form bewitches, but it is store of gold
Cures lascivious itches, so the Criticks hold.

Song 156.

When *Aurelia* first I courted,
She had youth and beauty too,
Killing pleasures when she sported,
And her charms were ever new.

Subtile time doth now deceive her,
Which her glory did uphold,
All her Arts can ne'r retrieve her,
Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

Those airy spirits which invited
Blink, do excite no more,
And those Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.

Want of these abates her merits,
Yet I have passion for her name,
Only warm and vig'rous spirits
Kindle and maintain a flame.

Song 157.

Sir *Eglamore* that valiant Knight, *fa la la la la.*
He put on his sword, and went to fight, *fa la*
And as he rid o'r hill and dale
Allarmed in his Coat of mail,
fa la la la fa la la fallala.

There starts a huge Dragon out of his Den, *fa la*
Which had kil'd I know not how many men, *fa la*
But when he saw Sir *Eglamore*,
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar,
fa la, &c.

This Dragon he had a plaguey hard hide, *fa la,*
Which could the strongest steel abide, *fa la la*

He could not enter him with cuts
Which vexed the Knight to his heart, blood, and guts,
fa la la, &c.

All the Trees in the wood did shake, *fa la*
Horses did tremble and men did quake, *fa la*
The birds be took them to their peeping,
'T would have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
fa la la &c.

But now it was no time to fear, *fa la*
For it was now fight dog, fight bear, *fa la*
But as the Dragon a yawning did fall,
He thrust his Sword down hilt and all, *fa la &c.*
For as the Knight in choler did burn, *fa la,*
He ow'd the Dragon a shrew'd good turn, *fa la,*
In at his mouth his Sword he sent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament, *fa la &c.*

Then the Dragon like a coward began to flee, *fa la*
Into his den which was hard by, *fa la*
There he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his Sword, *fa la la, &c.*
The Sword it was a right good blade,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, *fa la*
But for my part I do forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it, *fa la, &c.*

When all was done to the Ale house he went, *fa la*
And presently his two pence he spent, *fa la.*
He Was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,
That nothing would quench him, but a whole flagon,
fa la la.

Well now let us pray for the King and the Queen, *fa la*
And eke in London there may be seen, *fa la*
As many Knights and as many more,
And all as good as Sir Eglamore,
fa la la la la la la la la.

Song 134.

[F't be not Love I ought to fear,
 Some Fury doth my heart-strings tear
 If it be Love, I do confess
 I'm pleas'd, though hopeless of success,
 Ah cruel powers, how am I curst !
 Since either proves to be the worst,
 Oh how much better 'twere to have no sense,
 Than with this rig'rous passion to dispense !
 Thou Tyrant Love, how long shall I
 Languish and ask ! when shall I die ?
 Thou see'st how *Chloris* does disdain
 Thy powers and a lovers name
 More cruel than relentless rocks
 Scorns me, and passion mocks.
 At my tears she's concern'd no more
 Than ways that wash the thankless shore.
 Mark her at least, my flame-bemoan,
 For a thousand sighs do eccho one.
 My fate to her stern honour's ty'd,
 She called that honour which is Pride.
 Yet love shall with her hate contend,
 For with my Love my Life shall end.

Song 113.

[Know more than *Apollo*,
 For whilst that he was sleeping,
 I saw the Stars
 At mortal jars,
 A watry *Neptune* weeping.
 I saw fierce *Mars* contending
 With his bright fiery face,
 Saturn likewise
 Threatning the Skies,
 Carcering with a grace ;

Venus with her train
Of heavenly Nymphs was dancin
Rev'ling all night,
They vanish'd quite,
And *Pegasus* left prancing.

Sol hid himself, and *Phæbe*
Pluckt in her horns for fear,
And *Jove* did flie
Through the Galaxy,
But his messenger did swear.

Astronomers from hence
Might *Britans* state pourtray:
Our Sun's asleep,
Let *England* weep,
Impiety bears sway.

Meteors not Stars eclipse
Our Hemisphere, I think.
If they be crown'd,
The World turns round;
We're all undone, let's drink.

Song 159

AS I lay all alone on my bed slumbring
Thinking my restless mind to repose,
All my thoughts they began to be numbring
Up her disdainings that caused my woes,
Which so increast my dolour and pain,
I fear I shall never see her again,
Which makes me sigh and sobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

When this fair cruel, she first I saw praying
Within the Temple under her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,

Which

Which is the cause of my doleful complaint,
That all my Joys are quite fled and gone.
And I in sorrow now am left alone,
Which makes me sigh, &c.

Now farewell every thing that sounds like pleasure,
And welcome Death the cure of my smart ;
I deem'd first sight of her, I graspt a Treasure,
But wo is me, it now has broke my heart,
For now my passing Bell calls away,
And I no longer with her must stay.
Which makes me sigh, &c.

Song 160.

Shep. **T**ell me dearest, what is love ?
Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a toy they call desire ;
'Tis a smile that doth beguile
The poor hearts of men that prove.

Shep. Tell me more, Are women true ?

Nymph. Some love change, and so do you.

Shep. Are they fair and ever kind ?

Nymph. Yes, when men turn with every wind.

Shep. Are they froward ?

Nymph. Ever toward

Those that love, to love a new.

Come Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay,
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleasures that would even

Raise

Raise in coldest Age a fire,
 And give Virgin blood desire;
 Then if ever
 Now or never,
 Come and have it;
 Think not I
 Dare deny.
 If you crave it.

Song 162.

Damon, thou never lov'd'st me yet;
 Faith and troth are but a fit,
 But to cry if that I
 Would deny or comply
 With thy false dissembling wit;
 Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and art,
 To betray, as a prey for thine own;
 Not to prove, or to love,
 But deceive and bereave
 Of the hopes that it feeds upon,
 O then wonder not at me,
 If I find in thy mind such deceit:
 'Twere more strange not to change,
 But to yield in the field,
 Where Love doth so faintly heat.
 Blush not then thou hast found out the cause
 Of thy shame, then blame not my desert:
 'Tis suspicious to be viscious,
 Or give fire to desire,
 When Love inflames but so in part.

Song 163.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
 Lady it is to be presumed,
 Though arts hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace :
 Robes sweetly flowing hair as free ;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Then all the adulteries of art,
 They wound my eyes, but not my heart.

Song 164.

HOld back thy hours, dark night, till we have done
 The day will come too soon.
 Young Maids will curse thee, if thou steal'd'st away,
 And leav'st their blushes open to the day,
 Stay, stay and hide
 The blushes of the Bride.
 Stay, gentle night, and with thy darkness cover
 The kisses of my Lover.
 Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
 Her weak denials vow, and often dyings :
 Stay and hide all ;
 But help not though she call.

Song 165.

Strepb. **C**ome my *Daphne*, come away,
 We do waste the Chrifstian day, (love?)
 It is *Strepbon* calls. *Daph.* What would my
Strepb. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,
 There I with *Venus* will prepare
 New Chaplets to adorn thy hair.
Daph. *Strepbon*, were I shut up in this Tree,
 I'd rend the bark to follow thee.
Strepb. My Shepherdess make hafte,
 The minutes fly to fast ;
 Let's to those cooler shades, where I,
 Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
 Betwixt thy breasts will ever stray,
 In such warm snows,
 Who would not lose his way ?

Chor.

Chor. We'l laugh and leave the World behind,
Those gods themselves that see,
Shall envie thee and me
And never tast such joy
When they embrace a deitie.

Song 166.

WHY would we now boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many men have endur'd hot fights?
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, that fought for Ladies sake:
Read old stories, and there you shall see

How *St. George, St. George*, did make the Dragon flee;

St. George he was for England,

St. Dennis was for France;

Sing Hani soit qui maly pense.

To speak of the *Monarchs* it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the *Romans* how far they did excel;

Hannibal and *Scipio* that many a field did fight,

Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,

Romulus and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build,

But *St. George, St. George*, the Dragon he hath kill'd;

St. George he was for England &c.

Jephtha and *Gideon*, they led their men to fight,

The *Gibonites* and *Amorites*, and put them all to flight,

And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of an
Ass,

And when that he was blind pull'd the Temple to the
ground,

But *St. George, St. George*, the Dragon did confound,

St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pepin's* blood,

Alfred and *Aldred* they were brave Knights and good,

The

The four Sons of *Ammon* that fourth with *Charles*
 (main,
Sir Hugh de Burdeaux and *Godfrey of Bullain*, (vert,
 These were all French Knights which Pagans did con-
 But *St. George*, *St. George* pull'd out the Dragons
St. George, &c. (heart,

Henry the fifth he conquered all *France*;
 He quartered their Arms, his honour to advance,
 He ras'd their walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
 And he garnished his Land with a double tripple
 Crown;

He thumped the French, and after home he came:
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, he made the Dragon tame.
St. George, &c.

St. David you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
 And *Jason* was the man brought home the golden
 Fleece.

St. Patrick also he was *St. George's* Boy,
 Seven years he kept his Horse and then stole him
 away;

For which knavish Art, a Slave he doth remain;
 But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath slain,
St. George, &c. —

Tamberlain the Emperour in Iron Cage did crown,
 With his bloody flag display'd before the Town:
Scanderbeg magnanimous *Mahomet's* Bashaw did
 dread,

Whose victorious Bones were worn when he was
 dead,
 His *Beglerbegs*, his corn-like dregs, *George* *Castriot* was
 he call'd;

But *St. George*, *St. George*, the Dragon he hath maul'd,
St. George, &c.

Ottoman the *Tartar* he came of *Persia's* Race,
 The great *Mogul* with Chests so full of Nutmegs Cloves
 and Mace;

The

The Grecian Youth *Bucephalus* he mainly did be-
(stride,
But these with their worthies nine, St. George did
them deride.

Gustavus Adolphus was *Sweedland's* warlike King,
But St. George, St. George pull'd forth the Dragon
St. George, &c. (sing

Pandragod and *Chadwalleder* of Brittain blood do boast,
Though *John of Gaunt* his foes did daunt, St. George
shall rule the roaft.

Agamemnon and *Cleomedon*, and *Macedon* did feats
But compared to our Champion, they are but meerly
Cheats:

Brave *Maha* Knights in Turkish fights their brandish
Swords out drew;

But St. George met the Dragon, and ran him through
and through.

St. George, &c.

Bidion and *Amazon* *Porteus* overthrew,
As fierce as any *Vandal*, *Goth*, *Sarrazen*, or *Jew*:

The potent *Holofernes* as he lay in his bed,
In came wise *Judith* and subtly stole his head,
Brave *Cyclops* stout with *Jove* he fought, although he
show'd down Thunder:

But St. George kill'd the Dragon, and is not that a
(wonder?

St. George, &c.

Mark Anthony, I'll warrant ye, plaid feats with *Egypt's*
Queen;

Sir Eglamore that valiant Knight, the like was never
seen:

Grim *Gorgon's* might was known in fight, Old *Beowulf*
most men frighted;

The *Myrmidons* and *Presler Johns*, why were not these
men knighted?

Brave

Brave *Spinola* he took *Breda*, *Nassau* dit it recover;
But *St. George* met the Dragon, and turn'd him o'er
and over.

St. George he was for England,
St. Dennis was for France;
Sing *Honi soit qui n'aly pense.*

Song 167.

Courtier if thou needs would wive,
From this Lesson learn to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her surpass in birth and state;
Let her curious Garments be
Twice above thine own degree,
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Gain her Servants, and thee Honour.

Song 168.

Poor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy Husband, learn of me,
To set thy wife first in thy shop,
A fair, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poor man up;
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare
A woman still is curant Ware:
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilst thou art at th' other end,
What e're thou seest, or what dost bear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ear;
And after supper for her sake,
When thou hast fed thorn, though thou wake;
What though the Gallants call the Mome,
Yet with thy Lamthorn light her home:
I am confident, but will not tell,
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

Song 169.

There was an invisible Fox by chance,
Did meet with two invisible Geese;
He led them a fine invisible Dance,

For

For a hundred Crowns a piece,
 Invisibile all but h's head he would go;
 But when it came to be try'd,
 Not only his hand which was left he did show,
 But a fair pair of heels beside:
 Invisibile since the ir wits have been,
 But yet there is hopes of neither,
 Their Wits and their Crowns may return again,
 Invisibile all together.

Song 170.

IF love his Arrows shoot so fast,
 Soon his feathered Stock will waste,
 But I mistake in thinking so,
 Lovers Arrows in his Quiver grow:
 That he wants no Artillerie,
 That appears too true in me.
 Two shafts feeds upon my breast,
 O make a Quiver for the rest,
 Kill me with love thou armed Son
 Of *Gibbert* or let one,
 One sharp golden Arrow flie
 To wound her heart for whom I die,
Cupid, if thou be'st a Child,
 Be a good Boy, be more mild.

Song 171.

ROom for the melancholly Wight,
 Some call him Willow-knight,
 Who these pains had undertaken,
 To find what lovers are forsaken:
 Whose heads, because but little witted,
 Shall with Garlands straight be fitted:
 Speak who are tost on *Cupids* billows,
 And receive the Crown of Willows:
 This way, that way, round about,
 Keep your heads from breaking out.

Song 172

Welcome welcome again to thy wits,
 This is a holy day,
 I'll have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
 But merrily pass the time away.
 They are mad that are sad,
 Be ruled by me,
 And none shall be so merry as we.
 The Kitchen shall catch cold no more,
 And we'll have no Key to the Buttery door,
 The fiddlers shall sing,
 And the house shall ring,
 And the world shall see
 what a merry Couple,
 Merry Couple,
 We will be.

Song 173.

Love is a Bog, a deep Bog, and a wide Bog;
 Love is a Clog, a great Clog, and a close Clog,
 'Tis a wilderness to loose our selves,
 And a Halter 'tis to noose our selves.
 Then draw Dun out of the mire,
 And throw the Clog i'th' fire.
 Keep in the Kings high-way
 Sober and you cannot stray.
 If you admire no Female Elf,
 The Halter may go hang it self.
 Drink wine and be merry, for Love is folly,
 And dwells in the house of melancholly.

Song 174.

Chant Birds in every Bush,
 The Black-bird and the Thrush,
 The chiriping Nightingale,
 The Linnet and the Wagtail,
 The Mavis and the Lark,
 O how they do begin, hark, hark!

Song 175.

Come follow, follow me
 You fair Elves that be ;
 Come compass in this Green,
 And follow me your Queen.
 Hand in hand let's dance a round,
 For this is Fairy ground.
 VVhen Mortals are at rest,
 And snorting in their nest,
 Unheard, or Unespied,
 Through Key-holds we do glide ;
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,
 VVe trip with our fair Elves.
 Then if the house be foul,
 VVith platter, dish, or bowl,
 Up stairs we nimbly creep,
 And find the Sluts asleep,
 Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
 None us hears, none us espies :
 But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 VVe praise the houshold maid,
 And surely she is paid :
 For every night before we go,
 VVe drop a Tester in her shoo,
 Upon a Mushroom head
 Our table-cloath is spread,
 A Corn of Rye or VVheat,
 Is the dyet that we eat :
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,
 In Acorn cups up to the brink.
 The brains of Nightingals,
 VVith unction fat of Snails,
 Between two Muscles stew'd,
 Is meat that's easily chew'd :

Brains of worms and marrow of mice,
 Do make our feasts of wondrous price,
 The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly,
 Serve for our Mistress high;
 Grace said, we dance a while,
 And so we do the time beguile:
 And when the Moon doth hide her head,
 The Glow-worms light us to our bed.
 O'er tops of dewy Grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender stalk
 Ne're bends where we do walk:
 But in the morning may be seen
 The night before where we have been.

Song 276.

Drink, drink, all you that think
 To cure your souls of sadness,
 Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
 All worldly care is madness.
 Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,
 And Sectaries still conjecture,
 Yet we can be as merry they,
 VVith a Cup of Apollo's Nectar.

Let Gluttons feed, and Souldiers bleed,
 And fight for reputation;
 Physicians be fools, to fill up Close-stools,
 And cure men by Purgation,
 Yet we have a way far better than they,
 VVhich Galen could never conjecture,
 To cure the heart, nay quicken the dead,
 VVith a Cup of Apollo's Nectar.

VVe do forget we are in debt,
 VVhen we with Liquor are warmed,
 VVe dare our face the Sergeants Mace,
 And Martial Troops though armed.

The Swedish King much honour did win,
 And valiant was as *Hector*;
 Yet we can be as valiant as he,
 With a Cup of *Apollo's Nectar*.

Let the Worlds Slave his Comfort have,
 And hug his hoards of Treasure,
 Till he and his wish meet both in a Dish,
 So dies a Miser in pleasure.

'Tis not a fat Farm our wishes can charm,
 We scorn this greedy conjecture;
 'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
 This Cup of *Apollo's Nectar*.

The Pipe and the Pot are our common shot,
 Wherewith we keep a quarter;
 Enough for to choak, with fire and smoak
 The great Turk and the Tartar,
 Our faces red, our ensigns spread,
Apollo is our Protector;
 To rear up the scout, to run in and out,
 And to drink up this Cup of Nectar.

Song 177.

WE lived one and twenty year,
 As man and wife together,
 I could no longer keep her here,
 She's gone I know not whither.
 Could I but guess, I do protest,
 I speak it not to flatter,
 Of all the women in the world
 I never would come at her;
 Her body is bestowed well,
 A handsome grave did hide her;
 And sure her Soul is not in Hell,
 The Devils would not abide her,
 I rather think she's soar'd aloft,

For in the last great thunder,
Methoughts I heard her very voice,
Rending the Clouds asunder.

Song 178.

HE that will woo a Widow must not dally,
He must make Hay while the Sun doth shine;
He must not sue with shall I? shall I?

But boldly say Widow thou art mine:
Tis vain to woo a Widow over long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive;
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,
They know so much, they quickly can deceive,
Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind,
Or else she'll be as fickle as the wind.

Song 179.

SHew me no more the Marygold,
VWhose leaves like grieved Arms do fold,
My longings nothing can explain,
But Soul and Body rent in twain;

Did I not moan,
And sigh and groan,
And take alone,

I should believe my Soul were gone from home;
She's gone, she's gone, away she's fled,
VWithin thy breast to make her bed;
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,
And sighs are all the breath I blow:

Then come to me,
One touch of thee
VWill make me see

VWhether living thus, alive or dead I be.

Song 179.

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more;
VVe'll carouse in Bacchus Fountains,
Never dreamnig to be poor.

Give

Give us then a Cup of Liquor,
 Fill it up unto the brim;
 For then methinks our wits grow quicker,
 VVhen our brains in Liquor swim.

Song 181.

I Am confirm'd a woman can
 Love this, or that, any man;
 To day her Love is melting hot,
 To morrow swears she knows not what,
 Let her but a new object find,
 And she is of another mind.

*Then hang me Ladies at your door,
 If e'er I dote upon you more.*

And yet I love thee fair one, why;
 For nothing but to please mine eye;
 For that's musical I long,
 When I am sad, to sing a song;
 And for the fair and smooth-skin'd Dame,
 I flatter to appease my flame.

*Then hang me Ladies, at your door,
 If e're I dote upon you more.*

I give my Fancy leave to range,
 In every face to find a change;
 The Black, the Brown, the Fair, shall be
 But objects of variety:

I court you all to serve my turn,
 But with such flames as shall not burn.

*Then hang me Ladies, at your door,
 If e'er I doat upon you more.*

Song 182.

Fire, fire, lo here I burn in such desire,
 That all the tears that I can strain
 Out of an empty love-sick brain,
 Cannot allay my scorching pain.

Come *Humber, Trent, and silver Thames,*
 tread *Ocean,* haste with all thy streams,
 And if thou canst not quench my fire,
 O drown both me and my desire.

Fire, fire there is no help for my desire,
 See all the Rivers backward fly,
 And th' Ocean doth his aid deny,
 For fear my heart should drink them dry.
 Come heavenly showers, come pouring down,
 Come you that once the world did drown;
 Some then you spar'd, but now save all,
 Which else must die and with me fall.

Song 183.

I Love a woman, be she tall,
 Be she low, or thick or small;
 Be she fair, or be she brown,
 So she hath nothing of the Clown;
 'Tis Behaviour that doth give
 Beauty, whereas none doth live,
 Which though it cannot speak her mind,
 It doth teach how to be kind:
 If her tongue do over-run,
 Kiss her, and she will have done;
 If her carriage stately be,
 That doth more enamour me.
 If her looks be meek and humble.
 She will yield, although she grumble;
 If she be studious and loves Books,
 Learning hath a thousand hooks:
 If intelligent and witty,
 She's the apter to take pity;
 If she sing unto the Lute,
 Who can in her praise be mute.
 If good qualities she want,
 Think her yet not ignorant:

If her hair be black or white
 Colour hinders not delight.
 As I began I'll end my Song,
 I love a woman short or long.

Song 184.

Not wise enough to rule a State,
 Not fool enough to be laugh't at;
 Not childish young nor Bedlam old;
 Not fiery-hot, nor icy cold,
 Not richly proud, nor basely poor,
 Not chaste, yet no reputed whore;
 If such a one I chance to find,
 I have a Mistress to my mind.

Song 185.

I Prethee leave me, love me no more,
 Call home that heart you gave me;
 I but in vain that Saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me;
 These poor half kisses kill me quite,
 Was ever man thus served,
 Amidst an Ocean of delight
 And pleasure to be starved?
 O *Tantalus*, thy pains ne'er tell;
 By me thou art prevented;
 'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
 But thus in Heaven tormented.

Song 186.

Turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
 Thy *Damon* calls thee back again,
 Here is a pretty Arbor by,
 Where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,
 Where *Apollo* cannot spy,
 There let's sit, and whilst I play,
 Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song 187.

Why should we not laugh and be jolly?
 Since all the world is mad,
 And lull'd in a deep melancholly;
 He that wallows in store,
 Is still gaping for more,
 And that makes him as poor
 As the wretch that ne'er any thing had.
 How mad is that damn'd Money-monger,
 That to purchase to him and his Heirs,
 Grows shriveld with thirst and hunger,
 While we that are bonny,
 Buy Sack with ready money,
 And ne'er trouble the Scriv'ners nor Lawyers.
 Those Guls that by scraping and toiling,
 Do swell their Revenues so fast;
 Get nothing by all their tummoiling,
 But are marks for each Tax,
 While they load their own backs
 With their heavier packs,
 And lie down gall'd and weary at last.
 While we that do traffick and tipples,
 Can baffle the Crown and the Sword,
 Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripples;
 We ne'er trouble our heads
 With Indentures or Deeds,
 And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
 Our money shall never indite us,
 Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
 Nor pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
 We that have no Estates,
 Fear no Plunder nor rates,
 We can sleep with open Gates;
 He that lies on the ground cannot fall,

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
 Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
 When we that spend all are the savers;
 For if Thieves do breake in,
 They go out empty again,
 And the Plunderers lose their designs.
 Then let us not think on to morrow,
 But tippie and laugh while we may,
 To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
 Those Cormorants which
 Are troubled with an itch
 To be mighty and rich,
 Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
 The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
 What a pox is he better than we?
 He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
 Though he Custard may eat,
 And such lubbardly meat,
 Yet our sack makes us merrier than he.

Song 188.

A *Myntas* that true-hearted Swain,
 Upon a River bank was laid;
 Where to the pitying streams he did complain
 On *Sylvia*, that false charming maid;
 But she was still regardless of his pain:
 O faithless *Sylvia* would he cry;
 And what he said, the *Ecco's* did reply:
 Be kind or else I die. *Ecco*, I die,
 Be kind, or else I die. *Ecco*, I die,
 A shower of tears his eyes let fall,
 Which at the River made impress;
 Then sigh and *Sylvia* false again would call,
 Ah cruel faithless Shepherdess!
 Is Love with you become a Criminal?

Ah lay aside this needless scorn:
Allow your poor adorer some return:

Consider how I burn. *Ecch. I burn.*

Consider how I burn. *Ecch. I burn.*

Those smiles and kisses which you give,

Remember, *Sylvia*, are my due;

And all the Joys my Rival does receive,

He ravishes from me, not you:

Ah *Sylvia*! Can I live, and this believe;

Insensibles are touch'd to see

My languishments, and seem to pity me.

Which I demand of thee. *Ecch. Of thee*

Which I demand of thee. *Ecch. Of thee.*

Song 189.

Come, give me the Wench that is mellow;

And a fig for all Fools that are yellow;

'Tis the Horn, the Horn,

The advancing of the Horn,

Dubb's a Cuckold an Aldermans fellow.

Let no man disorder his rest,

By believing Bulls feather in his Crest;

When you have said what you can,

A Cuckold is a man,

Or most of our Fathers were Beasts.

Then let us sing at it, and at it,

And let every one catch that can catch it,

All opinions agree

In one of these three,

The Horn, the Pot, or the Placket.

Song 190.

A Maiden of late,

Whose name was sweet *Kate*,

Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Aldersgate*;

Now list to my ditty, declare it I can,

She would have a Child without help of a man.

To a Doctor she came,
 A man of great fame,
 Whose deep skill in phisick report did proclaim,
 Quoth she, *Master Doctor shew me if you can,*
How I may conceive without help of a man.

Then listen, quoth he,
 Since so it must be,
 This wondrous strong med'cine I'll shew presently
 Take nine pound of thunder, six legs of a Swan,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The wooll of a Frog,
 The Juice of a Log,
 Well parboild together in the skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if it get you can,
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

The Love of false Harlots,
 The faith of false Varlets, (Scarlets
 With the truth of Decoys that walk in their
 And the feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a pan
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

Nine drops of Rain
 Brought hither from Spain,
 With the blak of a bellows quite over the main,
 With eight quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a Beer
And you shall conceive without help of a man. (Can

Six Pottles of Land
 Squeezed from a rock hard,
 With nine Turkey-Eggs each as long as a yard,
 With a pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a pan
And you shall conceive without help of a man.

These Med'cines are good,
 And approved have stood,

Well

Well temper'd together with a pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grasshopper, and the nail of a
(Swan

To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

Song 191.

CAst away care all you that love sorrow
It lengthens not a day, nor can gain us to morrow
Money is but trash, and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Then merrily, merrily, merrily, hey ho;
Stand to it stiffly Boys, for we'll not part so.

Wine it is a charm, and nourisheth the blood too,
It makes a Coward arm'd, if that be good too,
It quickens the Wit, and makes the Back able,
It scorns for to stoop to the Watch or Constable;

Then merrily, &c.

The Bottles fly about, Boys then draw us more
We are brothers of a rout, Sirs, it makes our wits
(quicker;

Draw out the Cask then, score on, we care not,
Fill Pots and Bottles, Boys, drink all and spare not
Then merrily, &c.

Song 192

Vhat Creatures on earth
Can boast freer mirth,

Less envy'd and lov'd than we?

Though Learning grow poor,

We scorn to implore

A Gift, but what's noble and free.

Our freedom of mind

Cannot be confin'd,

With Riches were inwardly blest;

Nor death nor the Grave,

Our worths can deprave,

Nor Malice our Ashes molest :
 When such Moles as you,
 Your own earth shall mure,
 And worms shall your Memory eat,
 Our names being read,
 Shall strike Envy dead,
 And Ages our worth shall repeat.

Song 193.

W^HEN *Orpheus* sweetly did complain,
 Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
 How his *Euridice* was slain,
 The Trees to hear
 Obtain'd an Ear,
 And after left it off again.

At every stroke, and every fray,
 The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
 And listned, bending all one way ;

The Aspen Tree,
 As fast as he,

Began to shake, and learn to play.

If wood could speak, a Tree might hear ;

If wood could sound true Grief so near,

A Tree might drop an Amber Tear ;

If wood so well
 Could ring a Knell,

The Cypress might condole the Bier.

The standing nobles of the Grove,

Hearing dead wood to speak and move,

The fatal Ax began to love :

They envy'd Death,

Which gave such breath,

As men alive do Saints above.

Song 194.

O My *Chloris*, can those eyes
 From whence such glories shine,
 Give light to every Soul that pries ;
 And only be obscur'd to mine.
 Who willingly my heart resign,
 Inflam'd by you to be your Sacrifice ?
 Send out one Beam t'enrich my Soul,
 And chase this gloomy shade,
 That does in Clouds about me roll,
 And in my breast a Hell hath made :
 Where fire still burns, still flames invade :
 And Lights power and comfort both controll,
 Then out of Gratitude I'll send
 Some of my flames to thee ;
 Thus lovingly our gifts we'll blend ;
 And both in Joys shall wealthy be :
 And Love, though blind, shall learn to see ;
 Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

Song 195.

VVhen *Ifides* hang on the wall,
 And *Dick* the Shepherd, blows his nail,
 And *Tom* bears Log into the Hall,
 And Milk comes frozen home in Pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and waies be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 To-whit-to-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasie *Fone* doth keel the Pot.
 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the Parsons law,
 And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And *Marrians* Nose looks red and raw ;

When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 To wit-to-whoo, a merry note,
 While greasie *Jane* doth keel the Pot,

Song 196.

V Hat a dainty life the Milk-maid leads,
 When over the flowery Meads
 She dab's in the dew,
 And sings to her Cow, and feels not the pain
 Of love or disdain.
 She sleeps in the night, though she toils in the day,
 And merrily passes her time away,
 And merrily passes the time away.

Song 197

H Ave you any work for the Sow gelder ho?
 My Horn goes too high, too low;
 Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts?
 Have you Lambs in your holts?
 To cut for the Stone?
 Here comes a cunning one:
 Have you any Brauches to spade,
 One'er a fair Maid
 That would be a Nun?
 Come kiss me 'tis done.
 Hark how my merry horn doth blow,
 Too high, too low, too high too low.

Song 198.

O Ur Ruler hath got the Vertigo of State,
 The world turns round in his politick pate;
 He steers in a Sea where his course cannot last,
 He bears too much sail for the strength of his mast
 Let him plot all he can,
 Like a politick man;

Yet Love, though a Child, may fit him,
The smaller Archer, though blind,
Such an Arrow will find,
As with an old trick shall hit him.

Sure *Angelo* knows Loues party is strong,
Love melts like soft wax the hearts of the young,
And none are so old but they think of the taste,
And weep with remembrance of kindneses past.
Let him plot all, &c.

Love in the foolish is held a mad fit,
And madness in fools is reckon'd for wit.
The wise value love, and fools wisdom prize.
Which when they cannot gain they seem to despise.
Let him plot all, &c.

Cold Cowards all peril of anger shun,
The Dangers of Love, they leap when they run;
The valiant in frolicks did follow the Boy,
When he led them a dance from *Greece* unto *Troy*.
Let him plot all, &c.

Song 199.

GAlants, Gallants, think it no scorn,
That silly poor Swains in Love should be?
There is as much Love in Rent and Torn,
As there is in silks in bravery,
The Beggar he loves his Lads as dear,
As he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,
As he that hath thousands of pounds by the year.

Song 200.

WHY should I my liberty lose,
And be a slave to a womans fond passion?
I am resolv'd for to refuse.
To follow that dangerous fashion.
I will still
Command my will,

My

My kindness shall never undo me ;

I only lament

That I cannot content

Those Ladies so kind as do woo me.

Those men that have neither Livings nor Lands,

Nor any thing else to maintain them,

They then may obey those Ladies Commands,

By whom they large fortunes may gain them.

Hot Love

Will suddenly prove

So sickly, 'twill fade like a Flower,

Which over-much heat

Will cause to retreat,

If it be not refresh'd with a shower.

Blame me not then, if for your own sakes

I deny you injurious desires,

For if there be not enough to make stakes,

The pleasure of Gaming expires.

Then be so just

As not to mistrust

Me guilty of scorn or presumption ;

I desire but to have

Provision to save

Our Loves from a fatal consumption.

Song 201.

HAVE you observ'd the Wench in the street,

She 'as scarce any Hose or Shoes to her feet,

Yet she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings,

I ha' hot Codlins, hot Codlins.

Or have you ever seen or heard

The Mortal with a Lion tawny Beard ?

He lives as merrily as heart can wish,

And still he cries, *Buy a Brish, buy a Brish.*

Since

Since these are so merry, why should we take care?
Musicians, like Cameleons, must live by the Air.

Then let's be blithe and bonny,
And no good meeting balk;
For when we have no money,
We shall find Chalk.

Song 202.

After the pangs of a desperate Lover,
When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a Joy is it to discover
In her eyes pity that causeth my pain!

Cho. Ah what a Joy! &c.

When her denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her eyes give what her tongue does deny;
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy!

Cho. Ah what a trembling, &c.

When with unkindness our love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain;
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleasure to press it again!

Cho. Ah what a pleasure, &c.

When with a sigh she affords me her blessing,
And her eyes twinkle twixt pleasure and pain
Ah what a joy beyond all expressing,
Ah what a joy to hear it again!

Cho. Ah what a joy, &c.

Song 233.

HAng Sorrow, and cast away Care.
Come let us drink up our Sack;
They say it is good to quicken the blood,
And also to strengthen the back.

'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
And fills the body with heat;

Besides

Besides it is good, if well understood,
To fit a man for the feat,

Then call, and drink up all

The Drawer is ready to fill;

A fig for care, what need we spare?

My Father hath made his will.

Song 204.

MAke ready, fair Lady, to night,
Come down to the door below;
For I will be there
To receive you with care,
And with your true Love you shall go.

REPLY.

And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep;
To my Love I will fly,
E'er the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Dadde a sleep.

Song 205.

Tis *Amarillis* walking all alone,
In her Garden making moan,
In her Garden making moan,
For her *Coridon*,

That left her in the Grove, dying for Love,

Like a distressed Dove,

(groans

And then she with sighs, and sobs, and greivous
Said, Farewell most sweet but unkind *Coridon*.

Song 206.

A CATCH.

Here's a Health to our *Sovereign*,
And all that love him;
Let every man take it,
And no man forsake it:

Along

Along let it pass,
 Take every man his Glass;
 Come take off your Liquor,
 'Twill make you sing quicker.
 Good Fates still attend him,
 And ever defend him:
 Fair Victory crown
 His Name with Renown,

Song 207.

SEE! see! my *Cloris* comes in yonder Bark:
 Blow gently winds: for if you sink that Ark-
 You'll drown the world with tears, and at one breath
 Give to us all an universal death.

Hark! hark! how *Arion* on a Dolphin plays
 To my sweet Shepherdess his Roundelays,
 See how the Syrens flock do wait upon her,
 As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honour!
 Behold! Great *Neptune*'s risen from the deep,
 With all his *Tritons* and begins to sweep
 The rugged waves into a smoother form,
 Not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm.

Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze!
 See how her Beauty doth the fish amaze!
 The whales have begg'd this boon of wind and
 (weather
 That on their backs they may convey her hither.

And see, the lands, just like the rising sun,
 That leaves the Briny lake when night is done.
 Fly, fly, *Amyntas* to thy envy'd bliss.
 Let not th' Earth rob thee of her greeting-kiss;

Song 208.

OF late in the Park a fine fancy was seen,
 Between an old Bawd, and a lusty young Queen
 Their

Their parting of money began this uproar;
 I'll have half, says the *Bawd*, but you shan't says the
 Why 'tis my own house: (*Whore*.)

I care not a Loufe:

I'll have three parts of four, or you get not a Soufe;
 'Tis I, says the *Whore*, that must take all the pains,
 And you shall be damn'd ere you get half the gains.

The *Bawd* being vexed, strait to her did say,
 Come off with your *Duds*, and I pray pack away;
 And likewise your *Ribbons*, your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,
 For naked you came and so out you go bare:

Then th' *Buttocks* so bold,

Began for to scold,

Hurry-Dan was not able her Clack for to hold:

Both *Pell-mell* fell to it, and made this uproar,

With these Complements, Thour't a *Bawd*, Thour't a
 (*Whore*.)

The *Bawds* and The *Buttocks* that lived there round,
 Came all to this Case, both Pocky and Sound,
 To see what the reason was of this fame fray,
 That so did disturb them before it was day:

If I tell you amiss,

Let me never piss,

This *Buttock* so bold, her name was call'd *Siss*,
 By *Quissing* with *Cullies*, three pound she had got,
 And but one part of four that must fall to her lot.

Then all the *Bawds* cry'd, Let us turn her out bare,
 Unless she will yield to return you half share:

If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
 And turn her abroad with a slit on her Nose;

Who when she did see

There was no Remedy

For her from the tyrannous *Bawds* to get free.

The *Whore* from the money was forced to yield,
 And in the conclusion the *Bawds* got the field.

Song 209.

From the Temple to the Board,
 From the Board unto the Bed,
 We conduct our Maidenhead;
 Wishing *Hymen* to afford
 All the Pleasures that he can,
 Twixt a woman and a man.

So merrily, merrily, we pass along,
 With our joyful, with our joyful Bridal Song.

Song 210.

Cupid is *Venus* only Joy,
 But he is a wanton Boy;
 He shoots at Ladies naked Breasts,
 He is the cause of most mens Crests,
 I mean upon the Forehead,
 Invisible, but horrid;
 'Twas he first thought upon the way
 To keep a Ladies Lips in play.

Song 211.

Come my Honey, my Douse, my Dell, my Dear,
 We have neither House, nor Land, yet never
 (want good cheer.
 We take no care for Lands or Rents,
 We lye, we swear,
 We sport in Tents;
 We rouze betimes, and quickly steal our dinners;
 We're ne're taken
 Without Hens and Bacon,
 And that's good meat for sinners.
 At Wakes and at Fares we cozen
 Poor Country Folks by the dozen.
 Some one disburfes,
 Whilst the other they pick their Purfes;
 When thus out of use,
 We cover our cloaths,

Our

Our Boots and our jingling Rowe's,
 With shirts, or with smocks, with sheets, or with
 (towels)
 We dance and we frisk,
 And merrily wisk
 Our mortice unto the Tabor;
 The fools that would see
 My *Marrian* and me,
 We tickle their Fobs for their labor.
 Then live with us, with us, all you that love your
 He that's a Gyphe (eases;
 May be drunk or tipsie
 At any hour he pleases.
 We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle;
 Then live with us, &c.

Song 212.

THe *Spaniard* loves his ancient step,

A *Lombard* the *Venetian*,

And some like breechless women go,

The *Rush*, *Turk*, *Few*, and *Grecian*.

The thrifty *French-man* wears small waste,

The *Dutch* his belly boasteth,

The *English* man is for them all,

And for each fashion coasteth.

The *Turk* in linnen wraps his head,

The *Persian* in his *Lawn* to,

The *Rush* with *Sable* furs his Cap,

And change will not be drawn to.

The *Spaniard* constant to his Block,

The *French* inconstant ever,

But of all Felts that may be felt,

Give me the *English* Bever.

The *German* loves his Coney-wooll,

The *Irish* man his shag too;

The

The *Welch* his *Moxmouſh* loves to wear,
And of the ſame will brag too.

Some love the rough, and ſome, the ſmooth :
Some great, and others ſmall things,
But oh our liquoriſh *Engliſh-man*,
He loves to deal in all things.

The *Ruſh* drinks *Quaſs*, *Dutch Lubeck Beer*,
And that is ſtrong and mighty ;
The *Britan* he *Metheglin* quaſſs,
The *Iriſh* *aqua vita*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans Grape*,
The *Spaniard* ſips his *Sherry*,
The *Engliſh* none of theſe can ſcape,
But he with all makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high *Chopin*,
Scotch Laſs and lovely *Vio* too,
The *Spaniſh Donna*, *French Madam*,
Hedoth not fear to go to.
Nothing ſo full of hazzard dread,
Nought lives above the Center,
No health, no faſhion, wine, nor wench,
On which he will not venture.

Song 216.

W Hen as *Leander* young was drown'd,

No heart by love receiv'd a wound,

But on a Rock himſelf ſat by,

There weeping ſuper-abundantly.

His head upon his hand he laid,

And ſighing deeply, thus he ſaid ;

Ah cruel fate ! and looking on't,

Wept as he'd drown the *Helleſpont* ;

And ſure his tongue had more expreſs,

Had not his tears, had not his tears,

Had not his tears forbad the reſt.

Song

Song 214.

I Dote, I dote but am a Sot to show'E
 I was a very fool to let her know't,
 For now she doth so cunning grow;
 She proves a Friend worse then a Foe,
 She will not hold me fast, nor let me go.
 She tells me, I cannot forsake her,
 Then straight I endeavour to leave her,
 But to make me to stay,
 Throws a kiss in my way,
 O then I could tarry for ever,
 Thus I retire,
 Salute and sit down by her,
 There do I fry in frost, and freez in fire
 Now Nectar from her Lips I sup,
 And though I cannot drink all up;
 Yet I am fox't with kissing of the Cup;
 For her Lips are two Brimmers of Claret,
 Where first I began to miscarry;
 Her Breasts of delight
 Are two bottles of white,
 And her eyes are two Cups of Canary.
 Drunk as I live,
 Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
 And all my senses driven through a sieve,
 About my Neck her arms she lay'th,
 Now all is Gospel that she say'th,
 Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith,
 I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard.
 And dangerous is when he flies out,
 With hips and with lips,
 With black eies and white thighs,
 Blind *Cupid* sure tipped his eyes out.
 She bids him rise;
 Tells me I must be wise.

Like her, for she is not in love, she cries;
This makes me fret, and sling and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?

I begin to run but cannot go:

I prethee sweet use me more kindly,

You are better to hold me fast,

If you once disengage,

Your Bird from his Cage,

Believe it he'll leave you at last.

Thus like a Sot I sit.

That fil'd the Town with wit,

But now confess I have most need of it;

I have been-fox't with Duck and Dear,

Above a quarter of a year,

Beyond the cure of sleeping or small beer.

I think I can number the months too,

July, August, September, October,

Thus goes my account,

A mischief light on't,

But sure I shall go when I'am sober,

My legs are lam'd,

My courage is quite tam'd

My heart and all my body is inflam'd.

As by experience I can prove,

And say by all the powers above,

'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love,

For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,

Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,

Although we do grope,

Yet there is some hope

That a man may be sober next morning.

Thus with command,

She throws me from her hand

And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand:

I measure all the ground by trips,

Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,

Or can a man be over-seen with Lips?

I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
 And leave off your damnable dodging,
 Then do not deceive me,
 But love me, or leave me,

And let me go home to my lodging.

I have too much,

And yet my folly's such,

I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch;

Here's a Health to the King; How now?

I'm drunk, and could chatter I vow,

Lovers and fools say any thing you know;

I fear I have tyr'd your patience,

But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,

My wit hath bereft me,

And all that is left me,

Is but enough to make a Song on't.

My Mistress and I

Shall never comply;

And there's the short and the long on't.

Song 218.

Phillis, for shame let us improve

A thousand several waies,

Those few short minutes snatch'd by Love

From many tedious daies.

If you want courage to despise

The Censures of the Grave;

For all the Tyrants in your Eyes,

Your heart is but a Slave.

My Love is full of Noble pride,

Nor ever shall submit

To let the Fop Discretion ride

In triumph over wit:

False Friends I have as well as you,

Who daily counsel me,

Fame and Ambition to pursue,

And leave off loving thee.

VWhen I the least belief bestow
 On what such fools advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wife.

Song 219.

Come let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing,
 The VVinter is with us as good as the Spring;
 VVe care not a feather
 For wind, nor foul weather,
 By night and by day
 VVe sport and we play,
 Conferring our Notes, conferring our notes,
 Conferring our notes together.

Song 220.

MEn of war march bravely on,
 The Field is easie to be won.
 There's no danger in that war
 VVhere Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.
 Here's no cold to chill you,
 A Bed of Down's your field,
 Here's no Sword to kill you,
 Unless you please to yield.
 Here's nothing to incumber,
 Here will be no scars to number.

Song 221.

P Hillis it is not in your power
 To say how long our Love will last,
 It may be we within this hour,
 May lose those joys we now may tast,
 The blessed that immortal be,
 From change in Love are only free.

And though you now immortal seem,
 Such is the exactness of your frame;
 Those that your beauty so esteem,
 VVill find it cannot last the same,

Love

Love from mine eyes has stoln his fire,
 As apt to waite, and to expire.
 Then since we mortal Lovers as are,
 Let's question not how long twill last,
 But while we live let us take care,
 Each minute be with pleasure past;
 It were a madness to deny,
 To live because we're sure to dye.
 Fear not though Love and beauty fail,
 My reason shall my heart direct,
 Your kindness now will then prevail,
 And passion turn into respect.
Phillis at worst you'l in the end,
 But change your Lover for a friend.

Song 222.

HAve you any work for a Tinker Mistress,
 Old brasse, old pots, old kettles,
 Ile mend them all with a Tink, terre-tink,
 And never hurt your mettals,
 First let me have a touch of your Ale,
 'Twill steel me against cold weather,
 Or Tinkers freeze,
 Or Vintners lees,
 Or Tobacco chuse you whether.
 But of your Ale,
 Your nappy Ale,
 I would I had a Ferkin,
 For I am old,
 And very very cold,
 And never wear a Jerkin.

Song 223.

UPon thy fair tresses (which *Phabus* excel)
 My diligent fingers Ile twist,
 O there's my desire for ever to dwell,
 And I hope thou wilt never resist.
 And ere and anon I will sip,
 Pleasure and Nectar that flows from the Lip.

upon thy fair breast, I'll be monted aloft,
 And there in my Chariot I'll feel,
 The grain of thy body more precious and soft;
 Than the web of *Ariadnes* wheel.

And ere and anon, &c.

I'll wander abroad in the veins, and I'll seek
 The mazes of pleasure and love,
 The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheeks;
 And thither my fancy shall rove.

And ere and anon. &c.

There on the Lillies and Roses I'll light,
 And gather my sweets like the Bee;
 And I will not go far for a Lodging at night,
 For surely the hive shall be thee.

And ere and anon, &c.

Where when I am hurl'd, my nest I will build
 Of Honey-combs all in a rank;
 I'll buz in each Corner until it be fill'd.

And make thee more full in the flank,

And ere and anon, &c.

Come then with a Cornish, let us combine,
 (I know thou canst easily do't)

Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine,
 And I'll give thee my hand to boot.

And ere and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy Lip.

Song 221.

BRing back my Comforts and return;

For well thou know'st that I,

In such a vigorous passion burn,

That missing thee, I die.

Return, return, insult no more;

Return, return and me restore

To these sequestred Joys I had before.

Q

Absence

Absence in most that quenches Love,
 And cools their warm desire;
 The ardour of my heart improves,
 And makes the flame aspire
 The maxime therefore I deny,
 And term it though a tyranny,
 The Nurse to Faith, to Constancy.

Song 223.

TELL me preethe faithless Swain,
 Tell me prethee, faithless Swain,
 Why you did such passion forgo,
 On purpose to deceive me?
 I no sooner lov'd again,
 But you began to leave me.
Phillis we must blame our fate,
Phillis we must blame our fate;
 Kindness bears a certain date,
 And e're those Joys we tasted,
 You in peevishness and state,
 The Time had almost wasted.
 'Twas my Love did yours destroy,
 'Twas my Love did yours destroy,
Strephon, had I still been coy,
 I know you still would prize me;
 Think or dream you do enjoy,
 And than you'll not despise me.
 Love like other native fires,
 Love like other native fires,
 Leaves what's burnt, and straight desires
 Fresh objects to be chusing;
 Repetition always tires,
 And all's the worse for using,
 Once again thy Love pursue,
 Once again thy Love pursue,
 And my scorn I will renew,
 But passion doth so sway me,

That

That should I my sighs subdue,
 My tears would soon betray me.
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Nymph your beauty soon would gain
 A more deserving Lover,
 Slaves that once have broke their Chain
 You hardly can recover.

Song 123.

A H *Chloris* that I now could fit
 As unconcern'd, as when,
 Your Infant beauty could beget,
 No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the *Dawn* us'd to admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 Little thought the growing fire,
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless Childhood lay,
 Like mettals in the mine,
 Age from no face took more away,
 Then youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your Charms insensibly,
 To their perfection prest,
 Fond Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And in my bosome rest.

My Passion with your beauty grew,
 And *Cupid* at my heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart,

Each glory'd in their wanton part;
 To make a lover he,
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art;
 To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers like dying men may well,
 At first disorder'd be,
 Since none alive can truly tell,
 What fortune they may see.

Song 224.

I Pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
 But I live not a day when I see not my love,
 I survey e'ry walk now my *Phyllis* is gone,
 And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis O then, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

But each shade, and each conscious bower when I find
 Where I once had been happy, and she had been kind
 When I see the print left of her shape in the green
 And imagine the pleasure may yet come again.
O then 'tis O then, I think no joys above,
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

Whilst alone to my self I repeat all her charms,
 She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms,
 She may laugh at my cares and so false she may be,
 To say all the kind things she before said to me,
O then 'tis O then, I think there's no Hell,
Like loving like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
 Such an Innocent passion, so kind without art,
 I fear I have wrong'd her and so she may be,
 So full of true love to be jealous of me.
And then 'tis O then, I think no joys above,
The pleasures the pleasures of Love.

Song 125.

He that with Love is not possest,
Has not for that the harder heart,
I think the softer and more tender breast,

(Dart
Would dull, would dull, would dull and damp the
Away with melancholly fits,

Whose strange effects our eyes disarms;
Deposes Beauty, and distracts our Wits.

Whilst we grow pale, grow pale, and lose our Charms
Love does against it self conspire,

Such languishing desire imparts,
That quench the fewel yet preserve the fire,

(takes Darts.
Clouding those eyes, those eyes whence Love

Song 226.

Come let us be friends, and most friendly agree,
For the Pimp, the Punk and the Dr. are three,
Which cannot but thrive when united they be (sure,
The Pimp brings in custom, the Punk she gets trea-
Of which the Physician is sure of his measure, (sure
For work which she makes him in sale of her plea
For which when she fails by Diseases and Pain,
The Doctor new Vamps and Upsets her again,

Song 227.

Wake all ye dead, what Ho, what Ho!

How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie lo?
They mind not poor lovers who walk here above,
On the decks of the World, in storms of love;

No whisper now, nor glance can pass

Through wicket, or through paines of Glas;
For our windows and doors are shut and barr'd,
Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard.

In ev'ry grave make room, make room,
 The world's at an end, we come, we come,
 The state is now Loves foe, Loves foe
 Has seized on his Arms, his Quiver, and Bow,
 Has pinnion'd his wings, and fetter'd his Feet,
 Because he made way for poor Lovers to meet :
 But oh sad chance, his Judge was old ;
 Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold:
 No man being young his process would draw,
 Oh heavens that Love should be subject to Law,
 Lovers go wooe the dead, the dead !
 Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed.

Song 228.

NOW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins,
 With quick and active fire,
 And made green Liv'rys o're the plains,
 And every grove a Quire ;
 Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee ;
 And *Bacchus* crown the bowl,
 And here's to thee,
 And thou to me,
 And every thirsty soul:
 Shear Sheep that have them, cry we still
 But see that no man scape,
 To take of the Sherry,
 That maes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty grape,

Song 229.

I Keep my Horfe, I keep my Whore,
 I take no rents yet am not poor ;
 I travel all the Land about,
 And yet was born to never a foot ;

With

With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
 I do at midnight often dine,
 And if my whore be not in case,
 My Hostels Daughter has her place,
 The maids sit up and watch their turns,
 If I stay long the Tapster mourns,
 The Cook-maid has no mind to sin
 Though tempted by the Chamberlin:
 But when I knock, Oh how they bustle!
 The Hostler yawns, the Geldings juggle:
 If maid but sleep, Oh how they curle her,
 And all this come of deliver your purse fir.

Song. 250.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the Earth and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair,
 The Sea it self (which one would think
 Should have but little need of drink,)
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So full that they o'reflow the Cup.
 The busie Sun (and one would guess,
 By's drunken fiery face, no less)
 Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun,
 They drink, and dance by their own light.
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal health goes round,
 Fill up the bowl and fill it high.
 Fill all the g'asses here, for why
 Should every creature drink but I;
 Why man of mortals, tell me why.

Song 231.

TO friend and to foe,
 To all that I know,
 That to Marriage Estate do prepare,
 Remember your daies
 In several waies,
 Are troubled with sorrow and care?
 For he that doth look
 In the married-mans book,
 And read but his *Items* all over
 Shall find them to come,
 At length to a Sum,
 Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer:
 In the pastimes of love,
 VVhen their labours do prove,
 And the fruit beginneth to kick,
 For this, and for that,
 And I know not for what,
 The woman must have or be sick;
 There's *Item* set down,
 For a loose bodied Gown,
 In her longing you must not deceive her,
 For a Bodkin, a Ring,
 Or the other fine thing,
 For a Wisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver:
 Deliver'd and well,
 Who is't cannot tell,
 Thus while the Child lies at the Nipple,
 There's *Item* for wine,
 And Gossips so fine,
 And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple;
 There's *Item* I hope
 For Water and Sope,
 There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,

For

For better, for worse ;
 There's *Item* for Nurse,
 The Babe to dress and to dandle.
 When swaddled in lap,
 There's *Item* for Pap.
 And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
 A Coral with Bells,
 Which custom compels,
 And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle :
 With twenty odd knacks,
 Which the little one lacks,
 And thus doth thy pleasure bewray thee :
 But this is the sport,
 In Country and Court,
 Then let not these pastimes betray thee.

Song 232.

HOW hard is an heart to be cured,
 That is once overwhelm'd with despair ?
 'Tis a pain that by force is endured
 Which despiseth our passion, and laughs at our care.
 Then since nothing but Death can untie
 Those fetters with which you ensnare me.
 For your sake I am ready to try
 And if you're unwilling to save me,
 I am not unwilling to dye.
 But how much were it better comp'ying
 With the sighs and the tears, and the groans
 Of a poor distressed Lover dying.
 And give ear to the voice of his pitiful moans ?
 Then your Slave shall in triumph be led,
 To shew the effects of good nature ;
 And it shall for your honour be said,
 'Tis true she kill'd a poor Creature,
 But she rais'd him again from the dead.

Though your heart be as cold as the Ice is,
 Yet at one time or other you'll find,
 That Love hath a thousand devices,
 To banish cold thoughts from your pitiless mind,
 And force you at length to love and be kind,
 Thy aid, mighty love, I implore,
 That thou to my fair one discover
 The Joys I have for her in store,
 When she to her passionate Lover
 Shall say, I'll be cruel no more.

Song 233.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
 My *Phyllis* is still in my mind;
 When angry, I mean not to *Phyllis* to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find;
 Unknown to myself I am just at her door,
 And when I would rail, I can bring out no more
 Than *Phyllis* too fair and unkind.

When my *Phyllis* I see my heart bounds in my breast,
 And the love I would stifle is shown;
 A sleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my eyes *Phyllis* is gone,
 Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind,
 But alas! when I wake, and no *Phyllis* I find,
 I sigh to my self all alone.

Should a King be my Rival, in her I adore,
 He should offer his Scepter in vain.
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my *Phyllis* again.
 Let *Phyllis* be mine, and ever be kind.
 I could to a desert with her be confin'd;
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas I discover too much of my love,
 And she too well knows her own power;
 She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour;
 But let her each minute torment my sad mind,
 I had rather love *Phyllis* though false and unkind,
 Then ever be freed from her power,
 Then ever be freed from her power.

Song 143.

Come fill us a brimmer of Sack,
 It will stretch both my brains and my back,
 It is off, fill us more,
 It will purge my souls oare,
 From me all that is humane twill take.

Prometheus the Poets say stole
 From Heaven a *Celestial* coal,
 We'll not go so far for't,
 There's a fire in the quart,
 Can create a far nobler soul,

Nor can the great *Ibex* divine,
 Be compar'd to the godhead of wine:
 He may play on his kit,
 'Tis *Bacchus* hath wit,
 The Lawrel's a shrub to the Vine.

When love to my Mistress I write,
 These full bowls of Nectar indite,
 When they get in my brain,
 They create such a strain,
 Wou'd a *Lucretia* to dally invite.

If any my dear one dare stain,
 These cups shall her honour maintain,

I am

I am valianter far
Than the great God of War,
When *Bacchus* enthrones in my brain.

Whence did *Caio's* great honour arise
To be stiled most just and most wise?
Those Cups that did throw
His body so low,
Did rebound his name back to the Skies.

Most wise himself he did shew,
When he drank until he did spue;
Most just he was said,
'Cause he honestly paid
His groat whensoever it was due.

Song 235.

WHEN thy servant is at leisure
To sit down and sum his treasure;
Full of Cyphers in each line,
Till I read some leaves of thine.

There are figures that but brought
To those Cyphers stood for nought,
That make up a sum at last,
No Arithmetick can cast.

Thus whilst each alone is found,
The best is hardly worth a pound:
Yet let Fortune once invite us,
And no Merchant shall out-write us.

Thou my Mine, my Indies art,
Where I find a soul, a heart
Their utmost value but to give,
Would beggar all the Kings that live.

Thou art rich, then these being thine,
I am not poor whilst thou art mine,
There nothing makes us beggars then,
But what makes poor the richest men.

VVe enjoy not what we have,
 Each is to their wealth a slave,
 Thou desirest nought but me,
 And my ambition ends in thee :
 Of wants then let us speak no more,
 For willingly we both are poor.

'Twere a sin would make me tremble,
 Once to think you would dissemble,
 For my dearest when I view,
 VVhat's in me might merit you ;
 I conclude your goodness meere
 Is the cause you love so dearly.

And that goodness I esteem,
 Far above a Diadem :
 You could beg, you say, with me,
 I could starve and die with thee.

Since we pine, and starve, and die,
 Each wanting th'others company ;
 Though the choice be hard of either,
 Yet let's beg and starve together.

VVhen you are resolved, but call me,
 And 'll come whate're befall me.

Song 236.

A Restless Lover I spy'd,
 That walkt from place to p'ace,
 That sat and turn'd from side to side,
 And some times on his face.
 But when as Medicines were apply'd,
 In hope of intermission,
 Like one that found no ease he cry'd,
 Hath Cupid no Physician ?

VVhat

What do these Ladies with their looks

Their kisses and their smiles,

Can no receipt in Love's sweet books

Restore their former spoils?

No, they complain as well as we,

Their hopes have no remission,

And where both sexes wounded be,

Hath *Cupid* no Physician.

Into what Palsies and what pains,

What Feavers, and what Fits,

No quintessential Chymtick grains

Prescrib'd by learned Wits,

Nor Creature can beneath the Sun,

Invade in opposition.

And when such wonders may be done,

Hath *Cupid* no Physician.

Into what Poyson do they dip

Their Arrow or their dart,

That touching but one fingers tip

They wound us to the heart,

And when precisely we do get

Into their Inquisition,

Death never found a Surgeon yet,

Nor *Cupid* a Physician.

Song 237.

Give o're foolish heart, and make haste to despair.
For *Daphne* regards not thy vows nor thy
prayer
Which plead for thy passion thy pains to prolong,
She courts her guitar, and replies with a Song.

No more will I wait like a slave at your door,
I will spend a cold night at your windows no more:

My

My lungs in long sighs I no more will exhale,
 Since your pride is to make me grow fullen and pale,

No more shall your frowns and free humor per-
 (swade

To worship the Idol my fancie hath made,
 When your Saints so neglected your follies give o're,
 Your Deity's lost and your beauty's no more.

How weak are the vows of a Lover in pain,
 When flatter'd with hope, or oppress'd with disdain?
 No sooner my *Daphnes* bright eyes I review,
 But all is forgot, and I vow all anew;
 No more fairest *Nymph*, I will murmur no more,
 Did the gods seem so fair, men would ever adore.

Song 238.

Let him that undertook to praise
 The French Pox, and so many ways
 Did prove that it is now adays,

Commodious.

I say let him a while give place,
 For I will prove a fiery face,
 Is to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face that man
 Is said to have a rich face, and
 Rubies about his nose none can

Deny it.

And all men know as well as I,
 That what is rich most eagerly
 We covet, and no cost deny

To buy it

Some will sell their clothes from their back,
 And some their lands, some will lack
 Meat, rather than good Sherry, Sack

and Claret:

And

Songs and Catches.

And they swear (and swear truth) those that
VVhich drink small Beer and wear good cloaths,
Do offer wrong unto the Nose

and mar it.

If in Rome's Senate long nose'd men
VVere chose for wisest, tell me then
VVhy these should not be praised, when

all men know

A fiery face is ne're without
A rich Nose, and how far a snout
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt

or call men to

Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate,
But any may expostulate

and Judge it.

And if Judge truly he'l confess,
Fire-rich exceeds long-wise I guess,
No man that hath true whorthiness

will grutch it.

Besides the world knows this that we,
Affirm those gracious that we see
But blush and call it modesty

in people.

A Rich face always blushes so,
It doth all faces else out go,
As far as Faiths Church is below

Pauls Steeple

Song 239.

I Languish all night, and sigh all the day,
And much to be pitied I am :
E're since your bright eyes
My heart did surprize,

I could

I could not extinguish the flame.
 But since you have known
 That my heart was your own,
 Tho' before you were kind, now cruel you're grown
 If so cruel you prove,
 To the man you did love :
 Ah *Phillis* ! ah *Phillis* ! what fate
 Have you in reserve for the wretch that you hate ?

Song 240.

Farewel my *Almeda*, my joy and my grief,
 In vain I have lov'd you, and found no relief,
 Undone by your honour, too strict and severe ;
 Your eyes gave me love, and you gave me despair.
 Now call'd by my honour, I seek with content
 My fall, which in pity, you would not prevent ;
 To languish in love, were to pine by delay,
 A death that's more welcome the speediest way.

On Seas and in battles, through bullets and fire,
 The danger is less than in hopeless desire :
 My death's wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear
 My fall from your sight nor to cost you a tear.

But if the kind flood, on a wave would convey ;
 And under your window my body would lay :
 VVhen the wound on my breast you happen to see,
 You will say, with a sigh, it was given by me.

Song 241.

Answer to Almeda,

Blame not your *Almeda*, nor call her your grief,
 'Twas virtue, not she that deny'd you relief,
 Abuse not her honour, nor call it severe,
 Who loves without honour, must meet with despair.
 Now prompted by pity I truly lament,
 And mourn for your fate, which I could not prevent,
 I languish to think that your blood should defray
 The expence of a love. though so noble a way.

On

On Seas and in Battles that you did expire,
 Was the effect of your valour, not hopeless desire,
 Of the fame you acquir'd I greedily hear,
 And grieve when I think that it cost you so dear.
 And when dismal fate did your body convey,
 To my window your funeral rites for to pay,
 I sigh that your fate I could not reverse,
 And all my kind wishes I strew on your herse.

Song 242.

MAN that gains a married Treasure,
 Puts himself in debt to pleasure;

And by sordid Repetition,
 Palls his Fancy in Fruition:

Household cares will alwaies be distracting

Women mutinous and exacting,

More than Husbands can allow 'em,

Let them have their wil's

Abroad in Bed, at Board,

Or you undo them.

Beauties Empire like the *Cressant*,

Should be youthful, airy, pleasant;

They that love but for enjoying,

Feed their lusts with loves destroying;

Vertue should be ever still admiring;

Alwaies constant and admiring;

When they lose their native freedom,

And their Beauties decoy'd,

Injoy'd, destroy'd,

Fate ill does lead 'um,

Song 243.

To a Bride.

BLUSH not redder than the Morning,
 Though the Virgins give you warning;

Sigh not at the chance befell you,

Though they smile and dare not tell you:

Sigh not at the, &c.

Maids

Maids like Turtles love the chooing,
 Bill and murmur in their wooing.
 Thus like you they start and tremble,
 And their troubled Joys dissemble :

Thus like, &c.

Grasp the pleasure while 'tis coming,
 Though your Beautys now a blooming,
 Lest old Time your Joys do sever,
 Ah ! ah ! they part, they part for ever :

Lest old Time, &c.

Song 244.

HAve I not told thee dearest mine,
 That I destroyed should be,
 Unhappy though the crime was thine,
 And mine the misery,
 Thou art not kind, yet none so blind,
 As those that will not see.

Have I not sigh'd away my breath,
 In homage to thy beauty,
 What have I got but certain death,
 A poor reward for duty ;
 Well when I'm gone you'll ne'er have one,
 That will prove half so true t' yee.
 Have I not steep'd my soul in tears,
 When thou didst hardly mind it ;
 But rather added to my fears,
 When love should have declin'd it,
 Which in this brest I hop'd to rest,
 But now despair to find it.

Oh, that I could but sound thy heart.
 And fathom but thy mind,
 Then I would search thy better part,
 And force thee to be kind.
 But now I'm lost and here am cross'd,
 'Tis they that hide must find.

If pity then within thy heart
 Doth own a residence,
 Vouchsafe to read my tragick part,
 And plead my innocence,
 That when I'm dead it may be said.
 'Twas love was my offence.
 But since thy will is to destroy,
 I dare not mercy crave,
 But kindly thank my fate and joy,
 I liv'd to die thy slave,
 Then exercise those killing eyes,
 And frown me to my grave.

Song 245.

IO Hymen, Io Hymen, Io Hymen,
 VVas wont to be still the old Song,
 At high Nuptial Feasts,
 VVhere the merry merry Guests
 VVith joy and good wilhes did throng;
 But to this new wedding, new notes do I bring,
 To rail at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing,
 Fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen, fie O Hymen,
 VVhat hands, and what hearts dost thou knit?
 A widdow that's poor,
 And a very very whore,
 To an Heir that wants nothing but wit?
 Yet thus far O Hymen, thy answer is made, trade.
 When his means are all spent they may live by her

Song 246.

THe Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less then a wonder by nature design'd,
 She's the grief of my heart and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
 Her mouth from whence wit obligingly flows,
 Hath the beautiful blush and smell of the rose;

Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill:
 The desperate Lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
 In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

Song 274.

Phillis, though your powerful charms
 Have forc't me from my *Calia's* arms,
 That kind defence against all powers,
 But those restless eyes of yours;
 Think not your conquest to maintain
 By rigour and unjust disdain.
 In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For Love does seldom hope survive:
 My heart may languish for a time.
 VVhil' it all your glories in their prime
 Can justify such cruelty,
 By the same force they conquer'd me,
 VVhen age shall come at whose command
 Those troops of beauty must disband,
 A Tyrants strength once took away,
 VVhat slave so dull as to obey.

Song 275.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
 The torrid, or the frozen Zone,
 Bring equal ease unto my pain,
 The temperate afford me none,
 Either extreme of love, or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.
 Give me a storm: if it be Love,
 Like *Danae* in a golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure: if it prove
 Disdain that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes; And he's posselt
 Of heaven, that's cut from hell releast?

Then

Then crown my Joys, or cure my pain
Give me more love or more disdain.

Song 251.

Run to love's lottery, run Maids, and rejoyce,
Whilst seeking your chance you meet your own
(choice,

And boast that your luck you helpt with design
By praying cross legd'd to St. *Valentine*,
Mark, hark, a prize is drawn and trumpets sound,

Tanta ra ra tanta ra ra tanta ra ra,

Hark maids, more lots are drawn, prizes abound,
Dub a dub, the drum now beats,

And dub a dub a dub, *Eccho* repeats,

As if *Mars* himself had made

Loves Queen a skirmish for a *Serenade*;

Hast, hast, fair maids and come away,

The Priest attends the Bridegrooms stay,

Roses and pinks will we strow where you go,

Whilst I walk in shades of willow,

When I am dead, let him that did slay me,

Be so kind so gentle to lay me,

There where neglected lovers mourn,

Where lamps and hollowed tapers burn,

Where Clerks in quires, sad dirges sing,

Where sweetly bells at burials ring.

Song 252.

A Dialogue between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening I Am the Ev'ning dark as night,
Jack-with-the-Lanthorn, bring a light,

Jack Whither? whither? whither?

Even. Hither, hither, hither,

Jack Thou art some prattling eccho of my making.

Even. Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking,

I am the Ev'ning that creates thee,

Jack My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee.

Even

Even. Those Flajolets which we hear play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way,
They play, they sing, they dance a round,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground,

C chorus.

Let the men wear the Ditches,
Maids look to your Britches,
We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles,
When the Flajolets cry
we are a dry,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

Song 253.

Phillis. let's shun the common fate
And let our loves ne're turn to hate,
I'll dote no longer, then I can,
VVithout being call'd a faithless man;
VVhen we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met wee'l part,
Each one possess of their own heart;
Thus whilst grave fools themselves undo
VVee'l game and give off favers too;
So equally the match wee'l make,
Both shall be glad to draw the stake,
A smile of thine shall make my bliss
I will enjoy thee in a kiss;
I'll love and hate, just where you do,
And for't no other reason know,
VVhen from this height my love does fall,
VVe'l bravely scorn to love at all;
If thy affection first decay,
I'll the whole blame on nature lay,
Alas what cordial can remove,
The hasty fate of dying love,

I'll grieve as for a friend deceas'd,
And with the next as well be pleas'd;
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in living well.

Song 254.

THis bumper to *Bacchus*, we'll drink it all round
VVhilst our tares in the streams of our pleasures
(are drown'd,
And our heads like the Glasses turn equally round.

Damn the Ale and Tobacco, 'tis nothing but wine
Inspires a mans Soul, and makes a Divine,
It will sacrifice us to fair *Venus's* Shrine

Let Porters carouse in black Pispots, whilst we
Drink nought but the juice of the sacrific'd Tree;
To *Bacchus* and *Venus* we'll Votaries be.

Let e'ry man stand with his Bottle and suck,
Hang the man that does sip, let him drink like a Duck,
And when we're all drunk, we will range like a Buck.

Song 255.

LEt Fears and Objections away,
VVhilst to Love my devotions I pay;
Let not the Chimera's of Night,
Those shades dress'd by Fancy, affright
Me from the fruition of pleasure,
No, nor to Joys boundless set measure:
Me from, &c.

But in my Loves Arms I'll impose,
Such a Bliss, that I blush to disclose;
Lye panting on hills of soft snow,
To fathom the Spring that's below,

Whilst oh Sir ! forbear, she is crying,
 With sighs, but too faint for denying:
Whilst oh Sir, &c.

Whilst melted with passion of Love,
 I th' streams of fresh transports we move
 Through all the Meanders of Bliss,
 What Angels could equally wish
 Such joys that ne'r satiate With knowing
 But Preasures eternally flowing :
Such joys, &c.

Song 256.

GO with thy Staff the Sea divide
 And with thy whistle stop the Tide,
 Catch the wild winds fast in thy fist,
 And let them blow but when thou list,
 Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
 And get a *Syrens* Meiden-head,
 Then soar more high and fetch me down,
 Fair *Ariadne's* starry Crown,
 So that with it I may wear
 Some of *Bergnice's* hair,
 Make *Mars* and *Saturns* aspects mild,
 And get the *Virgins* Star with child.
 But if thou hast a daring Soul,
 Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
 All this thou maist long e're thou can
 A woman find, a woman find, that's true to man ;
 For womens hearts take new desires,
 Far sooner than the Powder fires
 Their flashes are more violent
 Than those flames, and sooner spent,
 Like Torrents womens loves rise high
 Make a noise, decrease and dye,
 Then let no wise man think it strange
 That women are so apt to change,

R

No

No creature underneath the Sun,
Ecars such relation to the Moon,
He then that for their love is sick,
Is worse than they, is worse than they, He's lunatick,

Song 257.

A Health to Bacchus.

Let the Ghosts in black *Erebus* roar,
Whilst the Moon does dance over the Hills,
And Billows be tumbling to Shoar,
Whilst to *Bacchus* a brimmer each fills.

Come bowl away,
Brook no delay,
But fairly play:
He drinks a couple that spills.

'Twill drive away Fancies and Fears;
And make us grow lusty and strong,
'Tis Nectar 'tis Nectar that cheers,
And makes life to spin out so long,
Come bowl away,
Brook no delay,
But fairly play;
He that drinks not, to nature does wrong.

If they're off, let's fill 'um again;
And merrily let them go round:-
He's a Slave that presumes to complain,
For no pleasure-like drinking is found.

Song 258.

To Mars.

Great God of fierce Battles,
Whose Chariot still rattles
Through Towns, and through Cities, and Fields;
Thou who from thy dread Throne,
Dost decide when we grean,
And deligh't in the clanking of Shields.

On whom the dread Fates,
Do continually wait,
To Crimson thy arms with fresh Slaughter;
Whilst loud Horrors and Death,
Are the sounds of thy breath,
And blood - streams around thee like water.

Amongst heaps of the slain,
On the Land or the Main,
Where e're wars loud Thunder-bolts roar;
Thou canst rage as thou please,
In the boisterous Seas,
And from thence roll destruction a shore.

Song 259.

On a Rogue.

Come live with me and be my whore,
And we will beg from door to door;
Then under a hedge we'll sit and lowse us,
Untill the Beadle comes to rouse us;
And if they'l give us no relief,
Thou shalt turn whore, and I'll turn thief;
Thou shalt turn &c.

If thou canst rob then I can steal,
And we'll eat roast meet every meal:
Nay, we'll eat white bread every day,
And throw our wondrous crusts away;
And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'll kiss my punk;
And then at night, &c.

And when we both shall have the Pox.
And then shall want both Shirts and Smocks,
To shift each others mangy hide,
That is with itch so pockish'd,
We'll take some clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

Song 270.

The Careless Lover.

Softest thou god that eatest cares,
 Soft slumbers dwell upon thy brow:
 Brother to death, which nothing spares,
 But to his fatal shafts all bow:
 Hasten, hasten, and close my waking eyes,
 Let those tormenting thoughts no more,
 My languish'd soul with fears surprise,
 But waft them to Oblivions shore.
 Let no fond Visions terrifie,
 Nor whining Lovers Ghosts appear;
 Lest I again with Love comply,
 Again to bow with cringing fear;
 Once more to be by Females cross'd,
 Court base born Beauties for disdain;
 And be in Loves dark Abyss lost,
 For those that let me suffer Pain.

Song 261.

Can Life be a blessing,
 That's worth our possessing?
 Can Life be a blessing, if Love were away?
 Ah no! though our Love all night keeps us waking,
 And though he torment us with cares all the day;
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking
 There's an hour at the last an hour to repay.

In every Possessing,
 So heavenly a blessing,
 In every Possessing the fruit of our Pain:
 Poor lovers forget long ages of Languish,
 What e're they have suffer'd and done to obtain:
 'Tis a Pleasure, a Pleasure to sigh and to languish,
 When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

For

For love is a blessing,
 That's worth our Possessing,
 Great Love is that blessing for which we contend
 Incircled in Pleasures, to charms that are lasting,
 How happy are lovers that mutually bend:
 Oh to manage, to manage, their loves without
 (wasting
 Those heavenly, heavenly moments to spend.

Song 263.

THas all the day long we are frolick and gay,
 Instead of Court Revels we merrily Play,
 At trap, and at skeeles, and at barly-break run,
 At goff, and at stool-ball, and when we have done
 with these innocent sports, we laugh and lye down,
 And to each Pretty Lass we give a green Gown

VVe teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
 The Patridge, the Hare, the Pheasant to quarry,
 The nimble Squirrel with our cudgel we chase,
 The innocent Lark we betray with a glass,
 But when we have done we laugh, &c.

About the May-Pole we dance all around,
 with garlands of Pinks, & with Roses are Crown'd,
 Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
 Unto our bright Lord and gay Lady of May.

But when the night comes we laugh, &c.

VWith our dainty fine Nymphs we sport & we toy,
 VWhat others but dream of we daily enjoy,
 VWith our Mistress we dally so long, till we find
 Her Pretty eyes show that her heart is grown kind;
 And when we have done, we laugh and lye down,
 And to each pretty Lass we give a green Gown

Song 264.

The Amorous Youth.

SO ravishing Fair is the Nymph that I love;
 As spotless and chaste as an innocent Dove;

R 3

Adorned

Adorn'd with bright Vertues, and all that we prize
Which first made me yield to her conquering eyes :
Such glorious perfections in mortal so met,
May charm the high *Jove* and his *Juno* defeat ;
Her smiles are so powerful, they melt me like snow,
And makes the strong tides of my passion o're flow.

But oh ! she proves cruel, for when I request,
She turn'd away blushing whilst silence exprest ;
That a cloud of displeasure o're-cast her bright face,
Which otherwise Angel-like Nature did grace ;
So she makes me despair, and lament my hard fate,
Whilst a thousand fond fancies my thoughts do create,
Oh ! she stabs me with fears when I think on the
(power
She has to destroy me o're whelm'd in Loves tower.

Song 255.

A Carouse.

HEere's a health to the man in the Moon,
Who Claret drinks all the Night long ;
And like us must be tipsie each Noon,
If his Liquor like ours, be strong.

But fill each man his glass, we lose,
Come troubl about briskly Boys, so
Each fancy may rise as sublime,
And our wits three times quicker will grow.

Then let the dull Soul who ne're knew
The powerful pleasures of wine ;
Eafe wealth with hard labour pursue,
Whilst by drinking we grow more divine.

And baffle all dangers and cares,
Whilst as merry as Princes we live ;

Let us drink each a quart for his share,
Whilst Mad-men and Fools sit and grieve.

Song 266.

Upon a Quondam Maid.

Poor *Cloris* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down,
Such wealthy drops may well suffice
To be the ransom of a Crown,
And as she wept, and sigh'd and said,
Alas for me unhappy Maid,
That by my folly, by my folly, am betray'd.

When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the Author of my woe,
Methought our souls did sympathize,
And it was death to say him no ;
He su'd, I granted, O then beset
My shame, which I'm afraid to tell,
Ah me, that I did ever love so well.

O had I been so wise as not
T'have yielded up my Virgin fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of report ;
But now my guilt hath made me be,
A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the butt and mark of misery.

Here now in sorrow do I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast,
My silly heart with care is split,
Come then black night and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd

Song 267.

On Love.

OH! Sacred, Sacred shalt thou be,
 God of Love,
 Who dost move,
 From above,
 Here to prove,
 Mighty Jove,
 Has made thee from Eternity :
 Fire and Air ,
 Do declare,
 Thy wise care,
 To prepare,
 And so share
 Earth, Seas and all the starry Frame,
 From thy Throne,
 Thou alone,
 Hast made known,
 And hast shown,
 What was done
 From everlasting to thy Fame
 Then to thee
 Let us flee,
 And be free
 That we may
 Happy be,
 And Triumph in thy Sempeternal Name.

Song 268.

A Song to the King.

Live long the Great *Cæsar* & long may he reign
 His Throne let the Sword of bright Justice
 (sustain;
 And *Jehovah* Protect with his Powerful Arm,
 And guard him secure from all dangers and harm :
 Of dazzling Angels, let legions surround,
 And let him with Conquests and Glory be Crown'd.
 Let

Let Majesty shine with its sparkling Rays,
 On his sacred head let the flourishing Bays,
 Of Triumph and Honour for ever be green;
 And let his proud foes in confusion be seen,
 To fly from his face: Let *Rome* no more dare,
 To send forth her Agents, a Prince to insnare.

In whom all the Graces are joyntly combin'd,
 Whom thou as a Pattern, hast set to Man-kind;
 But the vile Pope, and his Jesuit Train,
 Be silenced in darkness, whilst *Cesar* does Reign:
 Oh! let his proud foes be consum'd in their Pride,
 Whilst under his Scepter we safely abide.

Song 269.

I Will not urge thou art unjust,
 To force me from thine arms;
 Since of necessity I must
 Confess I'm of the meanest dust,
 And thou art full of Charms;
 Yet if thou wilt review what's past;
 How oft thy Goodness let me sip
 The Nectar that imbalm'd thy lip,
 VV'er't thou not satisfied to give me rest
 Lull me on the milky pillow of thy breast;
 But now alas, too late I find
 All joys are dreams, and various as the wind,
 But yet this glory I shall have,
 Those eyes that gave me life now give me grave,
 VVhilst this must be my Epitaph and destiny,
 Although neglected and forlorn,
 By *Calia's* cruelty and scorn;
 Faithful *Aminter's* heart is torn,
 Yet like a Phœnix here I lye
 Kissing those beams that make me dye.

Song 270.

Hear ye fullen powers below,
 Hear ye Taskers of the Dead;
 You that boiling Cauldrons blow,
 You that scum the Molten Lead.
 You that pinch with Red hot Tongs,
 You that drive the trembling Hosts
 Of poor, poor Ghosts,
 With your sharpned prongs,
 You that thrust 'em from the Brim,
 You that plunge 'em when they swim,
 Till they drown,
 Till they go
 On a Row
 Down, down, down;
 Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low,
 Chorus. *Till they drown, &c.*

Musick for a while,
 Shall your cares beguile,
 Wondring how your pains were eas'd,
 And disdaining to be pleas'd:
 Till *Alecto* free the Dead;
 From their eternal Bands;
 Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
 And whip from out her hands.
 Come away,
 Do not stay,
 But obey,
 Whilst we play,
 For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.
 Chorus. *Come away, &c.*

Song 271.

MY Lodging 'tis on the cold boards,
 And wonderful hard is my fare,
 But that which troubles me most, is
 The fatness of my Dear;

Yet

Yet still I cry, O melt Love,
And I prethee now melt apace,
For thou art the man I should long for,
If't were not for thy greafe.

Answer.

Then prethee don't harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Since I do bear the smart still,
And for my fat do groan ;
Then prethee now turn my dear Love,
And I prethee now turn to me,
For alas, I am too fat still,
To rowl so far to thee.

Song 272.

FOR *Bacchus* I am, and for *Bacchus* I'll be ;
And I hope from good wine I shall never be free
Let drinking abound, it is wine makes the creature,
It strengthens the brain and helps decay'd nature ;
For he that by drinking can turn the world round,
By *Bacchus* and *Venus* deserves to be crown'd.
With health after health, let the Glas keep its
(motion,
Till it make our brains dance like a Ship in the
(Ocean.
When our senses are pallid, and our reason does fail,
A little sound slumber supplies a fresh gale.
Then with wine that is brisk, and a Girl that is won,
We'll drink, and we'll kifs, and we'll never have done.

Song 273.

IN vain I have labour'd the Victor to prove,
Of a heart that can ne're give attendance to love ;
So hard to be done
That nothing so young

Could

Could e're have resisted a Passion so strong,
 Yet nothing I left unattempted, or said
 Which might soften the heart of this pitiless maid;
 But still she was shy,
 And would blushing, deny, (Iye
 Whilst her willinger eyes gave her language the
 Since *Phillis* my Passion, you vow to despise;
 Withdraw the False hopes from your flattering
 For whilst they inspire (eyes,
 A resistless vain fire,
 I shall grow to abhor what I now do admire.

Song 274.

C Hear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow
 Clap on more sail, and never spare,
 Farewel all lands, for now we are
 In the wide Sea of drink;
 And merrily, merrily, We go,
 Oh me, 'tis hot another bowl of wine,
 And we will cut the burning Line;
 Hey Boys, she scuds away,
 And by my head I know,
 We round the world are sailing now.
 What dull men are those Who tarry at home,
 When abroad they wantonly roam.
 And gain such experience and spy too,
 Such Countries and wonders as I do.

But prethee good Pi'ot take heed what you do,
 And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
 With Gold there the vessel we'll store,
 And never, never be poor,
 And never be Poor any more.

Song 275.

In Answer to I pass all my hours.

I Posted my self by the wings of my fate (mate,
 Through a Desert bewailing the loss of my
 Where

VWhere the little birds thronging in flights they
(appear.

For to help me lament the loss of my dear.

Then pity, oh pity, sweet Ladies my pain,

That loveth, that loveth in vain.

Each hour they befriend me in making my bed,

And bring me green leaves to lay under my head,

VWhere I rest my poor carcass o're tyred with woe,

And the bowes all the covering the wood can be-

(flow,

Then pity, &c.

Sometimes in a dream I imagine I see,

The glance of her figure presented to me ;

Then I think I embrace her in *Phillis*'s bed,

But when I awake, Oh my true love is fled.

Then pity, &c.

Then I wish I had lain all my daies in a dream,

That my torturing sorrows like Pleasures might

(seem

To Crown my poor heart, as if *Phillis* were founte

But lost on a sudden, oh cruel wound.

Then pity &c.

Song 276.

In answer to give o're foolish heart.

HE's a fool in his heart that takes any care,

Of womens vain words be they never so fair,

Though she sighs and pretends to love ne're so

(long.

She's double in heart and betray's with her tongue,

They still are as false as they were heretofore.

Their nature is such they can ne're give it o're,

They would by their crafts of which they have

(foster

Inveigle

Inveigle mens hearts their looks to adore,
 And if they once find, they cannot prevail,
 Overcharg'd with spight their faces grow pale,
 There's nothing that can their fancy please more,
 Than to see foo ish men their beauties adore.
 They would by their frowns to obfervance per-
 (swade,
 Those men they do fancy their slaves they have made,
 And to be sure they will tyrannize more,
 If a man do but once their pitty implore,
 VVhy then should men frail women adore,
 Since their pride is so great and their pitty no more.
 But sure all that sex can ne'er prove so vain,
 To sport or delight in a true Lovers pain,
 VVhen a Languilshing eye in a Lover they view,
 To their cruelty sure they must needs bid adieu,
 VVhere good humour I find, I there will adore,
 Say the world what it will, I will never give o're.

Song 277.

L Et's drink, let's drink all day and night,
 Give each a lusty Bowl:
 This is the ravishing delight
 Of ev'ry thirsty soul;
 Let others soak all night in Beds,
 And live but half their time,
 The Wine that's alwaies in our heads,
 Shall still preserve us in our prime,
 Shall still, &c.

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How great a number in one rigid fate
He that will court a Wench
How will doth he deserve a Lover
He that's wise and wary
Have you any crackt Maidenheads
How long shall I pine for love
Hold back thy bours dark night
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Have you any work for the Sow-gelder, ho
Have you observ'd the wench in the street
Hang sorrow and cast away care
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